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William Shakespeare  
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THE  
FIRST SKETCHES  
OF THE  
SECOND AND THIRD PARTS  
OF  
KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

EDITED BY  
JAMES ORCHARD HALLIWELL, ESQ.  
F.R.S., HON. M.R.I.A., &c.

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insectari inscitiam volunt, suam confitentur.  
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## INTRODUCTION.

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On the 2nd of April, 1798, Messrs. Leigh and Sotheby, the well-known booksellers and auctioneers, were selling by auction the fourth day's division of the "curious and valuable" library of Dr. Samuel Pegge, prebendary of Lichfield, and a distinguished antiquary. There was one particular lot in that day's sale which has rendered the auction an era in Shakespearian bibliography—a very small octavo volume, without covers, purchased by the author of "Caledonia" for £5 15s. 6d., and described in the sale catalogue, No. 938, as "Shakespeare's true Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke, and the Death of good King Henrie the Sixt, *Lond. by P. S., 1595.*" This little tract, so unpretendingly exhibited to competition, was no less than the *unique* copy of the play upon which the Third Part of Henry VI. was founded, which fetched the enormous sum of one hundred and thirty pounds at Chalmers's sale in 1842, and concerning the nature of which so much was said in the public prints at the time of its producing the above sum, at the rate of more than three guineas for each leaf. This inestimable treasure was acquired by the Bodleian Library,

and is one of the greatest rarities of the kind in that repository. It is the second tract presented to the reader in the following pages, who is indebted to the Shakespeare Society for this attempt to make it easily and generally accessible.

This celebrated “True Tragedie” was the Second Part of the play called “The Contention between the two famous Houses of York and Lancaster,” on the First Part of which is founded the Second Part of Henry VI., which is now, for the first time, reprinted from an *unique* copy of the edition of 1594, also preserved in the Bodleian Library. Thus the possessor of the present volume will have the two plays upon which are founded the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI., both printed from *unique* copies—one a small octavo, the marketable value of which is one hundred and fifty pounds; the other, a very thin, small quarto, which produced £64 several years ago, and would now probably realize more than twice that sum.

These early editions of 1594 and 1595 vary very considerably from the later impression of 1619, when they were published collectively. The amended play, in the form in which we have received it as Shakespeare’s, appeared for the first time in the folio of 1623. All the various editions of the earlier drama have been collated for the notes, and will be found of some importance in a question to which I shall presently draw the reader’s attention. This may be considered a part of the external evidence in the dispute concerning the exact portions of the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI., which may be attributed with safety to Shakespeare.

## I. THE FIRST PART.

1. "The First part of the Contention betwixt the two famous Houses of Yorke and Lancaster, with the death of the good Duke Humphrey: And the banishment and death of the Duke of *Suffolke*, and the Tragical end of the proud Cardinall of *Winchester*, with the notable Rebellion of *Jacke Cade*: *And the Duke of Yorkes first claime vnto the Crowne*. London Printed by Thomas Creed, for Thomas Millington, and are to be sold at his shop vnder Saint Peters Church in Cornwall. 1594."

A small quarto, containing 32 leaves, A to H in fours. The present copy, which is in the Bodleian Library, belonged to Heber, and is the only one known. See *Bibl. Heber.*, vol. ii., No. 5479. Malone had a copy of it, and he has collated it with the second edition, marking the variations in his inlaid copy of the latter. Why Malone's copy was not inlaid with the rest of his early editions does not any where appear; and Dr. Bandinel, who is an excellent authority, says it was obtained improperly from Malone's possession, and that the very one he used is that now in the Bodleian. At p. 33, l. 19, however, occurs the word "honouring," as in the Bodleian copy, which, according to Malone's collation, was "thinking" in the exemplar that belonged to him. Unless, therefore, Malone made a mistaken alteration, these must have been different books, and an instance of the curious differences which sometimes occur in various copies of the same edition. See p. 92. It was entered at Stationers' Hall on March 12th.

2. "The First Part of the Contention betwixt the two famous houses of Yorke and Lancaster, with the death of the good Duke Humphrey: And the banishment and death of the Duke of Suffolke, and the tragical end of the proud Cardinall of Winchester, with the notable rebellion of Iacke Cade: *And the Duke of Yorkes first clayme to the crowne.* London: Printed by W. W. for Thomas Millington, and are to be sold at his shoppe vnder Saint Peters Church in Cornewall. 1600."

A small quarto, containing 32 leaves, A to H in fours. It was reprinted from the first edition, but carelessly, omitting about two dozen words necessary for the sense. It possesses, however, a few important corrections. This edition is very rare, and I have unwillingly used the Bodleian copy, which has a manuscript title.

3. "The First part of the Contention betwixt the two famous houses of Yorke and Lancaster, with the death of the good Duke Humphrey: And the banishment and death of the Duke of Suffolke, and the Tragical end of the proud Cardinall of Winchester, with the notable Rebellion of Iacke Cade: *And the Duke of Yorkes first clayme to the Crowne.* London Printed by Valentine Simmes for Thomas Millington, and are to be sold at his shop vnder S. Peters church in Cornewall. 1600."

This is the same impression as the preceding, excepting a very few trifling literal variations of no importance, with a different titlepage. The only copy known is in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge, which is *atελ.*, having only the first 25 leaves, and concluding with the first leaf of Sig. G. All after the first stage-

direction at p. 57 of our reprint is deficient. This edition is not mentioned by Lowndes, or any bibliographer.

## II. THE TRUE TRAGEDIE.

1. “The True Tragedie of Richard *Duke of Yorke, and the death of good King Henrie the Sixt, with the whole contention betweene the two Houses Lancaster and Yorke*, as it was sundrie times acted by the Right Honourable the Earle of Pembroke his seruants. Printed at London by P. S. for Thomas Millington, *and are to be sold at his shoppe under Saint Peters Church in Cornwall. 1595.*”

A small octavo, containing 40 leaves, A to E in eights. Owing to its being printed with a narrow page, the metre is often destroyed by the concluding words of one line being inserted in the beginning of the subsequent. This is corrected, in a great measure, in the succeeding impressions. Very few early plays are printed in this size; and so natural is it to consider nearly the whole of this class of literature as a race of small quartos, that although Mr. Knight in one place very correctly describes the present volume as “a small octavo,” yet he afterwards refers to it as “the *quarto* of 1595.” On a fly-leaf, Chalmers has written the following note:—“This very rare volume, of which no other copy is known to exist, was purchased by Mr. Chalmers at Dr. Pegge’s sale in 1796 [?]. It was then unbound, as it had been neglected by the Doctor, who was unaware of its great value. By an oversight of Mr. Malone, and a singular mistake of Mr. Steevens, Mr. Chalmers obtained it easily for £5 15*s.* 6*d.*, without much competition; and Steevens was enraged to find that

it had gone for less than a fifth of what he would have given for it." On the top of the title-page some one has inscribed the name of

*Shakespeare*

which is not of much authority in the question of authorship, if it was written, as Dr. Bandinel says it was, by Dr. Pegge. He is probably right; but I have given a fac-simile, so that the reader may draw his own conclusion. The slightest evidence on these matters ought not to be omitted.

2. "The True Tragedie of Richarde Duke of Yorke, and the death of good King Henrie the sixt: With the whole contention betweene the two Houses, Lancaster and Yorke; as it was sundry times acted by the Right Honourable the Earle of Pembroke his seruantes. Printed at Londou by W. W. for Thomas Millington, and are to be sold at his shoppe vnder Saint Peters Church in Cornewall. 1600."

A small quarto, containing 32 leaves, A to H in fours. Malone mentions an edition of this date printed by Valentine Simmes. See his "Shakespeare," by Boswell, xviii., 363, 543. Malone says that Pavier's edition of 1619 was printed from this one, but I apprehend he has merely followed Capell's more general assertion that Pavier reprinted from the copies of 1600. I have not succeeded in finding any evidence of the existence of an edition of "The True Tragedie" printed by Valentine Simmes; for Malone confesses he has never seen a copy, although it is very possible that such a one may have been published.

3. "The Whole Contention betwene the two Famous Houses, Lancaster and Yorke. With the Tragicall ends of the good Duke Humfrey, Richard Duke of Yorke, and King Henrie the sixt. Diuided into two Parts: And newly corrected and enlarged. Written by William Shakespeare, Gent. Printed at London, for T. P."

A small quarto, containing 64 leaves, A to Q in fours. This contains the "First Part of the Contention," as well as "The True Tragedie." T. P. was Thomas Pavier, the publisher of other plays. This edition has no date, but it is ascertained to have been printed in or about 1619 by the signatures. The last signature of Pavier's edition is Q, and the first signature of the text of "Pericles," 4to. Lond. 1619, for the same bookseller, is R; and on the recto of sig. I of this play, where the Second Part commences, is the same device as on the first page of that edition of Pericles. The Second Part has no separate title-page, but is introduced as "The Second Part. Containing the Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke, and the Good King Henrie the Sixt."

Pavier's edition was reprinted by Steevens in 1766, and in general with accuracy,<sup>a</sup> although he has not considered it necessary to follow the rigid system I have pursued in the reprints now presented to the reader.

<sup>a</sup> Steevens's reprints are excellently made, and the mistakes of importance do not average more than three or four in each play. I suspect that his successors have not improved. The Percy Society's reprint of "Kind-Harts Dreame" contains above one hundred and thirty errors, some of a portentous kind; yet it is but a small tract, not so long as one of Shakespeare's plays. It is almost impossible to prevent occasional mistakes.

Mistakes and peculiarities of all kinds I have retained as they stand in the original, capital letters, hyphens, punctuation, &c. : in all these particulars I have endeavoured to give as faithful a copy of the originals as I possibly could. The collations will be found in the notes, and with these a little judgment would form as good a text as could probably be made with the materials that have descended to our use.

In the books of the Stationers' Company, we have the following entries relative to these plays :

“ 12 March 1593-4.

“ Tho. Millington.] A booke intituled the firste parte of the contention of the twoo famous Houses of York and Lancaster, with the Deathe of the good Duke Humphrey and the Banishment and Deathe of the Duke of *Sufk.* and the tragicall Ende of the proud Cardinall of Winchester, with the notable rebellion of Jack Cade and the Duke of Yorks first clayme unto the Crowne.

“ 19 April 1602.

“ Tho. Pavier.] By assignment from Tho. Millington, *salvo jure cujuscunque*, the 1st and 2nd parts of Henry the VI: ij. books.”

The last entry is a mistake for the First and Second Parts of the “Contention;” and we accordingly find that when Blount and Jaggard, in 1623, inserted a list of Shakespeare's plays “as are not formerly entered to other men,” they omitted the first and second parts of Henry VI., and only inserted “The Thirde Parte of Henry the Sixt.” In the same way, we find they did not insert “King John” in the same list, although there is no reason to suppose that any copy of that play in its present form had previously been entered. The probable inference is, that the list was hastily compiled from

the previous entries. Millington, it appears, kept possession of the “Whole Contention,” as Pavier afterwards called it, till 1602. There seems something mysterious in the words, “*salvo juris cujuscunque* ;” and it may be asked why Pavier kept them so long without a republication, if the date of 1619 be correct. The entry is, however, important, for it clearly shows that, as early as 1602, the present title of “*Henry VI.*” had superseded the older one.

I have called these plays “*The First Sketches of the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI.* ;” but it is a question with the critics whether Shakespeare was their author, or whether he merely borrowed from some older dramatist.

The external evidence is in favour of Malone’s theory, that Shakespeare was *not* the author of the two plays here reprinted. They appear to have been, as I have said, in the hands of Millington till 1602, and they were then transferred to Pavier, who retained them till 1626. Millington and Pavier managed between them to monopolize nearly the whole of Shakespeare’s disputed plays. Thus Millington had the “*First Part of the Contention*,” the “*Chronicle History*,” and the “*True Tragedie*,” which he transferred to Pavier in 1600 and 1602. In addition to these, Pavier also had “*Sir John Oldcastle*,” “*Titus Andronicus*,” “*The Yorkshire Tragedy*,” “*The Puritan*,” and “*Pericles*,” all of which seem to be suspicious plays, to say the least of them. Again, Millington, who published these plays in 1594, 1595, and 1600, did not put the name of Shakespeare to them, though it would have been for his advantage to have

done so. After the year 1598, none of the undisputed plays of Shakespeare were published without having his name conspicuously inserted on the title,<sup>b</sup> and only three were ever published without his name, two in 1597, and one in 1598, although, between the years 1598 and 1655, forty-four quarto editions appeared with the authorship clearly announced. In 1600, when Millington published the Two Parts of the "Contention" without Shakespeare's name, six undisputed plays were published with his name, and seven disputed plays<sup>c</sup> without; but Pavier was afterwards bolder, and, out of the twenty-four editions of the disputed plays published between the years 1591 and 1635, we find eight with Shakespeare's name. This, however, was after 1609. The probability, therefore, is that the First Part of the "Contention," and the "True Tragedy," were published piratically, and altogether without Shakespeare's authority, if he had any share in them. In 1626, Pavier assigned to Edward Brewster and Robert Birde his right in the disputed plays, and we hear again of the two parts of the "Contention," for the last time, on November 8, 1630, as "Yorke and Lancaster," when they were assigned to Richard Cotes "by Mr. Bird and consent of a full court."

The first edition of the "True Tragedy" does not

<sup>b</sup> I except the early editions of "Romeo and Juliet," and the first edition of "Hamlet," for these are not perfect copies, and, in all probability, published piratically.

<sup>c</sup> Copies of "Sir John Oldcastle," 1600, as Mr. Collier informs us, are also found with Shakespeare's name on the title-page, as well as without. This would seem to show that the name of our great dramatist could not always be used indiscriminately.

appear to have been entered at Stationers' Hall, and it is probable that there is a secret history attached to its publication that remains to be unravelled. The first thing that strikes us is its title, and the reason why it was not published as the "Second Part of the Contention" till 1619. It will be remarked that the title-page affirms it to contain "the *whole* contention." Could this have been done for the purpose of deception? We may, however, infer that the amended plays appeared after 1595, and before 1602, or it is probable that the old titles would not have been retained. Perhaps, however, the same argument holds with respect to the edition of 1600, and this would place the date of the amended plays within a very narrow compass. There are some reasons for thinking that the Third Part of Henry VI., in the form in which we now have it, was written before 1598,<sup>d</sup> as, in one of the stage-directions in the first folio, we have Gabriel, an actor, introduced, who, according to Mr. Collier, was killed by Ben Jonson in the September of that year. The Third Part of Henry VI. also introduces Sinklo, another actor, in a similar manner, who performed in Tarlton's

<sup>d</sup> It may one day be found that the allusion to enclosures at Melford is valuable in the question of the chronology of the earlier dramas. It is not unlikely that a dramatist may have alluded to the popular dissatisfaction which enclosures generally produce. The particular allusion may, perhaps, be discovered. As early as 1549, there had been disturbances in that part of the country in consequence of enclosures; but, as I am kindly informed by Mr. Almack, of Melford, there is no local tradition respecting it, nor do the parish books, although very ancient, contain any thing to the purpose. Perhaps the place is not included in the satire.

play of the “Seven Deadly Sins,”<sup>e</sup> and who probably, therefore, did not survive the year 1598. It is reasonable to suppose that the editors of the first folio used copies transcribed when those actors performed.

The constant offences against grammar which occur in these early copies may perhaps be another proof that they were not published by authority. For the reasons I have previously stated, very little doubt can be entertained of the fact that Pavier’s copies of the older plays were piratically published; and Shakespeare’s name was *for the first time* appended to them in 1619, and not in 1600, probably because the poet was not alive to protect his interests, and in the latter case because he did not acknowledge them for his own. I will now place before the reader certain evidences, before unnoticed, which lead me to think that neither Malone, nor Knight, nor Collier, are exactly right in the

<sup>e</sup> Harvey, in his “Foure Letters,” 1592, says that Nash’s “Pierce Penilesse” was not “dunsically botched vp, but right-formally conueied, according to the stile and tenour of Tarletons president, his famous play of the seauen Deadly sinnes: which most-deadly, but most liuely playe, I might haue seene in London, and was verie gently inuited thereunto at Oxford, by Tarleton himselfe.” Nash, in his “Apologie,” 1593, angrily denies any similarity between his book and Tarlton’s play. The original “platt of the secound Parte of the Seven Deadlie Sinns” is given in Malone’s Shakespeare by Boswell, iii., 348. The exact date of Tarlton’s death is not known; but, in the parish register of St. Leonard, Shoreditch, for 1588, we have the following entry: “Richard Tarelton was buried the third of September.” It also appears from the same register that his residence was in “Haliwel Stret,” so called from a famous well in the neighbourhood, but is now generally known as High Street, Shoreditch.

results to which they have arrived concerning the authorship of the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI.

In a literary point of view, the first edition of the “First Part of the Contention” is far more valuable than the first edition of the “True Tragedy;” and considering that both are in the same library, it seems rather strange that Mr. Knight should have collated the Second Part, and left the more valuable copy. Perhaps, however, this remark is not necessary; nor should I have alluded to the circumstance, had not Mr. Knight written so extensively concerning these plays, that a reasonable doubt might be raised as to where new evidences, properly so called, could exist. To proceed. In the two first editions of “The First Part of the Contention,” 1594 and 1600, act i., sc. 2, we read—

“ This night when I was laid in bed, I dreamp't that  
This, my staff, mine office-badge in court,  
Was broke in two, and on the ends were plac'd  
The heads of the Cardinal of Winchester,  
And William de la Poole, first duke of Suffolk.”

This speech, in the edition of 1619, the only one used by Mr. Knight, stands thus :

“ This night when I was laid in bed, I dreamt  
That this my staff, mine office-badge in court,  
Was broke in *twain*; *by whom*, I cannot guess:  
*But, as I think, by the cardinal.* *What it bodes*  
*God knows*; and on the ends were plac'd  
The heads of *Edmund Duke of Somerset*,  
And William de la Poole, first duke of Suffolk.”

Now let the reader carefully compare these different texts with the passage as corrected in the amended play :

“ Methought this staff, mine office-badge in court,  
Was broke in *twain*; *by whom*, I have forgot,

But as I think, it was by the cardinal;  
 And on the pieces of the broken wand  
 Were plac'd the heads of Edmund duke of Somerset,  
 And William de la Poole, first duke of Suffolk.  
 This was my dream : what it doth bode God knows."

The words in italics in the second quotation are those which are common to the editions of 1619 and 1623, but are not found in the earlier impressions of 1594 and 1600. We have thus *an intermediate composition* between the edition of 1594 and the amended play. It will be at once seen that these differences cannot be the result of emendation, in the way that we account for the differences of the second folio. I will produce another and a stronger instance. In act i., sc. 2, the edition of 1594 has these two lines :

" But ere it be long, I'll go before them all,  
 Despite of all that seek to cross me thus."

Instead of these two lines, we have a different speech, an elaboration of the other two—

" I'll come after you, for I cannot go before,  
 As long as *Gloster bears this base and humble mind* :  
*Were I a man*, and Protector, as he is,  
 I'd reach to th' crown, or make some hop *headless* :  
*And being but a woman*, I'll not [be] behind  
 For playing of *my part*, in spite of all  
 That seek to cross me thus."

Again, compare these versions with the amended play :

" Follow I must : I cannot go before,  
 While *Gloster bears this base and humble mind* :  
*Were I a man*, a duke, and next of blood,  
 I would remove these tedious stumbling blocks,  
 And smooth my way upon their headless necks :

And, being a woman, I will not be slack  
To play my part in fortune's pageant."

Here, perhaps, is a still stronger evidence of an intermediate composition, and others of like importance may be seen from the notes. But more than this, the genealogy in act ii., sc. 2, in the edition of 1594, is entirely different from that given in the edition of 1619, and this latter very nearly corresponds with the amended play. See p. 87. It seems from these instances, that it will be a difficult matter to ascertain what really belongs to the first original play. I am inclined to think that there is a good deal of what may be termed the amended play in the two parts of the "Contention," and, although the evidence to my mind is so strong that Shakespeare was not the author of the whole of these plays, yet it appears little less than absurd to form an arithmetical computation of what was written by Shakespeare, and what was the work of the author of the original dramas.

There are so many passages in the two plays now reprinted, that seem almost beyond the power of any of Shakespeare's predecessors or contemporaries, perhaps even not excepting Marlowe, that as one method of explaining away the difficulties which attend a belief in Malone's theory, my conjecture that when these plays were printed in 1594 and 1595, *they included the first additions which Shakespeare made to the originals*, does not seem improbable, borne out, as it is, by an examination of the early editions. If I am so far correct, we have yet to discover the originals of the two parts of the "Contention," as well as that of 1 Henry VI.

The well-known passage in Greene's "Groatsworth of Wit" proves that Shakespeare was the author of the line :

"O ! tiger's heart, wrapp'd in a woman's hide,"

before September 3rd, 1592, and the angry allusion to the "upstart crow, beautified with our feathers," may be best explained by supposing that Shakespeare had then superseded the older play, in which perhaps Greene may have had some very small share. The attempt to generalize this passage fails, for Greene is speaking of Shakespeare as a writer, not as an actor, a point which Mr. Knight does not sufficiently consider. But that Greene "parodies a line of his own," as the other critics tell us, is assuming a power in Greene of penning the speech in which that line occurs ; and it is only necessary to compare that speech with others in Greene's acknowledged plays, to be convinced that he was not equal to any thing of the kind.

When Greene calls our great dramatist "in his own conceit the only Shake-scene in a country," it is scarcely possible that he could allude to Shakespeare's power of dramatic arrangement ; yet the words imply something of the kind, and we may wish to believe they really do. The notice just quoted is the earliest introduction of Shakespeare in the printed literature of this country, and so valuable an authority is it, that it is unfortunate any dispute or doubt should arise relative to its meaning. That the address in which it is inserted excited much attention at the time, is told by more than one authority ;<sup>f</sup> and it probably proved a source of considerable

<sup>f</sup> And by none more clearly than a curious tract, entitled "Greenes Newes both from *Heauen and Hell*. Prohibited the first for writing

vexation to Shakespeare himself, for shortly after its publication we find Chettle, who edited Greene's tract, apologizing for the insertion of the offensive passage. Nash also calls it, "a scald, trivial, lying, pamphlet," but there is no reason for supposing that the last epithet was applied to the part now under consideration. Chettle is enthusiastic. We may believe that he became acquainted with Shakespeare after the publication of Greene's work, and before the appearance of "Kind-Hart's Dreame." He tells us that Shakespeare was "excellent in the quality he professes," that is, as an actor; and had, moreover, a "facetious grace in writing, that approves his art."<sup>g</sup> This was in November or De-

of Bookes, and banished out of the last for displaying of *Conny-catchers*. *Commended to the Presse* By B. R. At London, Printed, Anno. Domini. 1593," containing 31 leaves, A to H 3, in fours. This is not by Greene, as Mr. Dyce supposes, but perhaps by Barnaby Rich. As authors at that time frequently transposed their initials, if this book were by the same person who wrote "Greene's Funeralls," 1594, these two were perhaps those alluded to in Barnefield's "Cynthia," 12mo. Lond. 1595. "Howsoeuer vndeseruedly (I protest) I haue beene thought (of some) to haue beene the authour of two Books heretofore. I neede not to name them, because they are too-well knowne already: nor will I deny them, because they are dislik't; but because they are not mine."

<sup>g</sup> A copy of "Kind-Harts Dreame," in the Bodleian, which belonged to Burton, and cost him two-pence, reads, "fatiōus grace in writting, which approoues his art." The passage was corrected in passing through the press. Only one perfect copy of this rare book is known, and is preserved in the King's Library in the British Museum. The two copies in the Bodleian Library, in the Burton and Malone collections, want the concluding chapter. Burton's copy has several peculiar readings worthy of notice. Thus at p. 16 of the reprint, we have:—" It were to be wished, if they will not be warned,

cember, 1592. Shakespeare probably had written part of the "True Tragedy" before that time.

There is another passage in "Kind-Harts Dreame," which seems rather at variance with the one just quoted. Chettle, speaking of Greene, says, "of whom, *however some suppose themselves injured*, I have learned to speak, considering he is dead, *nil nisi necessarium*. He was of singular plesance, *the very supporter*, and, *to no man's disgrace be this intended*, the *ONLY* comedian of a vulgar writer in this country." Chettle here seems to recollect the offence that the "address" had given; he exclaims, "to no man's disgrace be *this* intended," he was not wronging Shakespeare in calling Greene "the *only* comedian of a vulgar writer in this country." Chettle professes to say nothing more of Greene than is requisite; this testimony to his merits is given, notwithstanding his alleged friendliness to Shakespeare. He probably alludes to Shakespeare, when he says, "however some suppose themselves injured."<sup>h</sup> Mr. Collier thinks Chettle implies that Shakespeare had acquired no reputation as an *original* dramatic poet in 1592; and it certainly goes far to prove that his *comic* pieces

that, as well the singers, as their supporters, were burned in the tongue, that they might rather be ever utterly mute, than the *triumphers* of so many mischiefs." The word "triumphers," which is clearly wrong, is corrected in Burton's copy to "trumpets." If this book be again reprinted, the editor would do well to notice this and other variations.

<sup>h</sup> In case any one may chance to read the whole in the Percy Society's reprint, it is necessary, for my own sake, to say that this passage is there erroneously given, "however some *may* suppose themselves injured."

had not then appeared, or, if they had, had obtained little applause. Our business is now with the histories; and the “First Part of the Contention,” and the “True Tragedy,” may have been *rifacimenti* by Shakespeare as early as 1592.

When Greene parodied the line in “The True Tragedy,” and alluded to the “crow beautified with *our* feathers,” it is probable he meant to insinuate that he himself had some share in the composition of the play, which in one state of its reconstruction or amendment by Shakespeare fell under his satire. This probability is considerably strengthened by the following passage in “Greene’s Funeralls, By R. B. Gent.,” 4to. Lond. 1594, a rare tract of twelve leaves, preserved in the Bodleian Library:—

“ Greene is the pleasing Obiect of an eie ;  
Greene please the eies of all that lookt vpon him.  
Greene is the ground of euerie Painters die ;  
Greene gaue the ground to all that wrote vpon him.  
Nay more the men that so Eclipts his fame,  
Purloynde his Plumes, can they deny the same.”

This is “Sonnet ix.” in this rare little volume, which contains the term “sugred sonnets,” afterwards appropriated by Meres to Shakespeare. R. B., whoever he was, may write somewhat in partisanship, but how Nash’s indignant rejection of the authorship of the other tract can be held a sufficient reply to this plain statement seems mysterious. Yet so Mr. Knight would tell us, and adds that no “great author appeared in the world who was not reputed, in the outset of his career, to be a plagiarist.” Was Harriot held a plagiarist,

when he promulgated his original theories? Was not his adoption of Vieta's notions discovered afterwards? The cases are nearly parallel, though there was no Vieta alive to claim the groundwork. We may not care to know who laid the foundation, but surely Greene's words are not to be altogether divested of any intelligible meaning.<sup>i</sup>

The "True Tragedy," as originally composed, was, as we learn from the title-page, played by the Earl of Pembroke's servants, for whom Greene was in the habit of writing. None of Shakespeare's undisputed plays were played by this company. "Titus Andronicus," an earlier drama, also has this external evidence against its authenticity. Mr. Collier, indeed, tells us that *before* 1592, "a popular play, written for one company, and perhaps acted by that company as it was written, might be surreptitiously obtained by another, having been at best taken down from the mouths of the original performers: from the second company it might be procured

<sup>i</sup> A writer of our own day, and, strange to say, since the publication of Mr. Knight's "Essay," has given a gratuitous assertion quite as much the other way. The following announcement will be read with considerable astonishment by those who have paid any attention to this branch of literature. "Shakespeare was just then [1592] rising into notice; and we know from various sources that he was employed in adapting and altering the productions of Nash, Greene, and other unprincipled companions—a circumstance which drew down upon him their hatred and abuse." — *Introduction to the Percy Society's reprint of Kind Heart's Dream*, 8vo. Lond. 1841, p. xiv. Where are these various sources? Who were the *other* "unprincipled" companions? Shakespeare adapting and altering the productions of Nash!

by a third, and, after a succession of changes, corruptions, and omissions, it might find its way at last to the press." This, as Mr. Knight thinks, entirely overthrows Malone's argument on the point: but the "True Tragedy" was not printed till 1595, and, according to Mr. Collier, this system probably concluded two years previously. Besides, the title-page would probably exhibit the name of the original company. If Malone is not right, it is very singular that the suspicious account should only appear on the titles of two suspicious dramas.

Passing over Malone's conclusions from inaccuracies and anachronisms, which can hardly be considered safe guides, when we reflect how numerous they are throughout Shakespeare's plays, there is yet one other circumstance worthy of notice, that indirectly associates the name of Greene with the older dramas. In "The First Part of the Contention," mention is made of "Abradas, *the great Macedonian pirate.*" Who Abradas was, does not anywhere appear, and the only other mention of him that has been discovered is in "Penelopes Web," 4to. Lond. 1588,<sup>k</sup> a tract written by Greene: "I remember, Ismena, that Epicurus measured euery mans dyet by his own principles, and Abradas, *the great Macedonian pirat,*

<sup>k</sup> This book was entered, according to a MS. note by Malone, on the Stationers' Registers, by E. Aggas, Jan. 26th, 1587-8, and the book itself, "imprinted at London for T. C. and E. A.," was published that year without a date. Another edition appeared in 1601, which Mr. Collier calls "the only known edition," but there is a copy of the *editio princeps* in the Bodleian. See Collier's "Shakespeare," v., 183.

thought euery one had a letter of mart that bare sayles in the ocean." These coincidences are perhaps more curious than important, but still they appear worth notice. It may likewise be mentioned, as a confirmatory circumstance, that Nash, in his "Apologie," 1593, mentions Greene "being chiefe agent for the companie, for hee writ more than foure other,<sup>1</sup> how well I will not say." If, therefore, Greene was so intimately connected with the Earl of Pembroke's servants, and Shakespeare not at all, the external evidence, as far as this goes, is strongly in favour of Greene's having had some share in the composition of the "True Tragedy," and, as a matter of course, "The First Part of the Contention."

I have followed Mr. Hunter in saying that the allusion to Shakespeare in the "Groatsworth of Wit," entered at Stationers' Hall on September 20th, 1592, is the earliest introduction of our great dramatic poet in the printed literature of this country. If, however, the opinion of Chalmers may be relied on, Gabriel Harvey, in his "Four letters especially touching Robert Greene, and other parties, by him abused," 1592, alludes to Shakespeare in the third letter, dated September 9th, 1592, wherein he says: "I speak generally to every springing wit, but more especially to a few: and, at this instant, *singularly*, to *one*, whom I salute with a hundred bless-

<sup>1</sup> "He that was wont to solicite your mindes with many pleasant conciets, and to fit your fancies at the least euery quarter of the yere, with strange and quaint deuises, best beseeeming the season, and most answerable to your pleasures." — *Greene's Newes both from Heauen and Hell*, 1593.

ings." These notices of Shakespeare are, however, digressions in this place, even if they prove that Shakespeare was not popularly known as a dramatic writer before 1592. Chettle's evidence in the same year is almost conclusive with respect to the histrionic powers of Shakespeare ; and it would be a curious addition to our poet's history to ascertain whether he performed in the plays now presented to the reader, after they had been altered and amended. There is a well-known epigram by Davies, in his " Scourge of Folly," 1611, p. 76, that has some theatrical anecdote connected with it, now perhaps for ever lost,<sup>m</sup> but which implies that Rowe was not exactly right when he stated that " the top of his performance was the ghost of Hamlet." Another evidence may be adduced, from Davies' " Humours Heav'n

<sup>m</sup> I do not know the authority for the following anecdote, which appears to illustrate Davies' epigram. " It is well known that Queen Elizabeth was a great admirer of the immortal Shakespeare, and used frequently, as was the custom with persons of great rank in those days, to appear upon the stage before the audience, or to sit delighted behind the scenes, when the plays of our bard were performed. One evening, when *Shakespeare himself was personating the part of a king*, the audience knew of her majesty being in the house. She crossed the stage when he was performing, and, on receiving the accustomed greeting from the audience, moved politely to the poet, but he did not notice it. When behind the scenes, she caught his eye, and moved again, but still he could not throw off his character to notice her : this made her majesty think of some means by which she might know whether he would depart or not from the dignity of his character while on the stage. Accordingly, as he was about to make his exit, she stepped before him, dropped her glove, and recrossed the stage, which Shakespeare noticing, took up with these words,

on Earth," 8vo. Lond. 1609, p. 208, which has not been yet quoted :—

“ Some followed her [Fortune] by acting all men's parts,  
 These on a stage she rais'd, in scorn to fall,  
 And made them mirrors by their acting arts,  
 Wherein men saw their faults, though ne'er so small :  
 Yet some she guerdon'd not to their <sup>a</sup> deserts ;  
 But othersome were but ill-action all,  
 Who, while they acted ill, ill stay'd behind,  
 By custom of their manners, in their mind.”

This alludes to Shakespeare and Burbage, as appears from the marginal note ; but the inference to be drawn from it is in favour of Shakespeare's capabilities as an actor. Davies is often rather unintelligible, and the allusion :—

“ Some say, good Will, which I, in sport, do sing,  
 Hadst thou not play'd some kingly parts in sport,  
 Thou hadst been a companion for a king,  
 And been a king among the meanner sort,”

remains to be unravelled. It clearly alludes to some circumstance which took place after the accession of James I.

This digression is not without its use, because it shows immediately after finishing his speech ; and so aptly were they delivered, that they seemed to belong to it :—

‘ And though now bent on this high embassy,  
 Yet stoop we to take up our cousin's glove.’

He then walked off the stage, and presented the glove to the queen, who was greatly pleased with his behaviour, and complimented him upon the propriety of it.” — *Dramatic Table Talk*, 8vo. Lond. 1825, ii., 156-7.

<sup>a</sup> “ W. S., R. B.”—*Marg. note in orig.*

that we have good grounds for believing Chettle's testimony to Shakespeare's histrionic merits, we can the more readily give credence to his assertion that our dramatist possessed a "facetious grace in writing that approves his art." If the other passage just quoted, which relates to Greene, proves that Shakespeare was not known as a comic writer as early as 1592, it by no means sufficiently outweighs Chettle's first testimony to make us doubt that Shakespeare had then largely contributed to the two parts of the "Contention." Mr. Knight tells us repeatedly that if Malone's theory be adopted, Shakespeare was the most unblushing plagiarist that ever put pen to paper. Why so? Did Shakespeare adopt the labours of others as his own? If he had done so, why was his name effaced from the title-page of "Sir John Oldcastle," and why was it not inserted on the early editions of the present plays? He would have been essentially a dishonest plagiarist, says Mr. Knight. But it was the common custom of the time for dramatists to be engaged to remodel and amplify the productions of others. A reference to Henslowe's Diary will at once establish this fact. In 1601, Decker was paid thirty shillings "for *altering* of Fayton;" and, in the following year, we find Ben Jonson paid £10 on account, "in earnest of a booke called Richard Crookback, and for *new adycions* for Jeronimo." According to Mr. Knight's theory, Decker, Jonson, and every unfortunate playwright, who complied with the custom of the time, were "unblushing plagiarists." The great probability is that the theatre for which Shakespeare wrote had become proprietor of the older plays, and that he made altera-

tions, and added to them when necessary. There was no plagiarism in the case ; and perhaps one day it will be discovered that little of the original dramas now remains in the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI.

From Henslowe's Diary it appears that a play called Henry VI. was acted thirteen times in the spring of 1592 by Lord Strange's players, who, be it remembered, never performed any of Shakespeare's plays. This is conjectured with great probability to be the First Part of Henry VI. in some state or other of its composition, and the play whose power "embalmed" the bones of "brave Talbot" with the tears of ten thousand spectators. The death-scene of Talbot is, perhaps, the most powerfully constructed part of the play ; our national sympathies have been awakened in his favour, and we pity his woful end : but Nash gives like praise to the contemptible "Famous Victories." Mr. Knight places great reliance on the unity of action in the First Part of the Contention and the First Part of Henry VI. to prove that they were both written by one and the same person ; but surely these two plays have neither unity of characterisation, nor unity of style, and the want of these outweighs the unity of action. That there is considerable unity of action, I admit. In some cases, nearly the same expressions occur. Thus, in 1 Henry VI. act iv., sc. 1., King Henry says :

"Cousin of York, we institute your grace  
To be our regent in these parts of France."

And in the First Part of the Contention, act i., sc. 1, he says—

"Cousin of York, we here discharge your grace  
From being regent in the parts of France."

But I suspect these coincidences, and the evidences of the unity of action, as well also as those scenes which a cursory reader might suppose to have been written for the purposes of continuation, may be attributed to the writer having adopted his incidents out of the old chronicles, where such matters are placed in not very strict chronological arrangement. Thus, in Richard III., the incident of the King sending the Bishop of Ely for strawberries is isolated, adopted in order with the other scenes from the chroniclers, probably Holins-hed, and useless for the purposes of continuation. With a discussion on the supposed unity of style I will not occupy these pages. Opinion in this matter is sufficient, for the plays are accessible. Mr. Hallam thinks the First Part of Henry VI. might have been written by Greene, and the very opening of the play is in the bombastic style of the older dramatists. Again, with respect to the characterisation, is the Margaret of 1 Henry VI. the Margaret of the First Part of the Contention? Perhaps her character is not sufficiently developed in the first of these to enable us to judge; but, in regard to the characters that are common to both, we may safely decide that not one characteristic of importance is to be found in 1 Henry VI. not immediately derived from the chroniclers. Are we to suppose that Suffolk's instantaneous love was corresponded to by Margaret, or was she only haughty and not passionate when she quietly answers Suffolk in the speech in which she is introduced? I do not mean to assert that there is any inconsistency in her being represented merely haughty in one play, and passionate in the other, for

different circumstances would render this very possible ; but it is not easy to infer the strict unity of characterisation that is attempted to be established.

If the First Part of Henry VI. were originally written by Shakespeare, and with all these scenes for the purposes of continuation, as Mr. Knight would have us believe, how does Mr. Knight account for the appearance of the Second Part of Henry VI. under the title of “ *The First Part of the Contention?* ” This is a point to which no attention has been given. Two editions of the “ *First Part of the Contention* ” were published in 1600 under the old title, but we find that in 1602 their later appellations as parts of Henry VI. had been given them. It seems reasonable to infer that, when Shakespeare remodelled the old plays, and formed the two parts of the “ *Contention*,” he had had nothing to do with the old play of Henry VI. mentioned by Henslowe, and had intended the play now called the Second Part of Henry VI. to be the first of his own series. Afterwards, he might have been employed to make “ *new adycyons* ” to the old play of Henry VI. and then the three plays may have been amalgamated into a series, and the old play rendered uniform by scenes written for continuations previously made. Take the First Part of Henry VI. away, and the concluding chorus to Henry V. remains equally intelligible. The “ *True Tragedy* ” may also have been called “ *Edward IV.* ” and so more naturally the series would have continued with Richard III.

In vain have I looked for any identity of manner in the scene between Suffolk and Margaret in the First Part

of Henry VI. and the similar scene in the First Part of the Contention. But so much stress has been laid on this point, that I beg the reader will here carefully compare them together.

## FIRST PART OF HENRY VI., Act v. Sc. 3.

“ *Suf.* Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.

[*Gazes on her.*]

O fairest beauty, do not fear, nor fly ;  
For I will touch thee but with reverent hands.  
I kiss these fingers [*kissing her hand*] for eternal peace,  
And lay them gently on thy tender side.  
Who art thou ? say, that I may honour thee.

*Mar.* Margaret my name, and daughter to a king,  
The king of Naples ; whoso'er thou art.

*Suf.* An earl I am, and Suffolk am I call'd.  
Be not offended, nature's miracle,  
Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me :  
So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,  
Keeping them prisoner underneath her wings.  
Yet if this servile usage once offend,  
Go, and be free again, as Suffolk's friend.

[*She turns away as going.*]

O, stay !—I have no power to let her pass ;  
My hand would free her, but my heart says—no.  
As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,  
Twinkling another counterfeited beam,  
So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.”

## FIRST PART OF THE CONTENTION, Act iii., Sc. 2.

“ *Queen.* Sweet Suffolk, hie thee hence to France,  
For if the king do come, thou sure must die.

*Suf.* And if I go I cannot live : but here to die,  
What were it else,

But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?  
Here could I breathe my soul into the air,  
As mild and gentle as the new-born babe,  
That dies with mother's dug between his lips.  
Where from thy sight I should be raging mad,  
And call for thee to close mine eyes,  
Or with thy lips to stop my dying soul,  
That I might breathe it so into thy body,  
And then it liv'd in sweet Elysium.  
By thee to die, were but to die in jest;  
From thee to die, were torment more than death:  
Oh, let me stay, befall what may befall.

*Queen.* Oh might'st thou stay with safety of thy life,  
Then should'st thou stay; but heavens deny it,  
And therefore go, but hope ere long to be repeal'd.

*Suf.* I go.

*Queen.* And take my heart with thee.

[*She kisses him.*

*Suf.* A jewel lock'd into the wofull'st cask,  
That ever yet contain'd a thing of worth.  
Thus, like a splitted bark, so sunder we;

This way fall I to death.                           [*Exit SUFFOLK.*

*Queen.* This way for me.                           [*Exit QUEEN.*"]

Mr. Dyce could not have been far wrong, when he excluded the first of these plays from his chronology, as “exhibiting no traces of Shakespeare's peculiar style, and being altogether in the manner of an older school.” This judicious writer thinks that it may be attributed either to Marlowe or Kyd, and we are occasionally reminded of the former author. Henslowe's “Diary” lets us a good deal into the prison-house secrets of the relative position between author and manager in those days; we there find that sometimes four writers were occasionally employed on one play; and there seems to

be strong internal evidence that the First Part of Henry VI. was not wholly the work of one hand.

Capell, struck with the power of the death-scene of Henry VI., long since decided that it was unquestionably the work of Shakespeare. It is, indeed, a composition in Shakespeare's peculiar style; and it occurs in the "True Tragedy," with only a few verbal alterations, and the omission of five unimportant lines at the commencement. In the same way, the speech beginning:—

"I will go clad my body in gay ornaments,"

is equal, if not superior, in smoothness and power, to a like speech in "Richard III." How can Mr. Collier find it in his heart to deprive Shakespeare of these? There is nothing equal to them in the First Part of Henry VI., and little superior to them in the other historical plays. It is, however, worthy of remark, that Meres in 1598 does not mention either Henry VI., or the Contention, which would seem to show that they were not highly estimated even in Shakespeare's own time.

Gildon tells us of a tradition, that Shakespeare, in a conversation with Ben Jonson, said, that, "finding the nation generally very ignorant of history, he wrote plays in order to instruct the people in that particular." This is absurd. "Plays," says Heywood in 1612, "have made the ignorant more apprehensive, taught the unlearned the knowledge of many famous histories, instructed such as cannot read in the discovery of all our English chronicles; and what man have you now of that weak capacity, that cannot discourse of any notable

thing recorded even from William the Conqueror, nay, from the landing of Brute, until this day?"<sup>o</sup> Henslowe mentions a play on the subject of William the Conqueror, and there can be little doubt that a complete series once existed, even up to Henry VIII., and perhaps even later. There was little authentic history in those days, and the researches of Cotton and Hayward were not popularly known. Most were content to take the "depraved lies" of the playwrights for truth, and, like the simpleton mentioned by Ben Jonson, prefer them to the sage chroniclers:—

"No, I confess I have it from the play-books,  
And think they are more authentic."

It is ridiculous to talk of Shakespeare having invented an historical drama, that had been gradually growing towards the perfection it reached in his hands from the middle of the sixteenth century. Let, therefore, Gildon's tradition be distributed with the other myths that the

"Thirdly, he affirmes that playes have taught the ignorant knowledge of many famous histories. They have indeed made many to know of those histories they never did, by reason they would never take the paines to reade them. But these that know the histories before they see them acted, are ever ashamed, when they have heard what lies the players insert amongst them, and how greatly they deprave them. If they be too long for a play, they make them curtals; if too short, they enlarge them with many fables, and whither too long or too short, they corrupt them with a foole and his bables: whereby they make them like leaden rules, which men will fit to their worke, and not frame their worke to them. So that the ignorant instead of true history shall beare away nothing but fabulous lies." — *A Refutation of the Apology for Actors*, 4to. Lond. 1615, p. 42.

commencement of the seventeenth century interwove with the little that was then known of Shakespeare's authentic history.

There are other opinions that require notice in this place. It has been conjectured that the "First Part of the Contention" and the "True Tragedy" were not written by the same person, because the account of Clifford's death at the conclusion of the former play varies with that given of the same occurrence at the commencement of the other. The reader will find this mentioned in another place. On the same principle we might conclude that the Second Parts of Henry IV. and Henry VI. are not by the same hand, because the story of Althea is erroneously told in the first of these plays, and rightly in the second. It is difficult to account for these inconsistencies, but there they are, the *αμαρτία κατα συμβεβηκος* of Shakespeare. It seems paradoxical that Shakespeare should at one time remember a well-known classical story, and forget it at another; but these instances illustrate the correctness of Aristotle's definition, and can probably be explained in no other way.

Dr. Johnson, who often speaks at random in these matters, asserts that the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI. were not written without a *dependence* on the first. Malone has answered him satisfactorily, by saying, "the old play of Henry VI. had been exhibited before these were written in any form; but it does not follow from this concession, either that the 'Contention' was written by the author of the former play, or that Shakespeare was the author of these two pieces, as *originally composed*." This is exactly the point to

which I would draw the reader's attention. I will leave the unity of action out of the question, because we are not dealing with works of imagination, and this can be accounted for, as I have previously contended, in the sources from which the incidents are derived. Had there been two Parts to the "Tempest," and the same kind of unity of action, and similar instances of scenes written for the purposes of continuation, the argument would hold in that case, unless it could be shown that these were also to be found in the original romance or drama upon which it was founded. Here there is nothing of the kind. I believe that, with the present evidence, it is impossible to ascertain the exact portions of the two Parts of the "Contention," which were not written by Shakespeare, and belong to the older drama. There is nothing Shakesperian in this:—

" These gifts ere long will make me mighty rich.  
The duchess she thinks now that all is well,  
But I have gold comes from another place,  
From one that hired me to set her on,  
To plot these treasons 'gainst the king and peers;  
And that is the mighty duke of Suffolk.  
For he it is, but I must not say so,  
That by my means must work the duchess' fall,  
Who now by conjurations thinks to rise."

This is one of the most favourable specimens of the rejections. Mr. Knight would have us believe that Shakespeare wrote the following speech, and put it into the mouth of Richard, after he had slain Somerset:—

" So, lie thou there, and tumble in thy blood.  
What's here, the sign of the Castle ?

Then the prophecy is come to pass,  
For Somerset was forewarn'd of castles,  
The which he always did observe,  
And now behold, under a paltry alehouse sign,  
The Castle in St. Alban's, Somerset  
Hath made the wizard famous by his death."

Is there in this one single characteristic of the language which *Shakespeare* gives to Richard? Is there identity of manner? Is not the style comparatively puerile? Let this and similar passages be given to the author or authors of the original play, but let us retain for Shakespeare the parts, that we may fairly judge from comparison to have been beyond the power of those of his contemporaries, whose works have descended to our times.

In these discussions, it ought to be recollected that the works of Shakespeare have met with a better fate than those of most of his contemporaries. There may have been "six Shakespeares in the field" at the time we have been speaking of, and the works of one only been preserved. Few had kind friends like Hemings and Condell to look to the interests of their posthumous reputation. It may be that few deserved such treatment, but we are by no means to decide conclusively, merely because the specimens of their talent which have come down to our time are so vastly inferior to the productions of the great bard. The argument of authorship, as adopted by Mr. Knight, is at best but a *reductio ad absurdum*, where *possibilities* exist, that even, if the predicates be proved, two conclusions may be drawn. Supposing we are satisfied that neither Peele, nor Kyd, nor

Greene, nor even Marlowe, was equal to any given performance, it does not necessarily follow that there was no one of their contemporaries who was not capable of it, though the presumptive evidence may be in favour of the first position.

J. O. HALLIWELL.

Feb. 22nd, 1843.

THE  
FIRST PART OF THE CONTENTION  
BETWIXT THE TWO FAMOUS HOUSES  
OF YORKE AND LANCASTER, WITH  
THE DEATH OF THE GOOD  
DUKE HUMPHREY:

And the banishment and death of the Duke of  
*Suffolke*, and the Tragicall end of the proud  
Cardinall of *Winchester*, with the notable  
Rebellion of *Iacke Cade*:

*And the Duke of Yorkes first claime vnto the  
Crowne.*

LONDON

Printed by Thomas Creed, for Thomas Millington,  
and are to be sold at his shop vnder Saint Peters  
Church in Cornwall.

1594.



The First Part of the Contention of the Two  
Famous Houses of *Yorke & Lancaster*,  
with the death of the good Duke  
*Humphrey.*

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*Enter at one doore, King HENRY the sixth, and HUMPHREY Duke of GLOSTER, the Duke of SOMMERSSET, the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, Cardinall BEWFORD, and others.*

*Enter at the other doore, the Duke of YORKE, and the Marquesse of SUFFOLKE, and Queene MARGARET, and the Earle of SALISBURY and WARWICKE.*

*Suffolke.* As by your high imperiall Maiesties command,  
I had in charge at my depart for France,  
As Procurator for your excellence,  
To marry Princes Margaret for your grace,  
So in the auncient famous Citie Towres,  
In presence of the Kings of France & Cyssile,  
The Dukes of Orleance, Calabar, Brittaine, and Alonson.  
Seuen Earles, twelue Barons, and then the reuerend  
Bishops,

I did performe my taske and was espousde,  
And now, most humbly on my bended knees,  
In sight of England and her royll Peeres,  
Deliuier vp my title in the Queene,  
Vnto your gratiouse excellence, that are the substance

Of that great shadow I did represent :  
 The happiest gift that euer Marquesse gaue,  
 The fairest Queene that euer King possest.

*King.* Suffolke arise.

Welcome Queene Margaret to English Henries Court,  
 The greatest shew of kindnesse yet we can bestow,  
 Is this kinde kisse : Oh gracious God of heauen,  
 Lend me a heart repleat with thankfulnesse,  
 For in this beautious face thou hast bestowde  
 A world of pleasures to my perplexed soule.

*Queene.* Th' excessiue loue I beare vnto your grace,  
 Forbids me to be lauish of my tongue,  
 Least I should speake more then beseemes a woman :  
 Let this suffice, my blisse is in your liking,  
 And nothing can make poore Margaret miserable,  
 Vnlesse the frowne of mightie Englands King.

*Kin.* Her lookes did wound, but now her speech doth  
 pierce,  
 Louely Queene Margaret sit down by my side :  
 And vnckle Gloster, and you Lordly Peeres,  
 With one voice welcome my beloued Queene.

*All.* Long liue Queene Margaret, Englands happinesse.

*Queene.* We thanke you all. [Sound Trumpets.

*Suffolke.* My Lord Protector, so it please your grace,  
 Here are the Articles confirnde of peace,  
 Betweene our Soueraigne and the French King Charles,  
 Till terme of eighteene months be full expirde.

*Humphrey.* Imprimis, It is agreed betweene the French  
 King Charles, and William de la Poule, Marquesse of  
 Suffolke, Embassador for Henry King of England, that  
 the said Henry shal wed and espouse the Ladie Marga-  
 ret, daughter to Raynard King of Naples, Cyssels, and  
 Ierusalem, and crowne her Queene of England, ere the  
 30. of the next month.

*Item.* It is further agreed betweene them, that the

Duches of Anioy and of Maine, shall be released and deliuered ouer to the King her fa.

[*Duke HUMPHREY lets it fall.*

*Kin.* How now vnkle, whats the matter that you stay so sodenly.

*Humph.* Pardon my Lord, a sodain qualme came ouer my hart,

Which dimmes mine eyes that I can reade no more.

Vnkle of Winchester, I pray you reade on.

*Cardinall.* Item, It is further agreed betweene them, that the Duches of Anioy and of Mayne, shall be released and deliuered ouer to the King her father, & she sent ouer of the King of Englands owne proper cost and charges without dowry.

*King.* They please vs well, Lord Marquesse kneele downe, We here create thee first Duke of Suffolke, & girt thee with the sword. Cosin of Yorke, We here discharge your grace from being Regent in the parts of France, till terme of 18. months be full expirde.

Thankes vnkle Winchester, Gloster, Yorke, and Buckhingham, Somerset, Salsbury and Warwicke.

We thanke you all for this great fauour done,  
In entertainment to my Princely Queene,  
Come let vs in, and with all speed prouide  
To see her Coronation be performde.

[*Exet King, Queene, and SUFFOLKE, and Duke HUMPHREY stayes all the rest.*

*Humphrey.* Braue Peeres of England, Pillars of the state,

To you Duke Humphrey must vnfold his grieve,  
What did my brother Henry toyle himselfe,  
And waste his subiects for to conquere France?  
And did my brother Bedford spend his time  
To keepe in awe that stout vnrvly Realme?  
And haue not I and mine vnkle Bewford here,  
Done all we could to keepe that land in peace?

And is all our labours then spent in vaine,  
 For Suffolke he, the new made Duke that rules the roast,  
 Hath giuen away for our King Henries Queene,  
 The Dutches of Anioy and Mayne vnto her father.  
 Ah Lords, fatall is this marriage canselling our states,  
 Reuersing Monuments of conquered France,  
 Vndoing all, as none had nere bene done.

*Card.* Why how now cosin Gloster, what needs this ?  
 As if our King were bound vnto your will,  
 And might not do his will without your leaue,  
 Proud Protector, enuy in thine eyes I see,  
 The big swolne venome of thy hatefull heart,  
 That dares presume against that thy Soueraigne likes.

*Humphr.* Nay my Lord tis not my words that troubles  
 you,  
 But my presence, proud Prelate as thou art :  
 But ile begone, and giue thee leaue to speake.  
 Farewell my Lords, and say when I am gone,  
 I prophesied France would be lost ere long.

[*Exet Duke HUMPHREY.*]

*Card.* There goes our Protector in a rage,  
 My Lords you know he is my great enemy,  
 And though he be Protector of the land,  
 And thereby couers his deceitfull thoughts,  
 For well you see, if he but walke the streets,  
 The common people swarne about him straight,  
 Crying Iesus blesse your royll exellence,  
 With God preserue the good Duke Humphrey.  
 And many things besides that are not knowne,  
 Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke Hum-  
 phrey.

But I will after him, and if I can  
 Ile laie a plot to heave him from his seate.

[*Exet Cardinall.*]

*Buck.* But let vs watch this haughtie Cardinall,

Cosen of Somerset be rulde by me,  
Weele watch Duke Humphrey and the Cardinall too,  
And put them from the marke they faine would hit.

*Somerset.* Thanks cosin Buckingham, ioyne thou with  
me,  
And both of vs with the Duke of Suffolke,  
Weele quickly heauue Duke Humphrey from his seate.

*Buck.* Content, Come then let vs about it straight,  
For either thou or I will be Protector.

[Exet BUCKINGHAM and SOMERSET.

*Salsb.* Pride went before, Ambition follows after.  
Whilst these do seeke their owne preferments thus,  
My Lords let vs seeke for our Countries good,  
Oft haue I seene this haughtie Cardinal  
Sweare, and forswearre himselfe, and braue it out,  
More like a Ruffin then a man of Church.  
Cosin Yorke, the victories thou hast wonne,  
In Ireland, Normandie, and in France,  
Hath wonne thee immortall praise in England.  
And thou braue Warwicke, my thrice valiant sonne,  
Thy simple plainnesse and thy house-keeping,  
Hath wonne thee credit amongst the common sort,  
The reurence of mine age, and Neuels name,  
Is of no little force if I command,  
Then let vs ioyne all three in one for this,  
That good Duke Humphrey may his state possesse,  
But wherefore weepes Warwicke my noble sonne.

*Warw.* For grieve that all is lost that Warwick won.  
*Sonnes.* Anioy and Maine, both giuen away at once,  
Why Warwick did win them, & must that then which  
we wonne with our swords, be giuen away with wordes.

*Yorke.* As I haue read, our Kinges of England were  
woont to haue large dowries with their wiues, but our  
King Henry giues away his owne.

*Sals.* Come sonnes away and looke vnto the maine.

*War.* Vnto the Maine, Oh father Maine is lost,  
 Which Warwicke by maine force did win from France,  
 Maine chance father you meant, but I meant Maine,  
 Which I will win from France, or else be slaine.

[*Exet SALSBURY and WARWICKE.*

*Yorke.* Anioy and Maine, both giuen vnto the French,  
 Cold newes for me, for I had hope of France,  
 Euen as I haue of fertill England.  
 A day will come when Yorke shall claime his owne,  
 And therefore I will take the Neuels parts,  
 And make a shew of loue to proud Duke Humphrey:  
 And when I spie aduantage, claime the Crowne,  
 For thatts the golden marke I seeke to hit:  
 Nor shall proud Lancaster vsurpe my right,  
 Nor hold the scepter in his childish fist,  
 Nor weare the Diademe vpon his head,  
 Whose church-like humours fits not for a Crowne:  
 Then Yorke be still a while till time do serue,  
 Watch thou, and wake when others be a sleepe,  
 To prie into the secrets of the state,  
 Till Henry surfeiting in ioyes of loue,  
 With his new bride, and Englands dear bought queene,  
 And Humphrey with the Peeres be falne at iarres,  
 Then will I raise aloft the milke-white Rose,  
 With whose sweete smell the aire shall be perfumde,  
 And in my Standard beare the Armes of Yorke,  
 To graffle with the House of Lancaster:  
 And force perforce, ile make him yeeld the Crowne,  
 Whose bookish rule hath puld faire England downe.

[*Exet YORKE.*

*Enter Duke HUMPHREY, and Dame ELLANOR, COBHAM  
 his wife.*

*Elnor.* Why droopes my Lord like ouer ripened corne,  
 Hanging the head at Cearies plenteous loade,

What seest thou Duke Humphrey King Henries Crowne?  
 Reach at it, and if thine arme be too short,  
 Mine shall lengthen it. Art not thou a Prince,  
 Vnkle to the King, and his Protector?  
 Then what shouldst thou lacke that might content thy  
 minde.

*Humph.* My louely Nell, far be it from my heart,  
 To thinke of Treasons against my soueraigne Lord,  
 But I was troubled with a dreame to night,  
 And God I pray, it do betide no ill.

*Elnor.* What dreempt my Lord. Good Humphrey tell  
 it me,  
 And ile interpret it, and when that's done,  
 Ile tell thee then, what I did dreame to night.

*Humphrey.* This night when I was laid in bed, I  
 dreamp't that  
 This my staffe mine Office badge in Court,  
 Was broke in two, and on the ends were plac'd,  
 The heads of the Cardinall of Winchester,  
 And William de la Poule first Duke of Suffolke.

[Sig. B.]

*Elnor.* Tush my Lord, this signifies nought but this,  
 That he that breakes a sticke of Glosters groue,  
 Shall for th' offence, make forfeit of his head.  
 But now my Lord, Ile tell you what I dreamp't,  
 Me thought I was in the Cathedrall Church  
 At Westminster, and seated in the chaire  
 Where Kings and Queenes are crownde, and at my feete  
 Henry and Margaret with a Crowne of gold  
 Stood readie to set it on my Princely head.

*Humphrey.* Fie Nell. Ambitious woman as thou art,  
 Art thou not second woman in this land,  
 And the Protectors wife belou'd of him,  
 And wilt thou still be hammering treason thus,  
 Away I say, and let me heare no more.

*Elnor.* How now my Lord. What angry with your Nell,

For telling but her dreame. The next I haue  
Ile keepe to my selfe, and not be rated thus.

*Humphrey.* Nay Nell, Ile giue no credit to a dreame,  
But I would haue thee to thinke on no such things.

*Enters a Messenger.*

*Messenger.* And it please your grace, the King and  
Queene to morrow morning will ride a hawking to Saint  
Albones, and craues your company along with them.

*Humphrey.* With all my heart, I will attend his grace:  
Come Nell, thou wilt go with vs vs I am sure.

[*Exet HUMPHREY.*]

*Elnor.* Ile come after you, for I cannot go before,  
But ere it be long, Ile go before them all,  
Despight of all that seeke to crosse me thus,  
Who is within there?

*Enter sir IOHN HUM.*

What sir Iohn Hum, what newes with you?

*Sir Iohn.* Iesus preserue your Maiestie.

*Elnor.* My Maiestie. Why man I am but grace.

*Ser Iohn.* I, but by the grace of God & Hums aduise,  
Your graces state shall be aduanst ere long.

*Elnor.* What hast thou conferd with Margery Iordaine,  
the cunning Witch of Ely, with Roger Bullingbrooke  
and the rest, and will they vndertake to do me good?

*Sir Iohn.* I haue Madame, and they haue promised  
me to raise a Spirite from depth of vnder grounde, that  
shall tell your grace all questions you demaund.

*Elnor.* Thanks good sir Iohn. Some two daies hence  
I gesse

Will fit our time, then see that they be here:  
For now the King is ryding to Saint Albones,  
And all the Dukes and Earles along with him,  
When they be gone, then safely they may come,

And on the backside of my Orchard heere,  
 There cast their Spelles in silence of the night,  
 And so resolute vs of the thing we wish,  
 Till when, drinke that for my sake, And so farewell.

[Exit Elnor.]

*Sir Iohn.* Now sir Iohn Hum, No words but mum.  
 Seale vp your lips, for you must silent be,  
 These gifts ere long will make me mightie rich,  
 The Duches she thinks now that all is well,  
 But I haue gold comes from another place,  
 From one that hyred me to set her on,  
 To plot these Treasons against the King and Peeres,  
 And that is the mightie Duke of Suffolke.  
 For he it is, but I must not say so,  
 That by my meanes must worke the Duches fall,  
 Who now by Cuniurations thinkes to rise.  
 But whist sir Iohn, no more of that I trow,  
 For feare you lose your head before you goe. [Exit.]

*Enter two Petitioners, and PETER the Armourers man.*

1. *Peti.* Come sirs let vs linger here abouts a while,  
 Vntill my Lord Protector come this way,  
 That we may show his grace our seuerall causes.

2. *Peti.* I pray God sauе the good Duke Humphries  
 life,  
 For but for him a many were vndone,  
 That cannot get no succour in the Court,  
 But see where he comes with the Queene.

*Enter the Duke of SUFFOLKE with the Queene, and they  
 take him for Duke HUMPHREY, and gives him their  
 writings.*

1. *Peti.* Oh we are vndone, this is the Duke of Suffolke.  
*Queene.* Now good-fellowes, whom would you speak  
 withall?

*2. Peti.* If it please your Maiestie, with my Lord Protectors Grace.

*Queene.* Are your sutes to his grace. Let vs see them first,

Looke on them my Lord of Suffolke.

*Suffolke.* A complaint against the Cardinals man, What hath he done ?

*2. Peti.* Marry my Lord, he hath stole away my wife, And th'are gone toghether, and I know not where to finde them.

*Suffolke.* Hath he stole thy wife, thats some iniury indeed.

But what say you ?

*Peter Thump.* Marry sir I come to tel you that my maister said, that the Duke of Yorke was true heire vnto the Crowne, and that the King was an vsurer.

*Queene.* An vsurper thou wouldst say.

*Peter.* I forsooth an vsurper.

*Queene.* Didst thou say the King was an vsurper ?

*Peter.* No forsooth, I saide my maister saide so, th' other day when we were scowring the Duke of Yorks Armour in our garret.

*Suffolke.* I marry this is something like, Whose within there ?

*Enter one or two.*

Sirra take in this fellow and keepe him close, And send out a Purseuant for his maister straight, Weele here more of this before the king.

[*Exet with the Armourers man.*

Now sir what yours ? Let me see it, Whats here ?

A complaint against the Duke of Suffolke for enclosing the commons of long Melford. How now sir knaue.

1. *Peti.* I beseech your grace to pardon me, me, I am but a Messenger for the whole town-ship.

[*He teares the papers.*]

*Suffolke.* So now show your petitions to Duke Humphrey.

Villaines get you gone and come not neare the Court,  
Dare these pesants write against me thus.

[*Exet Petitioners.*]

*Queene.* My Lord of Suffolke, you may see by this,  
The Commons loues vnto that haughtie Duke,  
That seekes to him more then to King Henry :  
Whose eyes are alwaies poring on his booke,  
And nere regards the honour of his name,  
But still must be protected like a childe,  
And gouerned by that ambitious Duke,  
That scarce will moue his cap nor speake to vs,  
And his proud wife, high minded Elanor,  
That ruffles it with such a troupe of Ladies,  
As strangers in the Court takes her for the Queene.  
The other day she wanted to her maides,  
That the very traine of her worst gowne,  
Was worth more wealth then all my fathers lands,  
Can any grieve of minde be like to this.  
I tell thee Poull, when thou didst runne at Tilt,  
And stolst away our Ladaies hearts in France,  
I thought King Henry had bene like to thee,  
Or else thou hadst not brought me out of France.

*Suffolke.* Madame content your selfe a litle while,  
As I was cause of your comming to England,  
So will I in England worke your full content :  
And as for proud Duke Humphrey and his wife,  
I haue set lime-twigs that will intangle them,  
As that your grace ere long shall vnderstand.  
But staie Madame, here comes the King.

*Enter King HENRY, and the Duke of YORKE and the Duke of SOMERSET on both sides of the King, whispering with him, and enter Duke HUMPHREY, Dame EL NOR, the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, the Earle of SALSBURY, the Earle of WARWICKE, and the Cardinall of WINCHESTER.*

*King.* My Lords I care not who be Regent in France, or York, or Somerset, alls wonne to me.

*Yorke.* My Lord, if Yorke haue ill demeande himselfe, Let Somerset enjoy his place and go to France.

*Somerset.* Then whom your grace thinke worthie, let him go,

And there be made the Regent ouer the French.

*Warwicke.* Whom soeuer you account worthie, Yorke is the worthiest.

*Cardinall.* Pease Warwicke. Giue thy betters leaue to speake.

*War.* The Cardinals not my better in the field.

*Buc.* All in this place are thy betters farre.

*War.* And Warwicke may liue to be the best of all.

*Queene.* My Lord in mine opinion, it were best that Somerset were Regent ouer France.

*Humphrey.* Madame onr King is old inough himselfe, To giue his answere without your consent.

*Queene.* If he be old inough, what needs your grace To be Protector ouer him so long.

*Humphrey.* Madame I am but Protector ouer the land, And when it please his grace, I will resigne my charge.

*Suffolke.* Resigne it then, for since that thou wast King, As who is King but thee. The common state Doth as we see, all wholly go to wracke, And Millions of treasure hath bene spent, And as for the Regentship of France,

*Somerset* is more worthie then Yorke.

Ile tell thee Suffolke why I am not worthie,  
Innot flatter as thou canst.

*War.* And yet the worthie deeds that York hath done,  
Should make him worthie to be honour'd here.

*Suffolke.* Peace headstrong Warwicke.

*War.* Image of pride, wherefore should I peace?

*Suffolke.* Because here is a man accus'd of Treason,  
Pray God the Duke of Yorke do cleare himselfe.  
Ho, bring hither the Armourer and his man.

*Enter the Armourer and his man.*

If it please your grace, this fellow here, hath accus'd his  
maister of high Treason, And his words were these.  
That the Duke of Yorke was lawfull heire vnto the  
Crowne, and that your grace was an vsurper.

*Yorke.* I beseech your grace let him haue what pu-  
nishment the law will afford, for his villany.

*King.* Come hether fellow, didst thou speake these  
words?

*Armour.* Ant shall please your Maiestie, I neuer said  
any such matter, God is my witnesse, I am falsly accus'd  
by this villain here.

*Peter.* Tis no matter for that, you did say so.

*Yorke.* I beseech your grace, let him haue the law.

*Armour.* Alasse my Lord, hang me if euer I speake  
the words, my accuser is my prentise, & when I did cor-  
rect him for his fault the other day, he did vow upon his  
knees that he would be euen with me, I haue good  
witnesse of this, and therefore I beseech your Maiestie  
do not cast away an honest man for a villaines accu-  
sation.

*King.* Vnkle Gloster, what do you thinke of this?

*Humphrey.* The law my Lord is this by case, it rests  
suspitious,

That a day of combat be appointed,  
And there to trie each others right or wrong,  
Which shall be on the thirtith of this month,

With Eben staues, and Standbags combatting  
In Smythfield, before your Royall Maiestie.

[*Exet HUMPHREY.*]

*Armour.* And I accept the Combat willingly.

*Peter.* Alasse my Lord, I am not able to fight.

*Suffolke.* You must either fight sirra or else be hangde :  
Go take them hence againe to prison. [*Exet with them.*]

[*The Queene lets fall her gloue, and hits the Duches  
of GLOSTER, a boxe on the eare.*]

*Queene.* Giue me my gloue. Why Minion can you  
not see ? [*She strikes her.*]

I cry you mercy Madame, I did mistake,  
I did not thinke it had bene you.

*Elnor.* Did you not proud French-woman,  
Could I come neare your daintie vissage with my nayles,  
Ide set my ten commandments in your face.

*King.* Be patient gentle Aunt.  
It was against her will.

*Elnor.* Against her will. Good King sheele dandle thee,  
If thou wilt alwaies thus be rulde by her.  
But let it rest. As sure as I do liue,  
She shall not strike dame Elnor vnreuengde.

[*Exet ELNOR.*]

*King.* Beleeue me my loue, thou wart much to blame,  
I would not for a thousand pounds of gold,  
My noble vnckle had bene here in place.

*Enter Duke HUMPHREY.*

But see where he comes, I am glad he met her not.  
Vnckle Gloster, what answer makes your grace  
Concerning our Regent for the Realme of France,  
Whom thinks your grace is meetest for to send.

*Humphrey.* My gratioues Lord, then this is my resolute,  
For that these words the Armourer should speake,  
Doth breed suspition on the part of Yorke,

Let Somerset be Regent ouer the French,  
Till trials made, and Yorke may cleare himselfe.

*King.* Then be it so my Lord of Somerset.  
We make your grace Regent ouer the French,  
And to defend our rights against forraine foes,  
And so do good vnto the Realme of France.  
Make hast my Lord, tis time that you were gone,  
The time of Truse I thinke is full expirde.

*Somerset.* I humbly thanke your royll Maiestie,  
And take my leaue to poste with speed to France.

[*Exet SOMERSET.*]

*King.* Come vnckle Gloster, now lets haue our horse,  
For we will to Saint Albones presently,  
Madame your Hawke they say, is swift of flight,  
And we will trie how she will flie to day. [*Exet omnes.*]

*Enter ELNOR, with sir JOHN HUM, KOGKE BULLENBROOKE a Coniurer, and MARGERY IOURDAINE a Witch.*

*Elnor.* Here sir Iohn, take this scrole of paper here,  
Wherein is writ the questions you shall aske,  
And I will stand vpon this Tower here,  
And here the spirit what it saies to you,  
And to my questions, write the answeres downe.

[*She goes vp to the Tower.*]

*Sir John.* Now sirs begin and cast your spels about,  
And charme the fiendes for to obey your wils,  
And tell Dame Elnor of the thing she askes.

*Witch.* Then Roger Bullinbrooke about thy taske,  
And frame a Cirkle here vpon the earth,  
Whilst I thereon all prostrate on my face,  
Do talke and whisper with the diuels be low,  
And coniure them for to obey my will.

*She lies downe vpon her face.*

*BULLENBROOKE makes a Cirkle.*

[*Sig. C.*]

*Bullen.* Darke Night, dread Night, the silence of the Night,

Wherein the Furies maske in hellish troupes,  
Send vp I charge you from Sofetus lake,  
The spirit Askalon to come to me,  
To pierce the bowels of this Centricke earth,  
And hither come in twinkling of an eye,  
Askalon, Assenda, Assenda.

[*It thunders and lightens, and then the Spirit riseth vp.*

*Spirit.* Now Bullenbrooke what wouldest thou haue  
me do?

*Bullen.* First of the King, what shall become of him?

*Spirit.* The Duke yet liues that Henry shall depose,  
But him out liue, and dye a violent death.

*Bullen.* What fate awayt the Duke of Suffolke.

*Spirit.* By water shall he die and take his ende.

*Bullen.* What shall betide the Duke of Somerset?

*Spirit.* Let him shun Castles, safer shall he be vpon  
the sandie plaines, then where Castles mounted stand.

Now question me no more, for I must hence againe.

[*He sinkes downe againe.*

*Bullen.* Then downe I say, vnto the damned poule.

Where Pluto in his firie Waggon sits.

Ryding amidst the singde and parched smoakes,  
The Rode of Dytas by the Riuier Stykes,  
There howle and burne for euer in those flames,  
Rise Iordaine rise, and staie thy charming Spels.  
Sonnes, we are betraide.

*Enter the Duke of YORKE, and the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, and others.*

*Yorke.* Come sirs, laie hands on them, and bind them  
sure,

This time was well watcht. What Madame are you there?  
This will be great credit for your husband,

That your are plotting Treasons thus with Cuniurers,  
The King shall haue notice of this thing.

[*Exet Elnor aboue.*

*Buc.* See here my Lord what the diuell hath writ.

*Yorke.* Giue it me my Lord, Ile show it to the King.  
Go sirs, see them fast lockt in prison. [*Exet with them.*

*Bucking.* My Lord, I pray you let me go post vnto the  
King,

Vnto S. Albones, to tell this newes.

*Yorke.* Content. Away then, about it straight.

*Buck.* Farewell my Lord. [*Exet BUCKINGHAM.*

*Yorke.* Whose within there?

*Enter one.*

*One.* My Lord.

*Yorke.* Sirrha, go will the Earles of Salsbury and War-  
wicke, to sup with me to night. [*Exet YORKE.*

*One.* I will my Lord. [*Exet.*

*Enter the King and Queene with her Hawke on her fist,  
and Duke HUMPHREY and SUFFOLKE, and the Cardi-  
nall, as if they came from hawking.*

*Queene.* My Lord, how did your grace like this last  
flight?

But as I cast her off the winde did rise,  
And twas ten to one, old Ione had not gone out.

*King.* How wonderful the Lords workes are on earth,  
Euen in these silly creatures of his hands,  
Vnkle Gloster, how hie your Hawke did sore?  
And on a sodaine soust the Partridge downe.

*Suffolke.* No maruell if it please your Maiestie  
My Lord Protectors Hawke done towre so well,  
He knowes his maister loues to be aloft.

*Humphrey.* Faith my Lord, it is but a base minde  
That can sore no higher then a Falkons pitch.

*Card.* I thought your grace would be aboue the cloudes.

*Humph.* I my Lord Cardinall, were it not good  
Your grace could flie to heauen.

*Card.* Thy heauen is on earth, thy words and thoughts  
beat on a Crowne, proude Protector dangerous Peere, to  
smooth it thus with King and common-wealth.

*Humphrey.* How now my Lord, why this is more then  
needs,

Church-men so hote. Good vncle can you doate.

*Suffolke.* Why not Hauing so good a quarrell & so bad  
a cause.

*Humphrey.* As how, my Lord?

*Suffolke.* As you, my Lord. And it like your Lordly  
Lords Protectorship.

*Humphrey.* Why Suffolke, England knowes thy inso-  
lence.

*Queene.* And thy ambition Gloster.

*King.* Cease gentle Queene, and whet not on these  
furious Lordes to wrath, for blessed are the peace-makers  
on earth.

*Card.* Let me be blessed for the peace I make,  
Against this proud Protector with my sword.

*Humphrey.* Faith holy vncle, I would it were come to  
that.

*Cardinall.* Euen when thou darest.

*Humphrey.* Dare. I tell rhee Priest, Plantagenets  
could neuer brooke the dare.

*Card.* I am Plantaganet as well as thou, and sonne to  
John of Gaunt.

*Humph.* In Bastardie.

*Cardin.* I scorne thy words.

*Humph.* Make vp no factious numbers, but euen in  
thine own person meete me at the East end of the groue.

*Card.* Heres my hand, I will.

*King.* Why how now Lords?

*Card.* Faith Cousin Gloster, had not your man cast off

so soone, we had had more sport to day, Come with thy swoord and buckler.

*Humphrey.* Faith Priest, Ile shauue your Crowne.

*Cardinall.* Protector, protect thy selfe well.

*King.* The wind growes high, so doth your chollour Lords.

*Enter one crying, A miracle, a miracle.*

How now, now sirra, what miracle is it?

*One.* And it please your grace, there is a man that came blinde to S. Albones, and hath receiued his sight at his shrine.

*King.* Goe fetch him hither, that wee may glorifye the Lord with him.

*Enter the Maior of Saint Albones and his brethren with Musicke, bearing the man that had bene blind, betweene two in a chaire.*

*King.* Thou happie man, giue God eternall praise, For he it is, that thus hath helped thee.

*Humphrey.* Where wast thou borne?

*Poore man.* At Barwicke sir, in the North.

*Humph.* At Barwicke, and come thus far for helpe.

*Poore man.* I sir, it was told me in my sleepe, That sweet saint Albones, should giue me my sight againe.

*Humphrey.* What are thou lame too?

*Poore man.* I indeed sir, God helpe me.

*Humphrey.* How cam'st thou lame?

*Poore man.* With falling off on a plum-tree.

*Humph.* Wart thou blind & wold clime plumtrees?

*Poore man.* Neuer but once sir in all my life, My wife did long for plums.

*Humph.* But tell me, wart thou borne blinde?

*Poore man.* I truly sir.

*Woman.* I indeed sir, he was borne blinde.

*Humphrey.* What art thou his mother?

*Woman.* His wife sir.

*Humphrey.* Hadst thou bene his mother,  
Thou couldst haue better told.

Why let me see, I thinke thou canst not see yet.

*Poore man.* Yes truly maister, as cleare as day.

*Humphrey.* Saist thou so. What colours his cloake?

*Poore man.* Why red maister, as red as blood.

*Humphrey.* And his cloake?

*Poore man.* Why thats greene.

*Humphrey.* And what colours his hose?

*Poore man.* Yellow maister, yellow as gold.

*Humphrey.* And what colours my gowne?

*Poore man.* Blacke sir, as blacke as Ieat.

*King.* Then belike he knowes what colour Ieat is on.

*Suffolke.* And yet I thinke Ieat did he neuer see.

*Humph.* But cloakes and gownes ere this day many a one.  
But tell me sIRRha, whats my name?

*Poore man.* Alasse maister I know not.

*Humphrey.* Whats his name?

*Poore man.* I know not.

*Humphrey.* Nor his?

*Poore man.* No truly sir.

*Humphrey.* Nor his name?

*Poore man.* No indeed maister.

*Humphrey.* Whats thine owne name?

*Poore man.* Sander, and it please you maister.

*Humphrey.* Then Sander sit there, the lyingest knaue  
in Christendom. If thou hadst bene born blind, thou  
mighitest aswell haue knowne all our names, as thus to  
name the seuerall colours we doo weare. Sight may dis-  
tinguish of colours, but sodeinly to nominate them all, it  
is impossible. My Lords, saint Albones here hath done  
a Miracle, and would you not thinke his cunning to be  
great, that could restore this Cripple to his legs againe.

*Poore man.* Oh maister I would you could,

*Humphrey.* My Maisters of saint Albones,

Haue you not Beadles in your Towne,

And things called whippes?

*Mayor.* Yes my Lord, if it please your grace.

*Humph.* Then send for one presently.

*Mayor.* Sirrha, go fetch the Beadle hither straight.

[*Exet one.*]

*Humph.* Now fetch me a stoole hither by and by.

Now sirrha, If you meane to saue your selfe from  
whipping,

Leape me ouer this stoole and runne away.

*Enter Beadle.*

*Poore man.* Alasse maister I am not able to stand alone,  
You go about to torture me in vaine.

*Humph.* Well sir, we must haue you finde your legges.  
Sirrha Beadle, whip him till he leape ouer that same stoole.

*Beadle.* I will my Lord, come on sirrha, off with your  
doublet quickly.

*Poore man.* Alas maister what shall I do, I am not  
able to stand.

[*After the Beadle hath hit him one girke, he leapes  
ouer the stoole and runnes away, and they run  
after him, crying, A miracle, a miracle.*]

*Hump.* A miracle, a miracle, let him be taken againe,  
& whipt through euery Market Towne til he comes at  
Barwicke where he was borne.

*Mayor.* It shall be done my Lord. [*Exet Mayor.*]

*Suffolke.* My Lord Protector hath done wonders to day,  
He hath made the blinde to see, and halt to go.

*Humph.* I but you did greater wonders, when you made  
whole Dukedomes flie in a day.

Witnesse France.

*King.* Haue done I say, and let me here no more of that.

*Enter the Duke of BUCKINGHAM.*

What newes brings Duke Humprey of Buckingham ?

*Buck.* Ill newes for some my Lord, and this it is,  
That proud dame Elnor our Protectors wife,  
Hath plotted Treasons against the King and Peeres,  
By witchcrafts, sorceries, and cuniurings,  
Who by such meanes did raise a spirit vp,  
To tell her what hap should betide the state,  
But ere they had finisht their diuellish drift,  
By Yorke and my selfe they were all surprisde,  
And heres the answere the diuel did make to them.

*King.* First of the King, what shall become of him ?  
(Reads.) The Duke yet liues, that Henry shal depose,  
Yet him out liue, and die a violent death.

Gods will be done in all.

What fate awaits the Duke of Suffolke ?  
By water shall he die and take his end.

*Suffolke.* By water must the Duke of Suffolke die ?  
It must be so, or else the diuel doth lie.

*King.* Let Somerset shun Castles,  
For safer shall he be vpon the sandie plaines,  
Then where Castles mounted stand.

*Card.* Heres good stiffe, how now my Lord Protector  
This newes I thinke hath turnde your weapons point,  
I am in doubt youle scarsly keepe your promise.

*Humphrey.* Forbeare ambitious Prelate to vrge my  
griefe,  
And pardon me my gratious Soueraigne,  
For here I sweare vnto your Maiestie,  
That I am guiltlesse of these hainous crimes  
Which my ambitious wife hath falsly done,  
And for she would betraie her soueraigne Lord,  
I here renounce her from my bed and boord,  
And leaue her open for the law to iudge,  
Vnlesse she cleare her selfe of this foule deed.

*King.* Come my Lords this night weeke lodge in S.  
Albones,  
And to morrow we will ride to London,  
And trie the vtmost of these Treasons forth,  
Come vnckle Gloster along with vs,  
My mind doth tell me thou art innocent. [*Exet omnes.*]

*Enter the Duke of YORKE, and the Earles of SALSBURY  
and WARWICKE.*

*Yorke.* My Lords our simple supper ended, thus,  
Let me reueale vnto your honours here,  
The right and title of the house of Yorke,  
To Englands Crowne by liniall descent.

*War.* Then Yorke begin, and if thy claime be good,  
The Neuils are thy subiects to command.

*Yorke.* Then thus my Lords.  
Edward the third had seuen sonnes,  
The first was Edward the blacke Prince,  
Prince of Wales.  
The second was Edmund of Langly,  
Duke of Yorke.  
The third was Lyonell Duke of Clarence.  
The fourth was Iohn of Gaunt,  
The Duke of Lancaster.

The fifth was Roger Mortemor, Earle of March.  
The sixt was sir Thomas of Woodstocke.  
William of Winsore was the seventh and last.  
Now, Edward the blacke Prince he died before his father,  
and left behinde him Richard, that afterwards was King,  
Crownde by the name of Richard the second, and he  
died without an heire.

Edmund of Langly Duke of Yorke died, and left be-  
hind him two daughters, Anne and Elinor.  
Lyonell Duke of Clarence died, and left behinde Alice,  
Anne, and Elinor, that was after married to my father,

and by her I claime the Crowne, as the true heire to Lyonell Duke of Clarence, the third sonne to Edward the third. Now sir. In the time of Richards raigne, Henry of Bullingbrooke, sonne and heire to Iohn of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster fourth sonne to Edward the third, he claimde the Crowne, deposde the Merthfull King, and as both you know, in Pomphret Castle harmlesse Richard was shamefully murthered, and so by Richards death came the house of Lancaster vnto the Crowne.

*Sals.* Sauing your tale my Lord, as I haue heard, in the raigne of Bullenbrooke, the Duke of Yorke did claime the Crowne, and but for Owin Glendor, had bene King.

*Yorke.* True. But so it fortuned then, by meanes of that monstrous rebel Glendor, the noble Duke of York was done to death, and so euer since the heires of Iohn of Gaunt haue possessed the Crowne. But if the issue of the elder should succeed before the issue of the yonger, then am I lawfull heire vnto the kingdome.

*Warwicke.* What plaine proceedings can be more plaine, hee claimes it from Lyonel Duke of Clarence, the third sonne to Edward the third, and Henry from Iohn of Gaunt the fourth sonne. So that till Lyonels issue failes, his should not raigne. It failes not yet, but florisheth in thee & in thy sons, braue slips of such a stock. Then noble father, kneele we both togither, and in this priuate place, be we the first to honor him with birthright to the Crown.

*Both.* Long liue Richard Englands roiall King.

*Yorke.* I thanke you both. But Lords I am not your King, vntil this sword be sheathed euen in the hart blood of the house of Lancaster.

*War.* Then Yorke aduise thy selfe and take thy time, Claime thou the Crowne, and set thy standard vp,

And in the same aduance the milke-white Rose,  
 And then to gard it, will I rouse the Beare,  
 Inuiron'd with ten thousand Ragged-staues  
 To aide and helpe thee for to win thy right,  
 Maugre the proudest Lord of Henries blood,  
 That dares deny the right and claime of Yorke,  
 For why my minde presageth I shall liue  
 To see the noble Duke of Yorke to be a King.

*Yorke.* Thanks noble Warwicke, and Yorke doth  
 hope to see, The Earl of Warwicke liue, to be the greatest  
 man in England, but the King. Come lets goe.

[Sig. D.]

[*Exet omnes.*]

*Enter King HENRY, and the Queene, Duke HUMPHREY,  
 the Duke of SUFFOLKE, and the Duke of BUCKINGHAM,  
 the Cardinall, and Dame ELNOR COBHAM, led with the  
 Officers, and then enter to them the Duke of YORKE,  
 and the Earles of SALSBURY and WARWICKE.*

*King.* Stand foorth Dame Elnor Cobham Duches of  
 Gloster, and here the sentence pronounced against thee  
 for these Treasons, that thou hast committed gainst vs,  
 our States and Peeres.

First for thy hainous crimes, thou shalt two daies in  
 London do penance barefoote in the streetes, with a white  
 sheete about thy bodie, and a waxe Taper burning in thy  
 hand. That done, thou shalt be banished for euer into  
 the Ile of Man, there to ende thy wretched daies, and  
 this is our sentence erreuocable. Away with her.

*Elnor.* Euen to my death, for I haue liued too long.

[*Exet some with ELNOR.*]

*King.* Greeue not noble vnckle, but be thou glad,  
 In that these Treasons thus are come to light,  
 Least God had pourde his vengeance on thy head,  
 For her offences that thou heldst so deare.

*Humph.* Oh gratioues Henry, giue me leaue awhile,

To leaue your grace, and to depart away,  
 For sorrowes teares hath gripte my aged heart,  
 And makes the fountaines of mine eyes to swell,  
 And therefore good my Lord, let me depart.

*King.* With all my hart good vnkle, when you please,  
 Yet ere thou goest, Humphrey resigne thy staffe,  
 For Henry will be no more protected,  
 The Lord shall be my guide both for my land and me.

*Humph.* My staffe, I noble Henry, my life and all.  
 My staffe, I yeeld as willing to be thine,  
 As erst thy noble father made it mine,  
 And euen as willing at thy feete I leaue it,  
 As others would ambitiously receiue it,  
 And long hereafter when I am dead and gone,  
 May honourable peace attend thy throne.

*King.* Vnkle Gloster, stand vp and go in peace,  
 No lesse beloued of vs, then whien  
 Thou weart Protector ouer my land. [Exit GLOSTER.

*Queene.* Take vp the staffe, for here it ought to stand,  
 Where should it be, but in King Henries hand?

*Yorke.* Please it your Maiestie, this is the day  
 That was appointed for the combating  
 Betweene the Armourer and his man, my Lord,  
 And they are readie when your grace doth please.

*King.* Then call them forth, that they may trie their  
 rightes.

*Enter at one doore the Armourer and his neighbours,*  
*drinking to him so much that he is drunken, and he en-*  
*ters with a drum before him, and his staffe with a sand-*  
*bag fastened to it, and at the other doore, his man with*  
*a drum and sand-bagge, and Prentises drinking to him.*

1. *Neighbor.* Here neighbor Hornor, I drink to you in  
 a cup of Sacke.

And feare not neighbor, you shall do well inough.

2. *Neigh.* And here neighbor, heres a cup of Charneco.

3. *Neigh.* Heres a pot of good double beere, neighbor  
drinke

And be merry, and feare not your man.

*Armourer.* Let it come, yfaith ile pledge you all,  
And a figge for Peter.

1. *Prentise.* Here Peter I drinke to thee, and be not  
affeard.

2. *Pren.* Here Peter, heres a pinte of Claret-wine for  
thee.

3. *Pren.* And heres a quart for me, and be merry Peter,  
And feare not thy maister, fight for credit of the Prentises.

*Peter.* I thanke you all, but ile drinke no more,  
Here Robin, and if I die, here I giue thee my hammer,  
And Will, thou shalt haue my aperne, and here Tom,  
Take all the mony that I haue.

O Lord blesse me, I pray God, for I am neuer able  
to deale with my maister, he hath learnt so much fence  
alreadie.

*Salb.* Come leaue your drinking, and fall to blowes.  
Sirrha, whats thy name?

*Petr.* Peter forsooth.

*Salbury.* Peter, what more?

*Peter.* Thumpe.

*Salsbury.* Thumpe, then see that thou thumpe thy  
maister.

*Armour.* Heres to thee neighbour, fill all the pots again,  
for before we fight, looke you, I will tell you my minde,  
for I am come hither as it were of my mans instigation,  
to proue my selfe an honest man, and Peter a knaue,  
and so haue at you Peter with downright blowes, as  
Beuys of South-hampton fell vpon Askapart.

*Peter.* Law you now, I told you hees in his fence  
alreadie.

[*Alarmes, and PETER hits him on the head and fels him.*

*Armou.* Hold Peter, I confesse, Treason, treason.

[*He dies.*]

*Peter.* O God I giue thee praise. [*He kneels downe.*]

*Pren.* Ho well done Peter. God sauе the King.

*King.* Go take hence that Traitor from our sight,  
For by his death we do perceiue his guilt,  
And God in iustice hath reuealde to vs,  
The truth and innocence of this poore fellow,  
Which he had thought to haue murthered wrongfullly.  
Come fellow, follow vs for thy reward. [*Exet omnis.*]

*Enter Duke HUMPHREY and his men, in mourning cloakes.*

*Humph.* Sirrha, whats a clocke?

*Seruing.* Almost ten my Lord.

*Humph.* Then is that wofull houre hard at hand,  
That my poore Lady should come by this way,  
In shamefull penance wandring in the streetes,  
Sweete Nell, ill can thy noble minde abrooke,  
The abiect people gazing on thy face,  
With enuious lookes laughing at thy shame,  
That earst did follow thy proud Chariot wheeles,  
When thou didst ride in tryumph through the streetes.

*Enter Dame ELNOR COBHAM bare-foote, and a white  
sheet about her, with a waxe candle in her hand, and  
verses written on her backe and pind on, and accom-  
panied with the Sheriffes of London, and Sir IOHN  
STANDLY, and Officers, with billes and holbards.*

*Seruing.* My gratioues Lord, see where my Lady comes,  
Please it your grace, weeble take her from the Sheriffes?

*Humph.* I charge you for your liues stir not a foote,  
Nor offer once to draw a weapon here,  
But let them do their office as they should.

*Elnor.* Come you my Lord to see my open shame?  
Ah Gloster, now thou doest penance too,

See how the giddie people looke at thee,  
Shaking their heads, and pointing at thee heere,  
Go get thee gone, and hide thee from their sights,  
And in thy pent vp studie rue my shame,  
And ban thine enemies. Ah mine and thine.

*Hum.* Ah Nell, sweet Nell, forget this extreme grief,  
And beare it patiently to ease thy heart.

*Elnor.* Ah Gloster teach me to forget my selfe,  
For whilst I thinke I am thy wedded wife,  
Then thought of this, doth kill my wofull heart.  
The ruthlesse flints do cut my tender feete,  
And when I start the cruell people laugh,  
And bids me be aduised how I tread,  
And thus with burning Tapor in my hand,  
Malde vp in shame with papers on my backe,  
Ah, Gloster, can I endure this and liue.  
Sometime ile say I am Duke Humphreys wife,  
And he a Prince, Protector of the land,  
But so he rulde, and such a Prince he was,  
As he stood by, whilst I his forelorne Duches  
Was led with shame, and made a laughing stocke,  
To euery idle rascald follower.

*Humphrey.* My louely Nell, what wouldst thou haue  
me do?  
Should I attempt to rescue thee from hence,  
I should incurre the danger of the law,  
And thy disgrace would not be shadowed so.

*Elnor.* Be thou milde, and stir not at my disgrace,  
Vntill the axe of death hang ouer thy head,  
As shortly sure it will. For Suffolke he,  
The new made Duke, that may do all in all  
With her that loues him so, and hates vs all,  
And impious Yorke and Bewford that false Priest,  
Haue all lymde bushes to betraie thy wings,  
And flie thou how thou can they will intangle thee.

*Enter a Herald of Armes.*

*Herald.* I summon your Grace, vnto his highnesse Parliament holden at saint Edmunds-Bury, the first of the next month.

*Humphrey.* A Parliament and our consent neuer craude Therein before. This is sodeine.

Well, we will be there. [Exet. Herald.]  
Maister Sheriffe, I pray proceede no further against my Lady, then the course of law extendes.

*Sheriffe.* Please it your grace, my office here doth end, And I must deliuer her to sir Iohn Standly, To be conducted into the Ile of Man.

*Humphrey.* Must you sir Iohn conduct my Lady?

*Standly.* I my gratiouse Lord, for so it is decreede, And I am so commanded by the King.

*Humph.* I pray you sir Iohn, vse her neare the worse, In that I intreat you to vse her well. The world may smile againe and I may liue, To do you fauour if you do it her, And so sir Iohn farewell.

*Elnor.* What gone my Lord, and bid me not farewell?

*Humph.* Witnesse my bleeding heart, I cannot stay to speake. [Exet HUMPHREY and his men.]

*Elnor.* Then is he gone, is noble Gloster gone, And doth Duke Humphrey now forsake me too? Then let me haste from out faire Englands boundes, Come Standly come, and let vs haste away.

*Standly.* Madam lets go vnto some house hereby, Where you may shift your selfe before we go.

*Elnor.* Ah good sir Iohn, my shame cannot be hid, Nor put away with casting off my sheete: But come let vs go, maister Sheriffe farewell, Thou hast but done thy office as thou shoulst.

*[Exet omnes.]*

*Enter to the Parliament.*

*Enter two Heralds before, then the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, and the Duke of SUFFOLKE, and then the Duke of YORKE, and the Cardinall of WINCHESTER, and then the King and the Queene, and then the Earle of SALISBURY, and the Earle of WARWICKE.*

*King.* I wonder our vnkle Gloster staines so long.

*Queene.* Can you not see, or will you not perceiue,  
How that ambitious Duke doth vse himselfe ?  
The time hath bene, but now that time is past,  
That none so humble as Duke Humphrey was :  
But now let one meete him euen in the morne,  
When euery one will giue the time of day,  
And he will neither moue nor speake to vs.  
See you not how the Commons follow him  
In troupes, crying, God sauе the good Duke Humphrey,

And with long life, Iesus preserue his grace,  
Honouring him as if he were their King.  
Gloster is no litle man in England,  
And if he list to stir commotions,  
Tys likely that the people will follow him.  
My Lord, if you imagine there is no such thing,  
Then let it passe, and call it a womans feare.  
My Lord of Suffolke, Buckingham, and Yorke,  
Disproue my Alligations if you can,  
And by your speeches, if you can reproue me,  
I will subscribe and say, I wrong'd the Duke.

*Suffol.* Well hath your grace foreseen into that Duke,  
And if I had bene licenst first to speake,  
I thinke I should haue told your graces tale.  
Smooth runs the brooke whereas the stremme is deepest.  
No, no, my soueraigne, Gloster is a man  
Vnsounded yet, and full of deepe deceit.

*Enter the Duke of SOMERSET.*

*King.* Welcome Lord Somerset, what newes from France?

*Somer.* Cold newes my Lord, and this it is, That all your holds and Townes within those Territores Is ouercome my Lord, all is lost.

*King.* Cold newes indeed Lord Somerset, But Gods will be done.

*Yorke.* Cold newes for me, for I had hope of France, Euen as I haue of fertill England.

*Enter Duke HUMPHREY.*

*Hum.* Pardon my liege, that I haue staid so long.

*Suffol.* Nay, Gloster know, that thou art come too soone, Vnlesse thou proue more loyall then thou art, We do arrest thee on high treason here.

*Humph.* Why Suffolkes Duke thou shalt not see me blush

Nor change my countenance for thine arrest, Whereof am I guiltie, who are my accusers?

*York.* Tis thought my lord, your grace tooke bribes from France, And stopt the soldiers of their paie, By which his Maiestie hath lost all France.

*Humph.* Is it but thought so, and who are they that thinke so? So God helpe me, as I haue watcht the night Euer intending good for England still, That penie that euer I tooke from France, Be brought against me at the iudgement day. I neuer rob'd the soldiers of their paie, Many a pound of mine owne propper cost Haue I sent ouer for the soldiers wants, Because I would not racke the needie Commons.

*Car.* In your Protectorship you did deuise

Strange torments for offenders, by which meanes  
England hath bene defamde by tyrannie.

*Hum.* Why tis wel knowne that whilst I was protector  
Pitie was all the fault that was in me,  
A murtherer or foule felonous theefe,  
That robs and murthers silly passengers,  
I tortord aboue the rate of common law.

*Suffolk.* Tush my Lord, these be things of no account,  
But greater matters are laid vnto your charge,  
I do arrest thee on high treason here,  
And commit thee to my good Lord Cardinall,  
Vntill such time as thou canst cleare thy selfe.

*King.* Good vnkle obey to his arrest,  
I haue no doubt but thou shalt cleare thy selfe,  
My conscience tels me thou art innocent.

*Hump.* Ah gratioues Henry these daies are dan-  
gerous,  
And would my death might end these miseries,  
And staie their moodes for good King Henries sake,  
But I am made the Prologue to their plaie,  
And thousands more must follow after me,  
That dreads not yet their liues destruction.  
Suffolkes hatefull tongue blabs his harts malice,  
Bewfords firie eyes showes his enuious minde,  
Buckinghams proud lookes bewraies his cruel thoughts,  
And dogged Yorke that leuels at the Moone  
Whose ouerweening arme I haue held backe.  
All you haue ioynd to betraie me thus :  
And you my gratioues Lady and soueraigne mistresse,  
Causelesse haue laid complaints vpon my head,  
I shall not want false witnesses inough,  
That so amongst you, you may haue my life.  
The Prouerbe no doubt will be well performde,  
A staffe is quickly found to beate a dog.

*Suffolke.* Doth he not twit our soueraigne Lady here,

As if that she with ignomious wrong,  
Had sobornde or hired some to sweare against his life.

*Queene.* I but I can giue the loser leauue to speake.

*Humph.* Far truer spoke then ment, I loose indeed,  
Beshrow the winners hearts, they plaine me false.

*Buck.* Hele wrest the sence and keep vs here all day,  
My Lord of Winchester, see him sent away.

*Car.* Who's within there? Take in Duke Humphrey,  
And see him garded sure within my house.

*Humph.* O! thus King Henry casts away his crouch,  
Before his legs can beare his bodie vp,  
And puts his watchfull shepheard from his side,  
Whilst wolues stand snarring who shall bite him first.  
Farwell my soueraigne, long maist thou enioy,  
Thy fathers happie daies free from annoy.

[Exet HUMPHREY, with the Cardinals men.]

*King.* My Lords what to your wisdoms shal seem best,

[Sig. E.] Do and vndo as if our selfe were here.

*Queen.* What wil your highnesse leauue the Parlament?

*King.* I Margaret. My heart is kild with grieve,  
Where I may sit and sigh in endlesse mone,  
For who's a Traitor, Gloster he is none.

[Exet King, SALSBURY, and WARWICKE.]

*Queene.* Then sit we downe againe my Lord Cardinall,  
Suffolke, Buckingham, Yorke, and Somerset.  
Let vs consult of proud Duke Humphries fall.  
In mine opinion it were good he dide,  
For safetie of our King and Common-wealth.

*Suffolke.* And so thinke I Madame, for as you know,  
If our King Henry had shooke hands with death,  
Duke Humphrey then would looke to be our King:  
And it may be by pollicie he workes,  
To bring to passe the thing which now we doubt,  
The Foxe barkes not when he would steale the Lambe,  
But if we take him ere he do the deed,

We should not question if that he should liue.

No. Let him die, in that he is a Foxe,

Least that in liuing he offend vs more.

*Car.* Then let him die before the Commons know,  
For feare that they do rise in Armes for him.

*Yorke.* Then do it sodainly my Lords.

*Suffol.* Let that be my Lord Cardinals charge & mine.

*Car.* Agreed, for hee's already kept within my house.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Queene.* How now sirrha, what newes ?

*Messen.* Madame I bring you newes from Ireland,  
The wilde Onele my Lords, is vp in Armes,  
With troupes of Irish Kernes that vncontrold,  
Doth plant themselues within the English pale.

*Queene.* What redresse shal we haue for this my Lords ?

*Yorke.* Twere very good that my Lord of Somerset  
That fortunate Champion were sent ouer,  
And burnes and spoiles the Country as they goe.  
To keepe in awe the stubborne Irishmen,  
He did so much good when he was in France.

*Somer.* Had Yorke bene there with all his far fetcht  
Pollices, he might haue lost as much as I.

*Yorke.* I, for Yorke would haue lost his life before  
That France should haue reuolted from Englands rule.

*Somer.* I so thou might'st, and yet haue gouernd worse  
then I.

*York.* What worse then nought, then a shame take all.

*Somer.* Shame on thy selfe, that wisheth shame.

*Queene.* Somerset forbeare, good Yorke be patient,  
And do thou take in hand to crosse the seas,  
With troupes of Armed men to quell the pride  
Of those ambitious Irish that rebell.

*Yorke.* Well Madame sith your grace is so content,  
Let me haue some bands of chosen soldiers,  
And Yorke shall trie his fortune against those kernes.

*Queene.* Yorke thou shalt. My Lord of Buckingham,  
Let it be your charge to muster vp such souldiers  
As shall suffise him in these needfull warres.

*Buck.* Madame I will, and leauie such a band  
As soone shall ouercome those Irish Rebels,  
But Yorke, where shall those soldiers staie for thee?

*Yorke.* At Bristow, I wil expect them ten daies hence.

*Buc.* Then thither shall they come, and so farewell.

[*Exet BUCKINGHAM.*]

*Yorke.* Adieu my Lord of Buckingham.

*Queene.* Suffolke remember what you haue to do.

And you Lord Cardinall concerning Duke Humphrey,  
Twere good that you did see to it in time,  
Come let vs go, that it may be performde.

[*Exet omnis, Manit YORKE.*]

*York.* Now York bethink thy self and rowse thee vp,  
Take time whilst it is offered thee so faire,  
Least when thou wouldest, thou canst it not attaine,  
Twas men I lackt, and now they giue them me,  
And now whilst I am busie in Ireland,  
I haue seduste a headstrong Kentishman,  
Iohn Cade of Ashford,  
Vnder the title of Iohn Mortemer,  
To raise commotion, and by that meanes  
I shall perceiue how the common people  
Do affect the claime and house of Yorke,  
Then if he haue successe in his affaires,  
From Ireland then comes Yorke againe,  
To reap the haruest which that coystrell sowed,  
Now if he should be taken and condemd,  
Heele nere confesse that I did set him on,  
And therefore ere I go ile send him word,  
To put in practise and to gather head,  
That so soone as I am gone he may begin  
To rise in Armes with troupes of country swaines,

To helpe him to performe this enterprise.  
And then Duke Humphrey, he well made away,  
None then can stop the light to Englands Crowne,  
But Yorke can tame and headlong pull them downe.

[Exet YORKE.]

*Then the Curtaines being drawne, Duke HUMPHREY is discouered in his bed, and two men lying on his brest and smothering him in his bed. And then enter the Duke of SUFFOLKE to them.*

*Suffolk.* How now sirs, what haue you dispatcht him ?  
*One.* I my Lord, hees dead I warrant you.

*Suffolke.* Then see the cloathes laid smooth about him still,

That when the King comes, he may perceiue  
No other, but that he dide of his owne accord.

*2.* All things is hansome now my Lord.

*Suffolke.* Then draw the Curtaines againe and get you gone,

And you shall haue your firme reward anon.

[Exet murtherers.]

*Then enter the King and Queene, the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, and the Duke of SOMERSET, and the Cardinall.*

*King.* My Lord of Suffolke go call our vnkle Gloster,  
Tell him this day we will that he do cleare himselfe.

*Suffolke.* I will my Lord. [Exet SUFFOLKE.]

*King.* And good my Lords proceed no further against our vnkle Gloster,

Then by iust prooфе you can affirme,  
For as the sucking childe or harmlesse lambe,  
So is he innocent of treason to our state.

*Enter SUFFOLKE.*

How now Suffolke, where's our unkle ?

*Suffolke.* Dead in his bed, my Lord Gloster is dead.

[*The King falles in a sound.*

*Queen.* Ay—me, the King is dead: help, help, my Lords.

*Suffolke.* Comfort my Lord, gratiouſe Henry comfort.

*Kin.* What doth my Lord of Suffolk bid me comfort?

Came he euen now to sing a Rauens note,  
And thinkes he that the cherping of a Wren,  
By crying comfort through a hollow voice,  
Can satisfie my grieſes, or ease my heart:  
Thou balefull messenger out of my sight,  
For euen in thine eye-bals murther sits,  
Yet do not goe. Come Basaliske  
And kill the ſilly gazer with thy lookeſ.

*Queene.* Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolke thus,  
As if that he had cauſde Duke Humphreys death?  
The Duke and I too, you know were enemies,  
And you had best ſay that I did murther him.

*King.* Ah woe is me, for wretched Glosters death.

*Queene.* Be woe for me more wretched then he was,  
What doest thou turne away and hide thy face?  
I am no loathſome leoper looke on me,  
Was I for this nigh wrackt vpon the ſea,  
And thrife by aukward winds driuen back from Englands  
bounds,  
What might it bode, but that well foretelling  
Winds, ſaid, ſeeke not a ſcorpions neaſt.

*Enter the Earles of WARWICKE and SALISBURY.*

*War.* My Lord, the Commons like an angrie hieu of bees,  
Run vp and downe, caring not whom they ſting,  
For good Duke Humphreys death, whom they report  
To be murthered by Suffolke and the Cardinall here.

*King.* That he is dead good Warwick, is too true,  
But how he died God knowes, not Henry.

*War.* Enter his priuie chamber my Lord and view the bodie.

Good father staie you with the rude multitude, till I returne.

*Salb.* I will sonne.

[*Exet SALBURY.*

[*WARWICKE drawes the curtaines and showes Duke HUMPHREY in his bed.*

*King.* Ah vnkle Gloster, heauen receive thy soule.

Farewell poore Henries ioy, now thou art gone.

*War.* Now by his soule that tooke our shape vpon him, To free vs from his fathers dreadfull curse, I am resolu'd that violent hands were laid, Vpon the life of this thrise famous Duke.

*Suffolk.* A dreadfull oth sworne with a solemne toong, What instance giues Lord Warwicke for these words?

*War.* Oft haue I seene a timely parted ghost, Of ashie semblance, pale and bloodlesse, But loe the blood is settled in his face, More better coloured then when he liu'd, His well proportioned beard made rough and sterne, His fingers spred abroad as one that graspt for life, Yet was by strength surprisde, the least of these are probable,

It cannot chuse but he was murthered.

*Queene.* Suffolke and the Cardinall had him in charge, And they I trust sir, are no murtherers.

*War.* I, but twas well knowne they were not his friends,

And tis well seene he found some enemies.

*Card.* But haue you no greater proofes then these?

*War.* Who sees a hefer dead and bleeding fresh, And sees hard-by a butcher with an axe, But will suspect twas he that made the slaughter? Who findes the partridge in the puttocks neast, But will imagine how the bird came there,

Although the kyte soare with vnbloodie beake ?  
Euen so suspitious is this Tragidie.

*Queene.* Are you the kyte Bewford, where's your  
talants ?

Is Suffolke the butcher, where's his knife ?

*Suffolke.* I weare no knife to slaughter sleeping men,  
But heres a vengefull sword rusted with case,  
That shall be scoured in his rankorous heart,  
That slanders me with murthers crimson badge,  
Say if thou dare, proud Lord of Warwickshire,  
That I am guiltie in Duke Humphreys death.

[*Exet Cardinall.*]

*War.* What dares not Warwicke, if false Suffolke dare  
him ?

*Queene.* He dares not calme his contumelious spirit,  
Nor cease to be an arrogant controwler,  
Though Suffolke dare him twentie hundredth times.

*War.* Madame be still, with reuerence may I say it,  
That every word you speake in his defence,  
Is slander to your royll Maiestie.

*Suffolke.* Blunt witted Lord, ignoble in thy words,  
If euer Lady wrongd her Lord so much,  
Thy mother tooke vnto her blamefull bed,  
Some sterne vntutred churle, and noble stocke  
Was graft with crabtree slip, whose frute thou art,  
And neuer of the Neuels noble race.

*War.* But that the guilt of murther bucklers thee,  
And I should rob the deaths man of his fee,  
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,  
And that my soueraignes presence makes me mute,  
I would false murtherous coward on thy knees  
Make thee craue pardon for thy passed speech,  
And say it was thy mother that thou meant,  
That thou thy selfe was borne in bastardie,  
And after all this fearefull homage done,

Giue thee thy hire and send thy soule to hell,  
Pernitous blood-sucker of sleeping men.

*Suffol.* Thou shouldest be waking whilst I shead thy  
blood,

If from this presence thou dare go with me.

*War.* Away euen now, or I will drag thee hence.

[*WARWICKE puls him out.*

[*Exet WARWICKE and SUFFOLKE, and then all the  
Commons within, cries, downe with Suffolke, downe  
with Suffolk. And then enter againe, the Duke of  
SUFFOLKE and WARWICKE, with their weapons  
drawne.*

*King.* Why how now Lords?

*Suf.* The Traitorous Warwicke with the men of Berry,  
Set all vpon me mightie soueraigne i

[*The Commons againe cries, downe with Suffolke,  
downe with Suffolke. And then enter from them,  
the Earle of SALBURY.*

*Salb.* My Lord, the Commons sends you word by me,  
The vnlesse false Suffolke here be done to death,  
Or banished faire Englands Territories,  
That they will erre from your highnesse person,  
They say by him the good Duke Humphrey died,  
They say by him they feare the ruine of the realme.  
And therefore if you loue your subiects weale,  
They wish you to banish him from foorth the land.

*Suf.* Indeed tis like the Commons rude vnpolish hind  
Would send such message to their soueraigne,  
But you my Lord were glad to be employd,  
To trie how quaint an Orator you were,  
But all the honour Salsbury hath got,  
Is, that he was the Lord Embassador  
Sent from a sort of Tinkers to the King.

[*The Commons cries, an answere from the King,  
my Lord of Salsbury.*

*King.* Good Salsbury go backe againe to them,  
Tell them we thanke them all for their louing care,  
And had I not bene cited thus by their meanes,  
My selfe had done it. Therefore here I sweare,  
If Suffolke be found to breathe in any place,  
Where I haue rule, but three daies more, he dies.

[Exet SALISBURY.

*Queene.* Oh Henry, reuurse the doome of gentle Suf-  
folkes banishment.

*King.* Vngentle Queene to call him gentle Suffolke,  
Speake not for him, for in England he shall not rest,  
If I say, I may relent, but if I sweare, it is erreuocable.  
Come good Warwicke and go thou in with me,  
For I haue great matters to impart to thee.

[Exet King and WARWICKE, Manet Queene and  
SUFFOLKE.

*Queene.* Hell fire and vengeance go along with you,  
Theres two of you, the diuell make the third.

Fie womanish man, canst thou not curse thy enemies?

*Suffolke.* A plague vpon them, wherefore should I curse  
them?

Could curses kill as do the Mandrakes groanes,  
I would inuent as many bitter termes  
Deliuered strongly through my fixed teeth,  
With twise so many signes of deadly hate,  
As leaue fast enuy in her loathsome caue,  
My toong should stumble in mine earnest words,  
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint,  
My haire be fixt on end, as one distraught,  
And euery ioynt should seeme to curse and ban,  
And now me-thinks my burthened hart would breake,  
Should I not curse them. Poison be their drinke,  
Gall worse then gall, the daintiest thing they taste.  
Their sweetest shade a groue of sypris trees,  
Their softest tuch as smart as lizards stings.

Their musicke frightfull, like the serpents hys.  
And boding srike-oules make the comsort full.  
All the foule terrors in darke seated hell.

*Queene.* Inough sweete Suffolke, thou tormentys thy selfe.

*Suffolke.* You bad me ban, and will you bid me sease?  
Now by this ground that I am banisht from,  
Well could I curse away a winters night,  
And standing naked on a mountaine top,  
Where byting cold would neuer let grasse grow,  
And thinke it but a minute spent in sport.

*Queene.* No more. Sweete Suffolke hie thee hence  
to France,

Or liue where thou wilt within this worldes globe,  
Ile haue an Irish that shall finde thee out,  
And long thou shalt not staie, but ile haue thee repelde,  
Or venture to be banished my selfe.  
Oh let this kisse be printed in thy hand,  
That when thou seest it, thou maist thinke on me.  
Away, I say, that I may feele my grieve,  
For it is nothing whilst thou standest here.

*Suffolke.* Thus is poore Suffolke ten times banished,  
Once by the King, but three times thrise by thee.

*Enter VAWSE.*

*Queene.* How now, whither goes Vawse so fast?

[Sig. F.]

*Vawse.* To signifie vnto his Maiestie,  
That Cardinall Bewford is at point of death,  
Sometimes he rauies and cries as he were madde,  
Sometimes he calys vpon Duke Humphries Ghost,  
And whispers to his pillow as to him,  
And sometime he calles to speake vnto the King,  
And I am going to certifie vnto his grace,  
That euen now he cald loude for him.

*Queene.* Go then good Vawse and certifie the King.

[*Exet VAWSE.*]

Oh what is worldly pompe, all men must die,  
 And woe am I for Bewfords heauie ende.  
 But why mourme I for him, whilst thou art here?  
 Sweete Suffolke hie thee hence to France,  
 For if the King do come, thou sure must die.

*Suff.* And if I go I cannot liue: but here to die,  
 What were it else, but like a pleasant slumber  
 In thy lap?

Here could I, could I, breath my soule into the aire,  
 As milde and gentle as the new borne babe,  
 That dies with mothers dugge betweene his lips,  
 Where from thy sight I should be raging madde,  
 And call for thee to close mine eyes,  
 Or with thy lips to stop my dying soule,  
 That I might breathe it so into thy bodie,  
 And then it liu'd in sweete Elyziam,  
 By thee to die, were but to die in ieast,  
 From thee to die, were torment more then death,  
 O let me staie, befall, what may befall.

*Queen.* Oh mightst thou staie with safetie of thy life,  
 Then shouldst thou staie, but heauens deny it,  
 And therefore go, but hope ere long to be repelde.

*Suff.* I goe.

*Queene.* And take my heart with thee.

[*She kisseth him.*

*Suff.* A iewell lockt into the wofulst caske,  
 That euer yet containde a thing of woorth,  
 Thus like a splitted barke so sunder we.  
 This way fall I to deathe.

[*Exet SUFFOLKE.*

*Queene.* This way for me.

[*Exet Queene.*

*Enter King and SALSBURY, and then the Curtaines be  
 drawne, and the Cardinall is discouered in his bed,  
 rauing and staring as if he were madde.*

*Car.* Oh death, if thou wilt let me liue but one whole  
 yeare,

Ille giue thee as much gold as will purchase such another  
Iland.

*King.* Oh see my Lord of Salsbury how he is troubled,  
Lord Cardinall, remember Christ must sauе thy soule.

*Car.* Why died he not in his bed ?  
What would you haue me to do then ?  
Can I make men liue whether they will or no ?  
Sirra, go fetch me the strong poison which the Pothicary  
sent me.

Oh see where Duke Humphreys ghoast doth stand,  
And stares me in the face. Looke, looke, coame downe  
his haire,

So now hees gone againe : Oh, oh, oh.

*Sal.* See how the panges of death doth gripe his heart.

*King.* Lord Cardinall, if thou diest assured of heauenly  
blisse,  
Hold vp thy hand and make some signe to vs.

[*The Cardinall dies.*

Oh see he dies, and makes no signe at all.

Oh God forgiue his soule.

*Salb.* So bad an ende did neuer none behold,  
But as his death, so was his life in all.

*King.* Forbeare to iudge, good Salsbury forbeare,  
For God will iudge vs all.

Go take him hence, and see his funerals be performde.

[*Exet omnes.*

*Alarmes within, and the chambers be discharged, like as  
it were a fight at sea. And then enter the Captaine of  
the ship and the Maister, and the Maisters Mate, &  
the Duke of SUFFOLKE disguised, and others with him,  
and WATER WHICKMORE.*

*Cap.* Bring forward these prisoners that scorn'd to  
yeeld,

Vnlade their goods with speed and sincke their ship,

Here Maister, this prisoner I giue to you.  
This other, the Maisters Mate shall haue,  
And Water Whickmore thou shalt haue this man,  
And let them paie their ransomes ere they passe.

*Suffolke.* Water!

*[He starteth.]*

*Water.* How now, what doest feare me?  
Thou shalt haue better cause anon.

*Suf.* It is thy name affrights me, not thy selfe.  
I do remember well, a cunning Wyssard told me,  
That by Water I should die:  
Yet let not that make thee bloudie minded.  
Thy name being rightly sounded,  
Is Gualter, not Water.

*Water.* Gualter or Water, als one to me,  
I am the man must bring thee to thy death.

*Suf.* I am a Gentleman looke on my Ring,  
Ransome me at what thou wilt, it shalbe paid.

*Water.* I lost mine eye in boording of the ship,  
And therefore ere I marchantlike sell blood for gold,  
Then cast me headlong downe into the sea.

*2. Priso.* But what shall our ransomes be?

*Mai.* A hundred pounds a piece, either paie that  
or die.

*2. Priso.* Then sauе our liues, it shall be paid.

*Water.* Come sirra, thy life shall be the ransome  
I will haue.

*Suff.* Staie villaine, thy prisoner is a Prince,  
The Duke of Suffolke, William de la Poull.

*Cap.* The Duke of Suffolke folded vp in rags.

*Suf.* I sir, but these rags are no part of the Duke,  
Ioue sometime went disguisde, and why not I?

*Cap.* I but Ioue was neuer slaine as thou shalt be.

*Suf.* Base Iadie groome, King Henries blood  
The honourable blood of Lancaster,  
Cannot be shead by such a lowly swaine,

I am sent Ambassador for the Queene to France,  
I charge thee waffe me crosse the channell safe.

*Cap.* Ile waffe thee to thy death, go Water take him  
hence,

And on our long boates side, chop off his head.

*Suf.* Thou darste not for thine owne.

*Cap.* Yes Poull.

*Suffolke.* Poull.

*Cap.* I Poull, puddle, kennell, sinke and durt,  
Ile stop that yawning mouth of thine,  
Those lips of thine that so oft haue kist the  
Queene, shall sweepe the ground, and thou that  
Smildeste at good Duke Humphreys death,  
Shalt liue no longer to infect the earth.

*Suffolke.* This villain being but Captain of a Pinnais,  
Threatens more plagues then mightie Abradas,  
The great Masadonian Pyrate,  
Thy words addes fury and not remorse in me.

*Cap.* I but my deeds shall staie thy fury soone.

*Suffolke.* Hast not thou waited at my Trencher,  
When we haue feasted with Queene Margret?  
Hast not thou kist thy hand and held my stirrope?  
And barehead plodded by my footecloth Mule,  
And thought thee happy when I smilde on thee?  
This hand hath writ in thy defence,  
Then shall I charme thee, hold thy lauish toong.

*Cap.* Away with him, Water, I say, and off with his  
hed.

1. *Priso.* Good my Lord, intreat him mildly for your  
life.

*Suffolke.* First let this necke stoupe to the axes edge,  
Before this knee do bow to any,  
Sawe to the God of heauen and to my King :  
Suffolkes imperiall toong cannot pleade  
To such a Iadie groome.

*Water.* Come, come, why do we let him speake,  
I long to haue his head for raunsome of mine eye.

*Suffolk.* A Swordar and bandeto slaeue,  
Murthered sweete Tully.

Brutus bastard-hand stabde Julius Cæsar,  
And Suffolke dies by Pyrates on the seas.

[*Exet SUFFOLKE, and WATER.*]

*Cap.* Off with his head, and send it to the Queene,  
And ransomelesse this prisoner shall go free,  
To see it safe deliuuered vnto her.

Come lets goe.

[*Exet omnes.*]

*Enter two of the Rebels with long staues.*

*George.* Come away Nick, and put a long staffe in thy  
pike, and prouide thy selfe, for I Can tell thee, they haue  
bene vp this two daies.

*Nicke.* Then they had more need to go to bed now,  
But sirrha George whats the matter?

*George.* Why sirrha, Iack Cade the Diar of Ashford  
here,

He meanes to turne this land, and set a new nap on it.

*Nick.* I marry he had need so, for tis growne threed-  
bare,

Twas neuer merry world with vs, since these gentle men  
came vp.

*George.* I warrant thee, thou shalt neuer see a Lord  
weare a leather aperne now a-daiies.

*Nick.* But sirrha, who comes more beside Iacke Cade?

*George.* Why theres Dicke the Butcher, and Robin the  
Sadler, and Will that came a wooing to our Nan last  
Sunday, and Harry and Tom, and Gregory that should  
haue your Parnill, and a great sort more is come from  
Rochester, and from Maydstone, and Canterbury, and  
all the Townes here abouts, and we must all be Lords or  
squires, assoone as Iacke Cade is King.

*Nicke.* Harke, harke, I here the Drum, they be coming.

*Enter IACKE CADE, DICKE Butcher, ROBIN, WILL,  
TOM, HARRY and the rest, with long staves.*

*Cade.* Proclaime silence.

*All.* Silence.

*Cade.* I Iohn Cade so named for my valiancie.

*Dicke.* Or rather for stealing of a Cade of Sprats.

*Cade.* My father was a Mortemer.

*Nicke.* He was an honest man and a good Brick-laier.

*Cade.* My mother came of the Brases.

*Will.* She was a Pedlers daughter indeed, and sold many lases.

*Robin.* And now being not able to occupie her furd  
packe,

She washeth buckes vp and downe the country.

*Cade.* Therefore I am honourably borne.

*Harry.* I for the field is honourable, for he was borne  
Vnder a hedge, for his father had no house but the Cage.

*Cade.* I am able to endure much.

*George.* Thats true, I know he can endure any thing,  
For I haue seen him whipt two market daies togither.

*Cade.* I feare neither sword nor fire.

*Will.* He need not feare the sword, for his coate is of  
prooфе.

*Dicke.* But mee thinkes he should feare the fire, being  
so often burnt in the hand, for stealing of sheepe.

*Cade.* Therefore be braue, for your Captain is braue,  
and vowes reformation: you shall haue seuen half-penny  
loaues for a penny, and the three hoopt pot, shall haue  
ten hoopes, and it shall be felony to drinke small beere,  
and if I be king, as king I will be.

*All.* God sauе your maiestie.

*Cade.* I thanke you good people, you shall all eate and

drinke of my score, and go all in my liuerie, and weeble haue no writing, but the score & the Tally, and there shalbe no lawes but such as comes from my mouth.

*Dicke.* We shall haue sore lawes then, for he was thrust into the mouth the other day.

*George.* I and stinking law too, for his breath stinks so, that one cannot abide it.

*Enter WILL with the Clarke of Chattam.*

*Will.* Oh Captaine a prye.

*Cade.* Whose that Will?

*Will.* The Clarke of Chattam, he can write and reade and cast account, I tooke him setting of boyes coppies, and hee has a booke in his pocket with red letters.

*Cade.* Sonnes, hees a coniurer bring him hither.  
Now sir, whats your name?

*Clarke.* Emanuell sir, and it shall please you.

*Dicke.* It will go hard with you, I can tell you,  
For they vse to write that oth top of letters.

*Cade.* And what do you vse to write your name?  
Or do you as auncient forefathers haue done,  
Vse the score and the Tally?

*Clarke.* Nay, true sir, I praise God I haue bene so well brought vp, that I can write mine owne name.

*Cade.* Oh hes confess, go hang him with his penny-  
inckhorne about his necke. [*Exet one with the Clarke.*

*Enter TOM.*

*Tom.* Captaine. Newes, newes, sir Humphrey Staf-  
ford and his brother are comming with the kings power,  
and mean to kil vs all.

*Cade.* Let them come, hees but a knight is he?

*Tom.* No, no, hees but a knight.

*Cade.* Why then to equall him, ile make my selfe  
knight.

Kneele downe Iohn Mortemer,

Rise vp sir Iohn Mortemer.

Is there any more of them that be Knights ?

*Tom.* I his brother. [*He Knights DICKE Butcher.*

*Cade.* Then kneele downe Dicke Butcher,

Rise vp sir Dicke Butcher. [*Now sound vp the Drumme.*

*Enter sir HUMPHREY STAFFORD and his brother, with  
Drumme and souldiers.*

*Cade.* As for these silken coated slaues I passe not a  
pinne,

Tis to you good people that I speake.

*Stafford.* Why country-men, what meane you thus in  
troopes,

To follow this rebellious Traitor Cade ?

Why his father was but a Brick-laier.

*Cade.* Well, and Adam was a Gardner, what then ?  
But I come of the Mortemers.

*Stafford.* I, the Duke of Yorke hath taught you that.

*Cade.* The Duke of York, nay, I learnt it my selfe,  
For looke you, Roger Mortemer the Earle of March,  
Married the Duke of Clarence daughter.

*Stafford.* Well, that's true : But what then ?

*Cade.* And by her he had two children at a birth.

*Stafford.* Thats false.

*Cade.* I, but I say, tis true.

*All.* Why then tis true.

*Cade.* And one of them was stolne away by a begger-  
woman,

And that was my father, and I am his sonne,  
Deny it and you can.

*Nicke.* Nay looke you, I know twas true,  
For his father built a chimney in my fathers house,  
And the brickes are aliuie at this day to testifie.

*Cade.* But doest thou heare Stafford, tell the King,

that for his fathers sake, in whose time boyes plaide at spanne-counter with Frenche Crownes, I am content that hee shall be King as long as he liues Marry alwaies prouided, ile be Protector ouer him.

*Stafford.* O monstrous simplicitie.

*Cade.* And tell him, weeble haue the Lord Sayes head, and the Duke of Somersets, for deliuering vp the Duke-domes of Anioy and Mayne, and selling the Townes in France, by which meanes England hath bene maimde euer since, and gone as it were with a crouch, but that my puissance held it vp. And besides, they can speake French, and therefore they are traitors.

*Stafford.* As how I prethie ?

*Cade.* Why the French men are our enemies be they not ? And then can hee that speakes with the tongue of an enemy be a good subiect ?

Answeare me to that.

*Stafford.* Well sirrha, wilt thou yeeld thy selfe vnto the Kings mercy, and he will pardon thee and these, their outrages and rebellious deeds ?

*Cade.* Nay, bid the King come to me and he will, and then ile pardon him, or otherwaies ile haue his Crowne tell him, ere it be long.

*Stafford.* Go Herald, proclaime in all the Kings Townes,

That those that will forsake the Rebell Cade,  
Shall haue free pardon from his Maiestie.

[*Exet STAFFORD and his men.*

*Cade.* Come sirs, saint George for vs and Kent.

[*Exet omnes.*

*Alarums to the battaile, and sir HUMPHREY STAFFORD and his brother is slaine. Then enter IACKE CADE againe and the rest.*

*Cade.* Sir Dicke Butcher, thou hast fought to day

most valianly, And knockt them down as if thou hadst  
 bin in thy slaughter house. And thus I will reward thee.  
 The Lent shall be as long againe as it was. Thou  
 shalt haue licence to kil for foure score & one a week.  
 Drumme strike vp, for now weeble march to London, for  
 to morrow I meane to sit in the Kings seate at West-  
 minster.

[*Exet omnes.*]

*Enter the King reading of a Letter, and the Queene, with  
 the Duke of SUFFOLKES head, and the Lord SAY,  
 with others.*

*King.* Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother is slaine, [Sig. G.]  
 And the Rebels march amaine to London,  
 Go back to them, and tell them thus from me,  
 Ile come and parley with their generall.

*Reade.* Yet staie, ile reade the Letter one againe.  
*Lord Say,* Iacke Cade hath solemnly vowde to haue thy  
 head

*Say.* I, but I hope your highnesse shall haue his.

*King.* How now Madam, still lamenting and mourn-  
 ing for Suffolkes death, I feare my loue, if I had  
 bene dead, thou wouldest not haue mournde so much  
 for me.

*Queene.* No my loue, I should not mourne, but die  
 for thee.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Messen.* Oh flie my Lord, the Rebels are entered  
 Southwarke, and haue almost wonne the Bridge,  
 Calling your grace an vsurper,  
 And that monstrous Rebell Cade, hath sworne  
 To Crowne himselfe King in Westminster,  
 Therefore flie my Lord, and poste to Killingworth.

*King.* Go bid Buckingham and Clifford, gather  
 An Army vp, and meete with the Rebels.

Come Madame, let vs haste to Killingworth.

Come on Lord Say, go thou along with vs,

For feare the Rebell Cade do finde thee out.

*Say.* My innocence my Lord shall pleade for me.

And therfore with your highnesse leauue, ile staie behind.

*King.* Euen as thou wilt my Lord Say.

Come Madame, let vs go.

[*Exet omnes.*]

*Enter the Lord SKAYLES vpon the Tower Walles walking.*

*Enter three or foure Citizens below.*

*Lord Scayles.* How now, is Iacke Cade slaine?

*1. Citizen.* No my Lord, nor likely to be slaine,  
For they haue wonne the bridge,  
Killing all those that withstand them.

The Lord Mayor craueth ayde of your honor from the  
Tower,

To defend the Citie from the Rebels.

*Lord Scayles.* Such aide as I can spare, you shall  
command,  
But I am troubled here with them my selfe,  
The Rebels haue attempted to win the Tower,  
But get you to Smythfield and gather head,  
And thither I will send you Mathew Goffe,  
Fight for your King, your Country, and your liues,  
And so farewell, for I must hence againe. [*Exet omnes.*]

*Enter IACK CADE and the rest, and strikes his sword  
vpon London Stone.*

*Cade.* Now is Mortemer Lord of this Citie,  
And now sitting vpon London stone, We command,  
That the first yeare of our raigne,  
The pissing Cundit run nothing but red wine.  
And now hence forward, it shall be treason  
For any that calles me any otherwise then  
Lord Mortemer.

*Enter a souldier.*

*Sould.* Iacke Cade, Iacke Cade.

*Cade.* Sounes, knocke him downe. [They kill him.

*Dicke.* My Lords, theirs an Army gathered toghether  
Into Smythfield.

*Cade.* Come then, lets go fight with them,  
But first go on and set London Bridge a fire,  
And if you can, burne downe the Tower too.

Come lets away.

[*Exet omnes.*

*Alarmes, and then MATHEW GOFFE is slaine, and all  
the rest with him. Then enter IACKE CADE again,  
and his company.*

*Cade.* So, sirs now go some and pull down the  
Sauoy,

Others to the Innes of the Court, downe with them all.

*Dicke.* I haue a sute vnto your Lordship.

*Cade.* Be it a Lordship Dicke, and thou shalt haue it  
For that word.

*Dicke.* That we may go burne all the Records,  
And that all writing may be put downe,  
And nothing vsde but the score and the Tally.

*Cade.* Dicke it shall be so, and henceforward all things  
shall be in common, and in Cheapeside shall my palphrey  
go to grasse.

Why ist not a miserable thing, that of the skin of an  
innocent lamb should parchment be made, & then  
with a litle blotting ouer with inke, a man should  
vndo himselfe.

Some saies tis the bees that sting, but I say, tis their  
waxe, for I am sure I neuer seald to any thing but once,  
and I was neuer mine owne man since.

*Nicke.* But when shall we take vp those commodities  
Which you told vs of.

*Cade.* Marry he that will lustily stand to it,

Shall go with me, and take vp these commodities  
following :

Item, a gowne, a kirtle, a petticoate, and a smocke.

*Enter GEORGE.*

*George.* My Lord, a prize, a prize, heres the Lord Say,  
Which sold the Townes in France.

*Cade.* Come hither thou Say, thou George, thou  
buckrum lord,

What answerst thou make vnto my mightiness,  
For deliuering vp the townes in France to Mounsier bus  
mine cue, the Dolphin of France ?

And more then so, thou hast most traitorously erected  
a grammer schoole, to infect the youth of the realme,  
and against the Kings Crowne and dignitie, thou hast  
built vp a paper-mill, nay it wil be said to thy face,  
that thou kepst men in thy house that daily reade of  
bookees with red letters, and talkes of a Nowne and a  
Verbe, and such abominable words as no Christian eare  
is able to endure it. And besides all that, thou hast  
appointed certaine Iustises of peace in euery shire to  
hang honest men that steale for their liuing, and  
because they could not reade, thou hast hung them vp :  
Only for which cause they were most worthy to liue.  
Thou ridest on a footcloth doest thou not ?

*Say.* Yes, what of that ?

*Cade.* Marry I say, thou oughtest not to let thy horse  
weare a cloake, when an honester man then thy selfe,  
goes in his hose and doublet.

*Say.* You men of Kent.

*All.* Kent, what of Kent ?

*Say.* Nothing but *bona, terra.*

*Cade.* Bonum terum, sounds whats that ?

*Dicke.* He speakes French.

*Will.* No tis Dutch.

*Nicke.* No tis outtalian, I know it well inough.

*Say.* Kent, in the Commentaries Cæsar wrote,  
Termde it the ciuel'st place of all this land,  
Then Noble country-men, heare me but speake,  
I sold not France, I lost not Normandie.

*Cade.* But wherefore doest thou shake thy head so?

*Say.* It is the palsie and not feare that makes me.

*Cade.* Nay thou nodst thy head, as who say, thou  
wilt be euen with me, if thou getst away, but ile make  
the sure inough, now I haue thee. Go take him to the  
standerd in Cheapeside and chop of his head, and then  
go to milende-greene, to sir Iames Cromer his sonne  
in law, and cut off his head too, and bring them to me  
vpon two poles presently. Away with him.

[*Exet one or two, with the Lord SAY.*  
There shall not a noble man weare a head on his  
shoulders,  
But he shall paie me tribute for it.  
Nor there shal not a mayd be married, but he shal see  
to me for her.  
Maydenhead or else, ile haue it my selfe,  
Marry I will that married men shall hold of me in capitie,  
And that their wiues shalbe as free as hart can thinke,  
or toong can tell.

*Enter ROBIN.*

*Robin.* O Captaine, London bridge is a fire.

*Cade.* Runne to Billingsgate, and fetche pitch and  
flaxe and squench it.

*Enter DICKE and a Sargiant.*

*Sargiant.* Iustice, Iustice, I pray you sir, let me haue  
iustice of this fellow here.

*Cade.* Why what has he done?

*Sarg.* Alasse sir he has rauisht my wife.

*Dicke.* Why my Lord he would haue rested me,  
And I went and entred my Action in his wiues paper  
house.

*Cade.* Dicke follow thy sute in her common place,  
Y ou horson villaine, you are a Sargiant youle,  
Take any man by the throate for twelue pence,  
And rest a man when hees at dinner,  
And haue him to prison ere the meate be out of his mouth.  
Go Dicke take him hence, cut out his toong for  
cogging,

Hough him for running, and to conclude,  
Brane him with his owne mace.

[Exit with the Sargiant.

*Enter two with the Lord SAYES head, and sir IAMES  
CROMERS, vpon two poles.*

So, come carry them before me, and at euery lanes  
ende, let them kisse togither.

*Enter the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, and Lord CLIFFORD  
the Earle of COMBERLAND.*

*Clifford.* Why country-men and warlike friends of  
Kent,  
What meanes this mutinous rebellions,  
That you in troopes do muster thus your selues,  
Vnder the conduct of this Traitor Cade?  
To rise against your soueraigne Lord and King,  
Who mildly hath his pardon sent to you,  
If you forsake this monstrous Rebell here?  
If honour be the marke whereat you aime,  
Then haste to France that our forefathers wonne,  
And winne againe that thing which now is lost,  
And leaue to seeke your Countries ouerthrow.

*All.* A Clifford, a Clifford. [They forsake Cade.

*Cade.* Why how now, will you forsake your generall,

And ancient freedome which you haue possest?  
 To bend your neckes vnder their seruile yokes,  
 Who if you stir, will straightwaires hang you vp,  
 But follow me, and you shall pull them downe,  
 And make them yeeld their liuings to your hands.

*All.* A Cade, a Cade. [They runne to Cade againe.

*Cliff.* Braue warlike friends heare me but speak a word,  
 Refuse not good whilst it is offered you,  
 The King is mercifull, then yeeld to him,  
 And I my selfe will go along with you,  
 To Winsore Castle whereas the King abides,  
 And on mine honour you shall haue no hurt.

*All.* A Clifford, a Clifford, God sauе the King.

*Cade.* How like a feather is this rascall company  
 Blowne euery way,  
 But that they may see there want no valiancy in me,  
 My staffe shall make way through the midst of you,  
 And so a poxe take you all.

[He runs through them with his staffe, and flies away.

*Buc.* Go some and make after him, and proclaime,  
 That those that can bring the head of Cade,  
 Shall haue a thousand Crownes for his labour.  
 Come march away.

[Exet omnes.

*Enter King HENRY and the QUEENE, and SOMERSET.*

*King.* Lord Somerset, what newes here you of the  
 Rebell Cade?

*Som.* This, my gratious Lord, that the Lord Say is  
 don to death,  
 And the Citie is almost sackt.

*King.* Gods will be done, for as he hath decreede, so  
 must it be :  
 And be it as he please, to stop the pride of those rebel-  
 lious men.

*Queene.* Had the noble Duke of Suffolke bene aliue,

The Rebell Cade had bene supprest ere this,  
And all the rest that do take part with him.

*Enter the Duke of BUCKINGHAM and CLIFFORD, with the Rebels, with halters about their necks.*

*Cliff.* Long liue King Henry, Englands lawfull King,  
Loe here my Lord, these Rebels are subdue,  
And offer their liues before your highnesse feete.

*King.* But tell me Clifford, is there Captaine here.

*Clif.* No, my gratiouse Lord, he is fled away, but proclamations are sent forth, that he that can but bring his head, shall haue a thousand crownes. But may it please your Maiestie, to pardon these their faults, that by that traitors meanes were thus misled.

*King.* Stand vp you simple men, and giue God praise,  
For you did take in hand you know not what,  
And go in peace obedient to your King,  
And liue as subiects, and you shall not want,  
Whilst Henry liues, and weares the English Crowne.

*All.* God sauе the King, God sauе the King.

*King.* Come let vs hast to London now with speed,  
That solemne prosessions may be sung,  
In laud and honour of the God of heauen,  
And triumphs of this happie victorie. [Exet omnes.

*Enter IACKE CADE at one doore, and at the other, maister ALEXANDER EYDEN and his men, and IACK CADE lies downe picking of hearbes and eating them.*

*Eyden.* Good Lord how pleasant is this country life,  
This little land my father left me here,  
With my contented minde serues me as well,  
As all the pleasures in the Court can yeeld,  
Nor would I change this pleasure for the Court.

*Cade.* Sounes, heres the Lord of the soyle, Stand vil-

laine, thou wilt betraie mee to the King, and get a thousand crownes for my head, but ere thou goest, ile make thee eate yron like an Astridge, and swallow my sword like a great pinne.

*Eyden.* Why sawcy companion, why should I betray thee?

Ist not inough that thou hast broke my hedges,  
And enterd into my ground without the leau of me the  
owner,

But thou wilt braue me too.

*Cade.* Braue thee and beard thee too, by the best blood  
of the Realme, looke on me well, I haue eate no meate  
this fие dayes, yet and I do not leau thee and thy fие  
men as dead as a doore nayle, I pray God I may neuer  
eate grasse more.

*Eyden.* Nay, it neuer shall be saide whilst the world  
doth stand, that Alexander Eyden an Esquire of Kent,  
tooke oddes to combat with a famisht man, looke on me,  
my limmes are equall vnto thine, and euery way as big,  
then hand to hand, ile combat thee. Sirra fetch me  
weapons, and stand you all aside.

*Cade.* Now sword, if thou doest not hew this burly-  
bond churle into chines of beefe, I beseech God thou  
maist fal into some smiths hand, and be turnd to hob-  
nailes.

*Eyden.* Come on thy way.

*[They fight, and CADE falleth downe.]*

*Cade.* Oh villaine, thou hast slaine the floure of Kent  
for chualrie, but it is famine & not thee that has done  
it, for come ten thousand diuels, and giue me but the ten  
meales that I wanted this fие daies, and ile fight with  
you all, and so a poxe rot thee, for Iack Cade must die.

*[He dies.]*

*Eyden.* Iack Cade, & was it that monstrous Rebell  
which I haue slaine. Oh sword ile honour thee for this,

and in my chamber shalt thou hang as a monument to  
after age, for this great seruice thou hast done to me.  
Ile drag him hence, and with my sword cut off his head,  
and beare it . . . .

[Exet.

*Enter the Duke of YORKE with Drum and souldiers.*

*Yorke.* In Armes from Ireland comes Yorke amaine,  
Ring belles aloud, bonfires perfume the ayre,  
To entertaine faire Englands royall King.  
Ah *Sancta Maiesta*, who would not buy thee deare ?

*Enter the Duke of BUCKINGHAM.*

But soft, who comes here Buckingham, what newes with  
him ?

*Buc.* Yorke, if thou meane well, I greete thee so.

*Yorke.* Humphrey of Buckingham, welcome I sweare :  
What comes thou in loue or as a Messenger ?

*Buc.* I come as a Messenger from our dread Lord and  
soueraign,

Henry. To know the reason of these Armes in peace ?  
Or that thou being a subiect as I am,  
Shouldst thus approach so neare with colours spred,  
Whereas the person of the King doth keepe ?

*Yorke.* A subiect as he is.

Oh how I hate these spitefull abiect termes,  
But Yorke dissemble, till thou meete thy sonnes,  
Who now in Armes expect their fathers sight,  
And not farre hence I know they cannot be.

Humphrey Duke of Buckingham, pardon me,  
That I answearde not at first, my mind was troubled,  
I came to remoue that monstrous Rebell Cade,  
And heauie proud Somerset from out the Court,  
That basely yeelded vp the Townes in France.

*Buc.* Why that was presumption on thy behalfe,  
But if it be no otherwise but so,

The King doth pardon thee, and graunt to thy request,  
And Somerset is sent vnto the Tower.

*Yorke.* Vpon thine honour is it so?

*Buc.* Yorke, he is vpon mine honour.

*York.* Then before thy face, I here dismisse my  
troopes,

Sirs, meete me to morrow in saint Georges fields,  
And there you shall receiue your paie of me.

[*Exet souldiers.*]

*Buc.* Come York, thou shalt go speake vnto the King,  
But see, his grace is comming to meete with vs.

*Enter King HENRY.*

[Sig. H.]

*King.* How now Buckingham, is Yorke friends with vs,  
That thus thou bringst him hand in hand with thee?

*Buc.* He is my Lord, and hath dischargde his troopes  
Which came with him, but as your grace did say,  
To heave the Duke of Somerset from hence,  
And to subdue the Rebels that were vp.

*King.* Then welcome cousin Yorke, giue me thy hand,  
And thankes for thy great seruice done to vs,  
Against those traitorous Irish that rebeld.

*Enter maister EYDEN with LACKE CADES head.*

*Eyden.* Long liue Henry in triumphant peace,  
Lo here my Lord vpon my bended knees,  
I here present the traitorous head of Cade,  
That hand to hand in single fight I slue.

*King.* First thanks to heauen, & next to thee my  
friend,  
That hast subdude that wicked traitor thus.  
Oh let me see that head that in his life,  
Did worke me and my land such cruell spight,  
A visage sterne, cole blacke his curled locks,  
Deepe trenched furrowes in his frowning brow.

Presageth warlike humors in his life.  
Here take it hence and thou for thy reward,  
Shalt be immediatly created Knight.

Kneele downe my friend, and tell me whats thy name?  
*Eyden.* Alexander Eyden, if it please your grace,  
A poore Esquire of Kent.

*King.* Then rise vp sir Alexander Eyden knight,  
And for thy maintenance, I freely giue  
A thousand markes a yeare to maintaine thee,  
Beside the firme reward that was proclaimde,  
For those that could performe this worthie act,  
And thou shalt waight vpon the person of the king.

*Eyden.* I humbly thank your grace, and I no longer liue,  
Then I proue iust and loyall to the King. [Exet.

*Enter the Queene with the Duke of SOMERSET.*

*King.* O Buckingham see where Somerset comes,  
Bid him go hide himselfe till Yorke be gone.

*Queene.* He shall not hide himselfe for feare of Yorke,  
But beard and braue him proudly to his face.

*Yorke.* Whose that, proud Somerset at libertie?  
Base fearefull Henry that thus dishonor'st me,  
By heauen, thou shalt not gouerne ouer me :  
I cannot brooke that Traitors presence here,  
Nor will I subiect be to such a King,  
That knowes not how to gouerne nor to rule,  
Resigne thy Crowne proud Lancaster to me,  
That thou vsurped hast so long by force,  
For now is Yorke resolu'd to claime his owne,  
And rise aloft into faire Englands Throane.

*Somer.* Proud Traitor, I arrest thee on high treason,  
Against thy soueraigne Lord, yeeld thee false Yorke,  
For here I sweare, thou shalt vnto the Tower,  
For these proud words which thou hast giuen the king.

*Yorke.* Thou art deceiued, my sonnes shalbe my baile,

And send thee there in dispight of him.

Hoe, where are you boyes?

*Queene.* Call Clifford hither presently.

*Enter the Duke of YORGES sonnes, EDWARD the Earle of MARCH, and crook-backe RICHARD, at the one doore, with Drumme and soldiers, and at the other doore, enter CLIFFORD and his sonne, with Drumme and soldiers, and CLIFFORD kneeles to HENRY, and speakes.*

*Cliff.* Long liue my noble Lord, and soueraigne King.

*Yorke.* We thank thee Clifford.

Nay, do not affright vs with thy lookes,

If thou didst mistake, we pardon thee, kneele againe.

*Cliff.* Why, I did no way mistake, this is my King  
What is he mad? to Bedlam with him.

*King.* I, a bedlam frantike humor driues him thus  
To leauy Armes against his lawfull King.

*Clif.* Why doth not your grace send him to the  
Tower?

*Queene.* He is arrested, but will not obey,  
His sonnes he saith, shall be his baile.

*Yorke.* How say you boyes, will you not?

*Edward.* Yes noble father, if our words will serue.

*Richard.* And if our words will not, our swords  
shall.

*Yorke.* Call hither to the stake, my two rough beares.

*King.* Call Buckingham, and bid him Arme himselfe.

*Yorke.* Call Buckingham and all the friends thou hast,  
Both thou and they, shall curse this fatall houre.

*Enter at one doore, the Earles of SALSBURY and WARWICKE, with Drumme and souldiers. And at the other, the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, with Drumme and souldiers.*

*Cliff.* Are these thy beares? weeble bayte them soone,  
Dispight of thee, and all the friends thou hast.

*War.* You had best go dreame againe,  
To keepe you from the tempest of the field.

*Clif.* I am resolu'd to beare a greater storme,  
Then any thou canst coniure vp to day,  
And that ile write vpon thy Burgonet,  
Might I but know thee by thy housshold badge.

*War.* Now by my fathers age, old Neuels crest,  
The Rampant Beare chaind to the ragged staffe,  
This day ile weare aloft my burgonet,  
As on a mountaine top the Cædar showes,  
That keepes his leaues in spight of any storme,  
Euen to affright the with the view thereof.

*Clif.* And from thy burgonet will I rende the beare,  
And tread him vnderfoote with all contempt,  
Dispight the Beare-ward that protects him so.

*Yoong Clif.* And so renoumed soueraigne to Armes,  
To quell these Traitors and their compleases.

*Richard.* Fie, Charitie for shame, speake it not in  
spight,  
For you shall sup with Iesus Christ to night.

*Yoong Clif.* Foule Stigmaticke thou canst not tell.

*Rich.* No, for if not in heauen, youle surely sup in hell.

[*Exet omnes.*]

*Alarmes to the battaile, and then enter the Duke of SOMERSET and RICHARD fighting, and RICHARD kils him vnder the signe of the Castle in Saint Albones.*

*Rich.* So Lie thou there, and breathe thy last.  
Whats here, the signe of the Castle?  
Then the prophesie is come to passe,  
For Somerset was forewarned of Castles,  
The which he alwaies did obserue.  
And now behold, vnder a paltry Ale-house signe,  
The Castle in saint Albones,  
Somerset hath made the Wissard famous by his death.

[*Exet.*]

*Alarme again, and enter the Earle of WARWICKE alone.*

*War.* Clifford of Cumberland, tis Warwicke calles,  
And if thou doest not hide thee from the Beare,  
Now whilst the angry Trompets sound Alarmes,  
And dead mens cries do fill the emptie aire :  
Clifford I say, come forth and fight with me,  
Proud Northerne Lord, Clifford of Cumberland,  
Warwicke is hoarse with calling thee to Armes.

*Clifford speaks within.* Warwicke stand still, and view  
the way that Clifford hewes with his murthering Curtel-  
axe, through the fainting troopes to finde thee out.  
Warwicke stand still, and stir not till I come.

*Enter YORKE.*

*War.* How now my Lord, what a foote ?  
Who kild your horse ?

*Yorke.* The deadly hand of Clifford. Noble Lord,  
Fiue horse this day slaine vnder me,  
And yet braue Warwicke I remaine aliue,  
But I did kill his horse he lou'd so well,  
The boniest gray that ere was bred in North.

*Enter CLIFFORD, and WARWICKE offers to fight with him.*

Hold Warwicke, and seeke thee out some other chase,  
My selfe will hunt this deare to death.

*War.* Braue Lord, tis for a Crowne thou fights,  
Clifford farewell, as I intend to prosper well to day,  
It grieues my soule to leaue thee vnassaild.

[*Exet WARWICKE.*

*Yorke.* Now Clifford, since we are singled here alone,  
Be this the day of doome to one of vs,  
For now my heart hath sworne immortall hate  
To thee, and all the house of Lancaster.

*Clifford.* And here I stand, and pitch my foot to  
thine,  
Vowing neuer to stir, till thou or I be slaine.  
For neuer shall my heart be safe at rest,  
Till I haue spoyl'd the hatefull house of Yorke.

[*Alarmes, and they fight, and YORKE kils CLIFFORD.*]

*Yorke.* Now Lancaster sit sure, thy sinowes shrinke,  
Come fearefull Henry grouelling on thy face,  
Yeld vp thy Crowne vnto the Prince of York.

[*Exet YORKE.*]

[*Alarmes, then enter yoong CLIFFORD alone.*]

*Yoong Clifford.* Father of Cumberland,  
Where may I seeke my aged father forth?  
O ! dismal sight, see where he breathlesse lies,  
All smeard and weltred in his luke-warme blood,  
Ah, aged pillar of all Comberlands true house,  
Sweete father, to thy murthred ghoast I sweare,  
Immortall hate vnto the house of Yorke,  
Nor neuer shall I sleepe secure one night,  
Till I haue furiously reuengde thy death,  
And left not one of them to breath on earth.

[*He takes him vp on his backe.*]

And thus as old Ankyses sonne did beare  
His aged father on his manly backe,  
And fought with him against the bloodie Greeks,  
Euen so will I. But staie, heres one of them,  
To whom my soule hath sworne immortall hate.

*Enter RICHARD, and then CLIFFORD laies downe his father,  
fights with him, and RICHARD flies away againe.*

Out crooktbacke villaine, get thee from my sight,  
But I will after thee, and once againe  
When I haue borne my father to his Tent,  
Ile trie my fortune better with thee yet.

[*Exet yoong CLIFFORD with his father.*]

*Alarmes againe, and then enter three or foure, bearing  
the Duke of BUCKINGHAM wounded to his Tent.*

*Alarmes still, and then enter the King and Queene.*

*Queene.* Away my Lord, and flie to London straight,  
Make hast, for vengeance comes along with them,  
Come stand not to expostulate, lets go.

*King.* Come then faire Queene, to London let vs hast,  
And sommon a Parliament with speede,  
To stop the fury of these dyre euent.

[Exet King and Queene.

*Alarmes, and then a flourish, and enter the Duke of  
YORKE and RICHARD.*

*Yorke.* How now boyes, fortunate this fight hath bene,  
I hope to vs and ours, for Englands good,  
And our great honour, that so long we lost,  
Whilst faint-heart Henry did vsurpe our rights :  
But did you see old Salsbury, since we  
With bloodie mindes did buckle with the foe,  
I would not for the losse of this right hand,  
That ought but well betide that good old man.

*Rich.* My Lord, I saw him in the thickest throng,  
Charging his Lance with his old weary armes,  
And thrise I saw him beaten from his horse,  
And thrise this hand did set him vp againe,  
And still he fought with courage against his foes,  
The boldest sprited man that ere mine eyes beheld.

*Enter SALSBURY and WARWICKE.*

*Edward.* See noble father, where they both do come,  
The onely props vnto the house of Yorke.

*Sals.* Well hast thou fought this day, thou valiant Duke,  
And thou braue bud of Yorkes encreasing house,  
The small remainder of my weary life,  
I hold for thee, for with thy warlike arme,  
Three times this day thou hast preseru'd my life.

*Yorke.* What say you Lords, the King is fled to London?  
There as I here to hold a Parliament.

What saies Lord Warwicke, shall we after them?

*War.* After them, nay before them if we can.  
Now by my faith Lords, twas a glorious day,  
Saint Albones battaile wonne by famous Yorke,  
Shall be eternest in all age to come.  
Sound Drummes and Trumpets, and to London all,  
And more such daies as these to vs befall. [*Exet omnes.*

FINIS.

London.

Printed by Thomas Creed, for Thomas Millington,  
and are to be sold at his shop vnder Saint Peters  
Church in Cornwall.

1594.

N O T E S  
TO  
THE FIRST PART OF THE CONTENTION.

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Page 3, line 12. As by your high imperiall Maiesties command.] “This noble company came to the citie of Toures in Tourayne, where they were honorably receiued, bothe of the French kyng, and of the kyng of Scicilie. Wher the Marques of Suffolke, as procurator to kyng Henry, espoused the said Ladie in the churche of saint Martyns. At whiche mariage were present the father and mother of the bride, the Frenche kyng himself, whiche was uncle to the husbande, and the Frenche quene also, whiche was awnte to the wife. There wer also the Dukes of Orleance, of Calaber, of Alaunson, and of Britayn, vij erles, xij barons, xx bishoppes, beside knightes and gentlemen.” — *Hall's Chronicle*. The historical information in these plays appears to be principally taken from this work, which was published under the title of “The Union of the two noble and illustre famelies of Lancastre and Yorke,” fol. Lond. 1550. Steevens quotes a similar passage from Holinshed, who appears to have borrowed from Hall.

Page 3, line 18. Brittaine, and Alonson.] So all the editions; but the second folio of the amended play omits “and.”

Page 3, line 19. Then the.] The edition of 1619 reads “twenty,” as well as the amended play; which latter reading is the correct one, as readily appears from the passage in Hall’s *Chronicle* given above.

Page 4, line 17. But now her speech doth pierce.] The word “her” is omitted in the two editions of 1600, but restored again in that of 1619. The amended play reads:

“ Her sight did ravish, but her grace in speech,  
Her words y-clad with wisdom’s majesty,  
Makes me from wondering fall to weeping joys.”

Page 4, line 22. All.] The first folio reads “all kneel,” an addition omitted by modern editors.

Page 4, line 33. Ere the 30. of the next month.] The edition of 1619 reads “ere the thirty day of the next month.”

Page 5, line 1.] The Dutches of Anioy and of Maine.] The amended play in the first instance reads, “and the county of Maine,” in accordance with the chronicled accounts; but, when the cardinal repeats this part of the agreement, we find the original form restored as in our text.

Page 5, line 6. Ouer my hart.] The edition of 1619 reads “ore.”

Page 5, line 8. That I can reade no more.] The two quarto editions of 1600 read “that I can *see* no more,” while the edition of 1619 restores the old reading. The amended play reads—

“Pardon me, gracious Lord,

Some sudden qualm hath struck me at the heart,

And dimm'd mine eyes, that I can read no further.”

Page 5, line 9. Vnckle of Winchester, I pray you reade on.] In the amended play this line is more properly given to King Henry. The edition of 1619 reads very differently :

“My lord of Yorke, I pray do you reade on ;”

and in Pavier’s copy the next speech is accordingly given to York. Perhaps the fact of Henry’s thanking Winchester first in order may sanction the older reading.

Page 5, line 15. They please vs well.] The whole of this speech may be arranged in metre.

Page 5, line 20. Gloster, Yorke, and Buckingham, Somerset.] The first folio of the amended play entirely omits the word “and,” while the second folio changes its position, and places it before “Somerset.” Malone follows our text, but Collier and Knight adopt the reading of the first folio.

Page 5, line 22. We thanke you all for.] The edition of 1619 reads, “We thanke you for all.”

Page 5, line 26. Exet.] The Latinity is barbarous throughout this copy of the play.

Page 5, line 35. Bewford.] Beaufort. The orthography in this old edition probably occasioned Bedford and Beaufort being confused in some editions of the amended play.

Page 6, line 1. And is all our labours then spent in vaine.] “Is” may be a mistake for “are.” The edition of 1619 reads, “spent quite in vain.”

Page 6, line 13. That dares presume.] The two editions of 1600 have “dare,” while that of 1619 restores the old reading. The latter part of this speech is omitted in the amended play.

Page 6, line 14. Nay, my Lord.] The 4to. of 1619 reads, “Nay, my Lords,” but erroneously.

Page 6, line 14. Troubles.] Probably “trouble.”

Page 6, line 25. For well you see.] The edition of 1619 reads, “For you well see.”

Page 7, line 8. Come then let vs about it.] The two editions of 1600 omit the word “then.” The edition of 1619 agrees with our copy.

Page 7, line 11. Pride went before, Ambition follows after.] Perhaps in this line there is somewhat of proverbiality. Steevens quotes the following from Wyntown's *Cronykil*:

“ Awld men in thare powerbe sayis,  
*Pryde gays before*, and schame alwayis  
Followys.”

And this conjecture is proved by the following passage in Nash's *Pierce Penilesse*, 1592, ed. Collier, p. 8, which is more similar to the line in our text: “It is a trim thing when Pride, the sonne, goes before, and Shame, the father, followes after.”

Page 7, line 16. More like a Ruffin then a man of Church.] The edition of 1619 reads—

“ More like a ruffian then a man of the church ;”  
which is worse metre than our edition, although it is adopted by Mr. Knight. The amended play reads—

“ More like a soldier than a man o' th' church ;”  
as given in the first two folios of 1623 and 1632. Modern editors write it somewhat differently.

Page 7, line 17. Cosin Yorke.] The amended play reads, “brother.” York married Cicely, the daughter of Ralph Nevil, Earl of Westmoreland, by Joan, daughter to John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, by his third wife, dame Catharine Swinford. Richard Nevil, Earl of Salsbury, was son to the Earl of Westmoreland by a second wife. Salsbury and York were, therefore, step-brothers.

Page 7, line 29. Sonnes.] The edition of 1619 has this word in italics, as giving a separate speech to the remainder, and in this *Pavier* is followed by Mr. Knight. But if so, who were the *sonnes*? who were the speakers? Salsbury cannot by any ingenuity be so called, and why this singular mode? The expression, “Warwick did win them,” is not incompatible with the supposition that he himself is speaking. I should rather be inclined to think that *sonnes* in our text is merely a misprint for *sounes*, and then the speech would very naturally run as follows: “Zounds, Anjoy and Maine both given away at once! Why, Warwick did win them! and must that then which we won with our swords be given away with words?” The expression “*we won*” cannot reasonably be considered an argument

for one side or the other. The corresponding passage in the amended play is nearly sufficient to establish my position :

“ *War.* For grief, that they are past recovery :  
 For were there hope to conquer them again,  
 My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no tears.  
 Anjou and Maine ! Myself did win them both ;  
 Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer :  
 And are the cities that I got with wounds,  
 Deliver'd up again with peaceful words ?  
 Mort Dieu !”

Page 7, line 30. Which we wonne with our swords.] In the amended play we have another jingle, as Johnson styles it, substituted :

“ And are the cities, that I got with wounds,  
 Deliver'd up again with peaceful words.”

Page 7, line 35. Come, sonnes, away, and looke vnto the maine.] This and the next speech are thus altered in the amended play, and will, perhaps, scarcely be thought improved :

“ *Sal.* Then let's make haste away, and look unto the main.  
*War.* Unto the main, O father ! Maine is lost ;  
 That Maine, which by main force Warwick did win,  
 And would have kept, so long as breath did last :  
 Main chance, father, you meant ; but I meant Maine ;  
 Which I will win from France, or else be slain.”

Page 8, line 17. Fits.] So all the editions read. It ought to be “ fit.”

Page 8, line 25. With whose sweete smell.] Grey is rather hypercritical here in saying that “ this thought is not exactly just,” though Spenser has given the preference to the other colour :

“ She bath'd with roses red, and violets blue,  
 And all the sweetest flowers that in the forest grew.”

Page 8, line 27. Graffle.] The older form of the word. The edition of 1619 reads “ grapple.”

Page 8, line 30. Exet Yorke.] This and some other stage directions have been omitted by Mr. Knight.

Page 9, line 3. Art not thou a prince.] The edition of 1619 reads, “ Art thou not a prince.”

Page 9, line 10. It do betide no ill.] The edition of 1619 reads, “ it do betide none ill.”

Page 9, line 18. Was broke in two.] The edition of 1619 contains two additional lines and variations :

“ Was broke in twaine, by whom I cannot gesse :  
 But as I thinke by the Cardinall. What it bodes

God knowes; and on the ends were plac'd  
The heads of Edmund duke of Somerset,  
And William de la Pole, first duke of Suffolke."

Page 9, line 27. Where kings and queenes.] The two editions of 1600 read "where *the* kings and queenes," an interpolation omitted in the edition of 1619.

Page 10, line 2. Ile keepe to my selfe.] The edition of 1619 reads "Ile keepe it to my selfe."

Page 10, line 8. Craues.] Perhaps "craue."

Page 10, line 10. With vs vs.] So in the original. This evident mistake is corrected in the later editions.

Page 10, line 13. But ere it be long.] Instead of this and the following line, we have in the edition of 1619—

"As long as Gloster beares this base and humble minde :  
Were I a man, and protector as he is,  
I'de reach to' th' crowne, or make some hop headlesse.  
And being but a woman, Ile not behinde

For playing of my part, in spite of all that seek to cross me thus."

We should perhaps read "be behinde," a mistake that might very easily have occurred in the printing. In act iv., sc. 4, in the first folio, p. 140, the word "be" is omitted before "betraid," and is supplied in the edition of 1632.

Page 10, line 16. Sir John Hum.] Priests in Shakespeare's time frequently had the title of "Sir." So "Sir John Evans," in the "Merry Wives of Windsor."

Page 10, line 22. Margery Iordaine, the cunning Witch of Ely.] "Nono die Maii [1432], virtute brevis regii domino Waltero Hungerford, constabulario castri regis de Wyndesore directi, conduxit *Margeriam Jourdemayn*, Johannem Virley clericum, et fratrem Johannem Ashewell, ordinis Sanetæ Crucis Londoniæ, nuper custodiæ sue pro *sorcerye* in dicto castro commissos, usque Concilium regis apud Westmonasterium, et ibidem, de mandato Dominorum de Concilio, deliberavit dictam Margeriam, Johannem, et fratrem Johannem domino cancellario, et exoneratus est de cætero de eorum custodia."—Rymer's *Fædera*, vol. x., p. 505.

Page 10, line 23. The cunning Witch of Ely.] The edition of 1619 reads "Rye," while Mr. Knight follows history in reading "Eye."

Page 10, line 26. From depth of vnder grounde.] The two editions of 1600 read "from *the* depth of vndergrounde."

Page 10, line 33. Then safely they may come.] The edition of 1619 reads, "then safely may they come."

Page 11, line 3. And so resolve vs.] The word “vs” is omitted in the two editions of 1600, and restored in that of 1619.

Page 11, line 6. No words but mum.] This seems to be intended to rhyme with the first part of the line, although in the amended play we have “Hume” instead of “Hum,” an alteration which Mr. Knight has inadvertently admitted in his “Library Shakespeare,” vol. vi., p. 124.

Page 11, line 6. Sir John Hum.] The following account by Hall of the detection of the Duchess of Gloucester is nearer the description given in the text than that related by any other chronicler: “Thys yere, dame Elyanour Cobham, wyfe to the sayd duke, was accused of treason, for that she, by sorcery and enchauntment, intended to destroy the kyng, to thentent to advaunce and promote her husbande to the croune: upon this she was examined in saint Stephens chappell, before the Bishop of Canterbury, and there by examinacion convict and judged, to do open penaunce, in iii open places within the citie of London, and after that adiudged to perpetuall prisone in the Isle of Man, under the kepyng of sir Ihon Stanley, knight. At the same season wer arrested as ayders and counsaylers to the sayde Duchesse, Thomas Southwell, prieste and chanon of saincte Stephens in Westmynster, Jhon Hum preest, Roger Bolyngbroke, a conyng nycromancier, and Margerie Jourdayne, surnamed the witche of Eye, to whose charge it was layed, that thei, at the request of the duchesse, had devised an image of waxe presenting the kyng, whiche by their sorcery, a litle and litle consumed, entydnyg therby in conclusion to waist and destroy the kynges person, and so to bryng hym to death; for the which treison, they wer adjudged to dye, and so Margery Jordayne was brent in Smithfelde, and Roger Bolinbroke was drawen and quartered at Tiborne, tayking upon his death, that there was never no suche thyng by them ymagened; Jhon Hum had his pardon, and Southwell dyed in the toure before execucion.” Southwell is introduced by the author of the amended play, so it is probable that he may have referred again to this chronicle as well as to the original drama. Grafton (p. 587) gives us the same information as Hall. See also Higden’s *Polychronicon*, translated by Trevisa, lib. ult. cap. 27. With respect to the “image of waxe,” it is observed by King James I., in his *Daemonology*, that “the devil teacheth how to make pictures of wax or clay, that, by roasting thereof, the persons that they bear the name of may be continually melted, or dried away by continual sickness.” — See Dr. Grey’s *Notes upon Shakespeare*, vol. ii., p. 18.

Page 11, line 16. Who now by Cuniurations thinkes to rise.] The two editions of 1600 read “raise.” The edition of 1619 agrees with our text.

Page 11, line 20. Let vs.] The edition of 1619 reads “lets.”

Page 11, line 20. Here abouts.] The genuine old form of the word. Mr. Knight alters it to "hereabout."

Page 11, line 23. The good Duke Humphries life.] The word "Duke" is accidentally omitted in the two editions of 1600.

Page 11, line 26. That cannot get.] The two editions of 1600 read "That can get no succour," and the quarto of 1619 reads "They cannot get."

Page 11, line 29. Giues.] Probably "glue."

Page 12, line 8. He hath stole away my wife.] In this, and Suffolk's next speech, the two editions of 1600 read "stolne."

Page 12, line 14. Peter Thump.] Mr. Collier calls him "Hump;" but, if so written in the early copies to which he has referred, it is an error; for that "Thumpe" is correct may be seen from the pun that Salsbury makes on his name at p. 29. Mr. Collier's reading was probably occasioned by one of the prefixes of Gloster's speeches, as at p. 23, where "Hump" occurs for "Humphrey."

Page 12, line 15. True heire vnto the Crowne.] The edition of 1619 reads, "true heire to the crown."

Page 12, line 20. I saide my maister saide so.] The folio reads, "mistress," with other alterations. Tyrwhitt's emendation of "master" is confirmed by this edition of the sketch. The error was probably occasioned by "master" having been denoted in the MS. from which the amended play was printed merely by the letter M.

Page 12, line 26. Sirra take in this fellow.] The two editions of 1600 read, "Sirra take this fellow."

Page 12, line 28. Weele here more of this.] The edition of 1619 reads, "Weele heere more of this thing."

Page 12, line 30. Now sir what yours.] The two editions of 1600 and the edition of 1619 read, "Now, sir, what's yours."

Page 13, line 1. To pardon me, me.] This repetition is probably an error of the press. It does not occur in the edition of 1619.

Page 13, line 3. He teares the papers.] In the amended play this is as follows: "Teare the Supplication." Modern editors alter this; but it is a matter of very little consequence.

Page 13, line 4. Show your petitions.] The two editions of 1600 read, "Show your petition." The edition of 1619 follows our text.

Page 13, line 6. Villaines get you gone.] The two editions of 1600 read, "Villaines get *ye* gone," and the same alteration occurs in other instances.

Page 13, line 10. Loues.] Probably "loue," as we have "seekes" in the next line for the verb.

Page 13, line 16. Nor speake to vs.] The edition of 1619 reads, “to speake to vs.”

Page 13, line 19. Takes her for the Queene.] The edition of 1619 reads, “take her for queene.” The same edition has the following line immediately following this, which is not in the earlier copies—

“She beares a dukes whole reuenewes on her backe;” which line, with the omission of the word “whole,” occurs in the amended play.

Page 13, line 29. Your comming to England.] The edition of 1619 reads, “your comming into England.”

Page 14, line 3. And enter.] The edition of 1619 reads, “then entereth.”

Page 14, line 8. Alls wonne to me.] This of course means “all’s one to me.” This extraordinary instance of Henry’s apathy and indifference is repeated in the amended play.

Page 14, line 11. Thinke.] The edition of 1619 reads, “thinkes.”

Page 14, line 20. The best of all.] The word “the” is omitted in the edition of 1619, but is found in the amended play.

Page 14, line 23. Madame our King is old inough.] “Onr” is a misprint in the original for “our.” The two editions of 1600 read, “bold enough” instead of “old enoughe,” which is a mistaken alteration. Hall thus describes the Queen’s impatience under the authority of the Protector: “This woman, perceiving that her husband did not frankly rule as he would, but did all things by the advice and counsel of Humphrey Duke of Gloster, and that he passed not much on the authority and governance of the realm, determined with herself to take upon her the rule and regiment both of the king and his kingdom, and to deprive and evict out of all rule and authority the said duke, then called the lord protector of the realm: lest men should say and report that she had neither wit nor stomach, which would permit and suffer her husband, being of perfect age and man’s estate, like a young scolar or innocent pupil to be governed by the disposition of another man.”

Page 14, line 27. Ouer.] The edition of 1619 reads “ore.”

Page 14, line 29. That thou wast king.] The edition of 1619 reads, “thou wast a king.”

Page 15, line 22. My Lord.] The edition of 1600 reads, “master.”

Page 15, line 22. If euer I speake the words.] The two editions of 1600 read, “If euer I speake these words.” The edition of 1619 corresponds with our text.

Page 15, line 26. I beseech your Maiestie.] The edition of 1619 reads, “I beseech your worship.”

Page 15, line 30. Is this by case.] The comma ought to be inserted after

“this,” and left out after “case.” The passage is obscure. Mr. Knight reads “because,” a sufficiently plausible conjecture.

Page 15, line 34. Which shall be on the thirtith of this month.] This line is entirely omitted in the edition of 1619 and by Mr. Knight. The period of action of this and the first scene of the amended play differ. The month alluded to in the present passage is April; for when Gloster reads the agreement, he says, “ere the 30. of the next month,” meaning May, as we learn from the amended play. The first three scenes of the Second Part of Henry VI. are supposed to take place in March, for King Henry, alluding to the same circumstance, says—

“ Away with them to prison; and the day  
Of combat shall be *the last of the next month.*  
Come, Somerset, we'll see thee sent away.”

Page 16, line 1. Standbags.] Probably “sandbags.”

Page 16, line 5. I am not able to fight.] The edition of 1619 reads, “I am not able for to fight.” The amended play reads, “I cannot fight.”

Page 16, line 8. The Queene lets fall her gloue.] In the amended play the Queen drops a *fan*, not a *glove*.

Page 16, line 16. Ide set my ten commandments.] The nails. So in *Westward Hoe*, 1607, “your harpy has set his ten commandments on my back.” Quoted by Steevens, together with another quotation to the same effect. The amended play reads, “I could set,” but modern editors adopt the reading of our text.

Page 16, line 33. The Armourer should speake.] The two editions of 1600 read:

“ For that these words the Armourer doth speake.”

Page 17, line 1. Ouer.] The edition of 1619 reads “ore.”

Page 17, line 3. Then be it so.] This and the next line are introduced by Theobald into the amended play, but unnecessarily. He says that, “without them, the king has not declared his assent to Gloster's opinion;” but the same may be said of the armourer's reply, which is introduced immediately afterwards from an earlier part of the old play. Mr. Collier and Mr. Knight reject Theobald's addition. Indeed, as Mr. Knight justly observes, “the scene as it stands [in the amended play] is an exhibition of the almost kingly authority of Gloster immediately before his fall.” Something, however, may be wanting, unless we suppose that Henry is treated even with less deference than usual. Malone supposes that Henry's assent might be expressed by a nod. See Collier's *Shakespeare*, vol. v. p. 129.

Page 17, line 5. Rights.] The edition of 1619 reads, “right.”

Page 17, line 8. I thinke is.] The edition of 1619 reads, “is I thinke.”

## NOTES.

Page 17, line 16. Koger.] A mistake in the original copy for "Roger."

Page 18, line 1. Darke Night, dread Night, the silence of the Night.] The amended play reads :

"Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night;"

in which place the word *silent* is a noun. Fletcher, in the *Faithful Shepherdess*, writes—

"Through still silence of the night,

Guided by the glow-worm's light."

Page 18, line 4. Send vp, I charge you, from Sosetus lake.] In the text it is wrongly reprinted *Sofetus*, by an oversight which the most careful collation cannot always avoid. Sosetus, or rather Cocytus, is one of the rivers in the kingdom of his Satanic majesty. In Nash's *Pierce Penilesse*, the devil is called "Marquesse of Cocytus." See Mr. Collier's edition, p. 13.

Page 18, line 8. Askalon, Assenda, Assenda.] The two editions of 1600 read "Askalon, ascenda, ascenda." Ascalon is mentioned by Scott as one of the inferior devils. It may be a question whether these words are corruptions of Latin or English.

Page 18, line 14. But him out liue.] The two editions of 1600 read "Yet him out liue."

Page 18, line 15. What fate awayt.] The two editions of 1600 and that of 1619 read, "What fate awaits." The first folio reads, "What fates await."

Page 18, line 16. By water shall he die.] The two editions of 1600 read, "By water he shall die."

Page 18, line 19. Then where Castles mounted stand.] The word, "then," is omitted in the two editions of 1600, but restored in that of 1619. Steevens quotes, without reference, the following prophecy from an old chronicle, which is very similar to this :

"Safer shall he be on sand,

Than where castles mounted stand."

Page 18, line 20. Now question me no more, for I must hence againe.] It was anciently believed that spirits, who were raised by incantations, remained above ground only for a limited time, and answered questions with reluctance. In the amended play, the spirit says, after the same answer :

"Have done, for more I hardly can endure."

The same observations may be made with regard to the prophecies told to Macbeth.

Page 18, line 25. The Rode of Dytas by the Riner Stykes.] *Dytas* is written by mistake for *Ditis*, the genitive case of *Dis*, which is occasionally

used instead of the nominative by writers of the time. The genitive would, however, have been required in the Latin construction of the sentence. It is almost unnecessary to say that it means Pluto. So in Drant's *Horace*, 1567 :

“ Made manye soules lord *Ditis* ball to seeke.”

Page 18, line 28. Sonnes.] A mistake in the original copy for “ sounes.” It is corrected in the later impressions.

Page 18, line 33. This time was well wachte.] A similar expression occurs in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, act v., sc. 5.

Page 19, line 1. That your are.] So in the original, but corrected in the later impressions to “ that you are.”

Page 19, line 1. Treasons.] The edition of 1619 reads, “ Treason.”

Page 19, line 2. The King shall haue notice.] The two editions of 1600 read, “ the King shall haue a notice,” which addition is omitted in the edition of 1619.

Page 19, line 15. Go will the Earles of Salsbury.] The two editions of 1600 read, “ go will the Earle of Salsbury.” I scarcely understand the meaning of this conversation as it here stands, and think there is some error. Perhaps we should read “ invite ” for “ go will,” or else we must suppose the servant to understand an unusual phraseology.

Page 19, line 18. With her Hawke on her fist.] This minute stage direction, as Mr. Collier observes, is omitted in the amended play. It shows the particularity with which such matters were sometimes attended to on our old stage, and as an ocular proof to the audience that the royal party were engaged in hawking. (Collier's *Shakespeare*, vol. v., p. 133.)

Page 19, line 24. And twas ten to one old Jone had not gone out.] See Boswell's *Malone*, vol. xviii., p. 203. “ Out of sight,” I suppose, is understood ; but Percy explains it thus : “ the wind was so high, it was ten to one that old Jone would not have taken her flight at the game.”

Page 19, line 30. Done towre so well.] The two editions of 1600 and that of 1619 read, “ doe towre so well.” The amended play also agrees with this emendation. The three next lines are thus given in the edition of 1619.

“ They know their master sores a faulcon's pitch.

*Hum.* Faith, my lord, it's but a base minde,

That sores no higher than a bird can sore.”

There seems to be some strange confusion in the differences between these two readings and the text of the amended play ; but see the “ Introduction” to this volume.

Page 19, line 34. I thought your grace would be aboue the cloudes.]

The first folio thus reads: "I thought as much, hee would bee aboue the clouds." Modern editors generally read "he'd;" but Mr. Knight restores the old reading.

Page 20, line 4. Beat on a Crowne.] An image taken from falconry. A hawk was said to *beat* when it fluttered with his wings. A similar phrase, without the comparison, occurs in *Lylly's Maid's Metamorphosis*, 1600, as quoted by Steevens:

"With him whose restless thoughts do beat on thee."

The words, "bate" and "abate," as applied to this diversion, are more particularly explained in *The Booke of Hawking*, MS. Harl. 2340. In the *Tempest*, act i. sc. 2, Miranda uses a somewhat similar expression, and Prospero also in act v., sc. 1.

Page 20, line 8. Good vnkle, can you doate.] This is intelligible enough, though the edition of 1619 alters "doate" to "do't," in which it is followed by Mr. Knight. See the notes of the commentators on the corresponding passage of the amended play.

Page 20, line 12. And it like.] The edition of 1619 reads, "and t'like."

Page 20, line 17. Whet not on these furious Lordes.] This speech may be arranged as verse. The first folio of the amended play reads:

"I prythee peace, good queene,  
And whet not on these furious peeres,  
For blessed are the peace-makers on earth."

But the second folio of 1632 reads:

"I prethee peace, good queene,  
And whet not on these too-too furious peeres,  
For blessed are the peace-makers on earth ;"

which curious difference is not noticed by any editor of Shakespeare.

Page 20, line 18. Blessed are the peace-makers on earth.] See *St. Matthew*, v. 9, "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God."

Page 20, line 25. Rhee.] A mistake in the original copy for "thee." It is corrected in the later impressions.

Page 20, line 32. At the East end of the groue.] In the amended play the place of meeting is first appointed by the cardinal, and afterwards repeated by Gloucester. The present passage shows that there is no necessity for Theobald's emendation, who would give the repetition of the appointment to the cardinal.

Page 21, line 3. Faith, Priest.] The edition of 1619 reads, "God's mother, priest," which agrees with the amended play. This is singular,

these two editions having been published after the prohibitory statute, and the other before.

Page 21, line 7. Enter one crying, A miracle, a miracle.] This repetition does not occur in the two editions of 1600.

Page 21, line 7. A miracle, a miracle.] This scene is founded on the following story, related by Sir Thomas More, and which he says was communicated to him by his father: “ I remember me that I have hard my father tell of a begger that, in Kyng Henry his daies the sixt, cam with his wife to saint Albonis. And there was walking about the towne begging a five or six dayes before the kinges commynge thither, saienege that he was borne blinde, and never sawe in hys lyfe. And was warned in hys dreame that he shoulde come out of Berwyke, where he said he had ever dwelled, to seke saynt Albon, and that he had ben at his shryne, and had not bene holpen. And therfore he woulde go seke hym at some other place, for he had hard some say sins he came, that sainct Albonyss body shold be at Colon, and indeede such a contencion hath ther ben. But of troth, as I am surely informed, he lieth here at Saint Albonis, saving some reliques of him, which thei there shew shrined. But to tell you forth, whan the kyng was comen, and the towne full, sodainlye thys blind man at Saint Albonis shrine had his sight agayne, and a myracle solemnly rongen, and *te Deum* songen, so that nothyng was talked of in al the towne but this myracle. So happened it than that Duke Humfry of Gloucester, a great wyse man and very wel lerned, having great joy to se such a myracle, called the pore man unto hym. And first shewinge himselfe joyouse of Goddes glory so shewed in the gettinge of his sight, and exortinge hym to mekenes, and to none ascribing of any part the worship to himself, nor to be proved of the peoples prayse, which would call hym a good and a godly man therby. At last he loked well upon his eyen, and asked whyther he could never se nothing at al in al his life before. And whan as well his wyfe as himself affermed falsely no, than he loked advisedly upon his eien again, and said, I beleve you very wel, for me thinketh that ye cannot se well yet. Yes, sir, quoth he, I thanke God and his holy marter, I can se nowe as well as any man. Ye can, quoth the duke; what colour is my gowne? Than anone the begger tolde him. What colour, quoth he, is this mans gowne? He told him also, and so forth, without any sticking, he told him the names of al the colours that coulde bee shewed him. And whan my lord saw that, he bad him walke faytoure, and made him be set openly in the stockes. For though he could have sene soudenyly by myracle, the dyffERENCE betwene divers colours, yet coulde he not by the syght so sodenly tell the names of all these colours, but if he had knownen them before, no more than the names of al the men that he shoulde sodenly se.”—*The Workes of Sir Thomas More*, 1557, p. 134. The simi-

larity between the last part of this account, and that in our text, will be immediately perceived. The following account is given in *Grafton's Chronicle*, p. 597-8: "In the time of King Henry VI., as he rode in progress, there came to the towne of Saint Albons a certain beggar with his wyfe, and there was walking about the town, begging five or six days before the king's coming, saying that he was borne blind, and never saw in all his life; and was warned in his dream that he should come out of Berwicke, where, he said, that he had ever dwelled, to seke Saint Albon. When the king was come, and the town full of people, sodainly this blind man at Saint Albon's shryne had his sight; and the same was solemnly rung for a miracle, and *Te Deum* songen; so that nothing was talked of in all the towne but this miracle. So happened it then, that Duke Humfrey, Duke of Gloucester, a man no less wise than also well learned, called the pore man up to him, and looked well upon his eyen, and asked whether he could never see anything at all in all his life before? and when, as well his wife as himselfe, affirmed fastly, "No," than he looked advisedly upon his eyen again, and sayde, I believe you may well, for methinketh that ye cannot see well yet. Yes, sir, quoth he; I thank God and his holy martir, I can see now as well as any man. Ye can, quod the duke, what colour is this gowne? The anone the beggar told him. What colour, quod he, is this man's gowne? He told him also, without staying or stumbling, and told the names of all the colours that could be shewed him. And when the Duke saw that, he made him be set openly in the stocks." So much for the plagiarisms of the sixteenth century!

Page 21, line 11. At his shrine.] The edition of 1619 reads "at the shrine."

Page 21, line 14. With Musicke.] This part of the stage direction is omitted in the amended play.

Page 21, line 19. Where wast thou borne.] This line forms part of the king's speech in the edition of 1619, which also reads, "please your majesty" instead of "sir" in the following line. The context is in favour of the old arrangement.

Page 21, line 24. Thou.] Omitted in the edition of 1619.

Page 21, line 27. On a plum-tree.] The word "on" is omitted in the edition of 1619.

Page 22, line 8. Why.] This word is omitted in the edition of 1619.

Page 22, line 16. And yet I thinke Ieat did he neuer see.] The word "yet" is omitted in the two editions of 1600, but is found in that of 1619.

Page 22, line 31. Sight may distinguish of colours.] This speech is printed metrically in the amended play. The word "of" is omitted in the second folio.

Page 22, line 34. His cunning.] This whole speech is adopted nearly verbatim in the amended play. The two first folios, however, read, "it cunning" instead of "his cunning," which last reading is the right one. Rowe suggested "that cunning," which has been followed by all modern editors.

Page 23, line 4. And things called whippes.] A humorous method of expression, occasionally used satirically at the present day. Armin, in his *Nest of Ninnies*, 1608, says: "Ther are, as Hamlet saies, *things cald whips* in store." Now, according to Mr. Collier, no such passage is to be found in any edition of Shakespeare's Hamlet; and he thinks it unlikely that Armin refers to the old Hamlet which preceded Shakespeare's, because he was an actor in the same theatre as that for which Shakespeare wrote. It is not impossible that Armin may have confused the two plays together, and wrote incorrectly "as Hamlet saies," instead of "as Gloster saies."

Page 23, line 9. Now fetch me a stoole.] The second folio prints this, "New fetch me a stoole." I mention this minute difference because it appears to confirm Rowe's emendation of the well-known passage at the commencement of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, in opposition to the opinion of Mr. Collier.

Page 23, line 30. The blinde to see, and halt to go.) The two editions of 1600 read "and the halt to go."

Page 25, line 11. The right and title of the house of Yorke.] The edition of 1619 gives the whole pedigree very differently from this edition. It is necessary to transcribe the whole:

"Edward the third had seuen sonnes,  
The first was Edward the blacke prince,  
Prince of Wales.  
The second was William of Hatfield,  
Who dyed young.  
The third was Lyonell, duke of Clarence.  
The fourth was Iohn of Gaunt,  
The duke of Lancaster.  
The fift was Edmund of Langley,  
Duke of Yorke.  
The sixt was William of Windsore,  
Who dyed young.  
The seauenth and last was sir Thomas of Woodstocke, duke of Yorke.

"Now Edward the blacke prince dyed before his father, leauing behinde him two sonnes; Edward, borne at Angolesme, who died young, and Richard, that was after crowned king by the name of Richard the second, who dyed without an beyre.

“ Lyonell, duke of Clarence, dyed, and left him one only daughter, named Phillip, who was married to Edmund Mortimer, earle of March and Ulster: and so by her I claime the crowne, as the true heire to Lyonell, duke of Clarence, third sonne to Edward the third. Now, sir, in time of Richard’s reigne, Henry of Bullingbroke, sonne and heire to Iohn of Gaunt, the duke of Lancaster, fourth sonne to Edward the third, he claimed the crowne, deposd the merthfull king, and as both, you know, in Pomfret castle harmlesse Richard was shamefully murthered, and so by Richard’s death came the house of Lancaster vnto the crowne.”

The historical truth of these matters is of little importance in the present question, which rather depends upon the chronicles of the sixteenth century, notoriously inaccurate; and history must be made to accommodate itself to Shakespeare. The differences in this instance between the impressions of 1600 and 1619, compared with the amended play, give us good arguments for certain points connected with the history of the various editions, which the reader will find more fully investigated in the introduction to the present volume.

Page 25, line 24. The fift was Roger Mortemor.] This, as well as the name of Edward’s second son, is an error. Both mistakes are corrected in the amended play.

Page 27, line 2. Wilt I rouse the Beare.] The two editions of 1600 read, “I wil rouse the Beare.” The edition of 1619 agrees with our text.

Page 27, line 5. Maugre the proudest Lord.] The two editions of 1600 read, “Maugre the proudest lords.”

Page 27, line 18. Stand foorth Dame Elnor Cobham.] This trial is an historical anachronism, having actually taken place some time before Henry’s marriage. The same may, of course, be said of the angry scene between the queen and the Duchess of Gloster.

Page 27, line 20. Gaint.] The edition of 1619 reads, “against.”

Page 27, line 22. Crimes.] The edition of 1619 reads, “crime.”

Page 28, line 3. Makes.] Probably “make.”

Page 28, line 8. Guide.] Perhaps “guide.”

Page 28, line 10. My staffe, I yeeld as willing to be thine.] This line is inadvertently omitted in the two editions of 1600.

Page 28, line 11. As erst thy noble father made it mine.] The edition of 1619 reads,—

“ As ere thy noble father made it miue.”

And this alteration, which is far from being either an improvement, or in any way necessary for the sense, is adopted by Mr. Knight.

Page 28, line 18. Ouer my land.] The edition of 1619 reads “ ouer this my land.”

Page 28, line 28. Drinking to him so much that he is drunken.] "This year [1445] an armourer's servant in London appealed his master of treason, which offered to be tried by battle. At the day assigned, the friends of the master brought him malmsey and *aqua vitae* to comfort him withall: for it was the cause of his and their discomfort; for he poured in so much, that when he came into the place in Smithfield where he should fight, both his witte and strength failed him; and so he being a tall and hardy personage, overloaded with hote drink, was vanquished of his servant, being but a coward, and a wretch, whose body was drawn to Tyburn, and he hanged and beheaded."—Grafton's *Chronicle*, p. 594.

Page 28, line 29. With a sand-bag fastened to it.] According to the old law of duels, persons of inferior rank fought with an ebon staff or battoon, to the farther end of which was fixed a bag crammed hard with sand. Butler alludes to this when he says:—

"Engag'd with money-bags, as bold  
As men with sand-bags did of old."

Page 29, line 1. Heres a cup of Charneco.] A sweet wine; so called from Charneco, a village near Lisbon, where it is made. Allusions to it are common in writers of the period. In *The Discovery of a London Monster called the Black Dog of Newgate*, 1612, we have the following mention of it amongst several other wines: "Room for a customer, quoth I. So in I went, where I found English, Scotish, Welch, Irish, Dutch, and French, in several rooms: some drinking the neat wine of Orleans, some the Gascony, some the Bourdeaux; there wanted neither sherry, sack, nor charnoco, maligo, nor peeter seemine, amber-colour'd candy, nor liquorish Ipocras, brown belov'd bastard, fat aligant, or any quick-spirited liquor that might draw their wits into a circle to see the devil by imagination." Part of this curious quotation is given in the variorum Shakespeare under Warburton's name, but it was communicated to him by Theobald. See Nichols's *Illustrations of Literature*, vol. ii., p. 437.

Page 29, line 16. Take all the mony that I haue.] The two editions of 1600 read, "Take all my mony that I haue." It may be worthy of observation, that the later editions of our play read *Horner* instead of *Hornor*.

Page 29, line 27. Heres to thee.] The two editions of 1600 read, "Here to thee."

Page 29, line 29. As it were of my mans instigation.] The two editions of 1600 read, "as it were of man's instigation," while that of 1619 returns to our text, which is also followed by the amended play.

Page 29, line 31. As Beuys of South-hampton fell vpon Askapart.] This allusion to the well-known old romance is not in the amended play, though

frequently inserted from the sketch by modern editors. The giant alluded to is thus described:—

“They had not ridden but a while,  
 Not the mountenance of a mile,  
 But they met with a giaunt,  
 With a full sory semblant.  
 He was both mighty and strong;  
 He was full thirtie foot long:  
 He was bristled like a sow,  
 A foot there was betweene each brow.  
 His lips wer great, they hanged aside,  
 His eies were hollow, his mouth wide.  
 He was lothly to looke on;  
 He was lyker a devill then a man.  
 His staffe was a yong oake,  
 He would give a great stroke.  
 Bevis wondrod, I you plight,  
 And asked him what he hight;  
 My name, sayd he, is Ascapart,  
 Sir Grassy sent me hetherward.”

An account of the combat between Sir Bevis and this giant follows the above, but I cannot find any allusion to the particular method of striking mentioned in the text. I quote from an undated black-letter edition, “imprinted at London by Thomas East, dwelling in Aldersgate streete, at the signe of the black horse.” According to Steevens, the figures of these combatants are still preserved on the gates of Southampton; and there certainly is some uncouth-looking sculpture that may perhaps have its subject so interpreted.

Page 29, line 35. Alarmes, and Peter hits him.] The word “and” is omitted in the edition of 1619.

Page 30, line 1. Hold Peter, I confesse.] The real names of these combatants, says Douce, were John Daveys and William Catour, as appears from the original precept to the sheriffs still remaining in the Exchequer, commanding them to prepare the barriers in Smithfield for the combat. The names of the sheriffs were Godfrey Boloyn and Robert *Horne*; and the latter, which occurs in the page of Fabian’s Chronicle that records the duel might have suggested the name of *Horne* to Shakespeare. See more on this subject in Douce’s *Illustrations of Shakespeare*, vol. ii. p. 8.

Page 30, line 6. For by his death we do perceiue his guilt.] According to the ancient opinion of duelling, the vanquished person not only lost his life but his reputation, and his death was always regarded as a certain evi-

dence of his guilt. Bowle adduces a similar instance in a duel in 1380, related by Murimuth, which concludes with the following apposite quotation: "Magna fuit evidentia quod militis causa erat vera, ex quo mors alterius sequebatur."

Page 30, line 19. With envious looks laughing at thy shame.] This was adopted without alteration in the first folio edition of the amended play, but in the folio of 1632 we have, "still laughing at thy shame," the reason of which interpolation is not very obvious, nor does the addition appear necessary. Mr. Knight follows Malone in his choice of the text of the second folio, but Mr. Collier has restored the reading of the first folio and the old editions of the sketch.

Page 30, line 24. Verses written on her backe and pind on.] Modern editors generally put "with papers pinned upon her back," as the above part of the stage direction is omitted in the folio editions of the amended play. Mr. Collier says that modern editors, by substituting "papers" for "verses," have left it doubtful what kind of papers were fixed upon the dress of the duchess, and he accordingly partially restores the old direction. I say "partially," for Mr. Collier inadvertently adds that no existing authority states they were *pinned on*. It seems to me that the stage direction of the first folio may remain with propriety unaltered in any future edition of the amended play, for the addition is no more required on account of the allusion to the "papers" in the speech of the duchess, than another interpolation is needed because she was "follow'd with a rabble." Such allusions cannot surely demand a stage direction to assist the capacity of the reader.

Page 31, line 10. Then thought of this.] The edition of 1619 reads, "the thought of this."

Page 31, line 13. Bids.] Perhaps "bid."

Page 31, line 15. Malde vp in shame] The amended play reads, "mayl'd vp in shame," while modern editions have "mail'd up in shame;" but, from the spelling of the word in our text, it seems to be a question whether *maul'd* is not the true reading, at least of the old play. The emendation would perhaps express *wrapped up in a rough manner*, so that Johnson's explanation would still hold good. See Collier's *Shakespeare*, vol. v. p. 148.

Page 31, line 22. To every idle rascald follower.] The two editions of 1600 read, "To euery idle rascall follower," and the amended play adopts their reading. It was merely an older form of the word.

Page 31, line 28. Be thou milde, and stir not at my disgrace.] This is intended to be a question. According to Hall, "the duke of Gloucester toke all these thynges paciently, and sayed little."

Page 31, line 29. Ouer.] The edition of 1619 reads, "ore."

Page 31, line 35. And sfe thou how thou can.] The edition of 1619 reads, "canst," instead of "can."

Page 32, line 6. This is sodeine.] The word "sodeine" is omitted in the edition of 1619, and this part of the speech breaks off suddenly. This astonishment of Gloster is expressed apparently before he recollects he had resigned "his staffe," or it would be inconsistent with the previous scene.

Page 32, line 17. In that I intreat.] This last word is rather curiously transposed in the amended play.

Page 32, line 18. The world may smile againe.] In other words, as Johnson observes, the world may again look favourably upon me.

Page 32, line 21. And bid me not.] So also the amended play, but the edition of 1619 reads, "and bid not me."

Page 33, line 5. The King and the Queene.] The two editions of 1600 read, "the king and queene."

Page 33, line 10. But now that time is past.] The edition of 1619 reads, "but now the time is past."

Page 33, line 14. And he will neither moue.] The edition of 1619 reads, "Yet he will neither moue."

Page 33, line 15. See you not how the Commons follow him.] The word "how" is omitted in the two editions of 1600.

Page 33, line 18. And with long life, Iesus preserue his grace.] This line is entirely omitted in the edition of 1619, and accordingly we do not find it in Mr. Knight's edition.

Page 33, line 19. Honouring him as if he were their King.] The two editions of 1600 read "a king," instead of "their king." Malone, who has collated his copy of the edition of 1600, "printed by W. W." with a copy of the 1594 edition formerly in his possession, distinctly writes—

"Thinking him as if he were their king,"

as the reading of his copy of the first edition. If so, it must have been a different copy from that now in the Bodleian, from which the present text is reprinted, and another instance of the curious variations in different copies of the same editions, which were first discovered by Steevens (Boswell's *Malone*, vol. x., p. 73), and recently applied to good use by Mr. Collier.

Page 34, line 6. Is ouercome, my Lord, all is lost.] The two editions of 1600 read, "and all is lost."

Page 34, line 9. Cold newes for me.] This and the next line are identically the same with the first two lines of York's former speech at p. 8 of this volume. The author of our play is apparently fond of the expression, "cold newes."

Page 34, line 16. Why Suffolkes Duke thou shalt, &c.] The 1623 edi-

tion of the amended play reads, "Well, Suffolk, thou shalt," and the 1632 edition, "Well, Suffolk, *yet* thou shalt." Malone and Knight read, "Well, Suffolk's duke, thou shalt;" while Collier follows the reading of the second folio.

Page 34, line 19. Whereof am I guiltie.] The edition of 1619 reads, "Whereof I am guilty," a change for the worse, though retained by Mr. Knight.

Page 34, line 23. By which.] The edition of 1619 reads "Through which."

Page 34, line 26. So God helpe me.] The edition of 1619 reads, "So God me helpe."

Page 35, line 5. Felonous.] For "felonious," as in the two editions of 1600 and that of 1619. "Felonous" was the older form of the word, and occurs in *Maundevile's Travels*, edit. 1839, p. 291.

Page 35, line 22. Dreads.] Probably "dread."

Page 35, line 24. Showes.] Probably "showe."

Page 35, line 25. Bewraies.] Probably "bewraie."

Page 35, line 26. Leuels at the moone.] That is, *aims*, meaning to express York's great ambition. So in the *Tempest*, act ii., sc. 1, Gonzalo says, "You are gentlemen of brave mettle; you would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without changing." In Rider's Latin Dictionarie, 1640, we have "aime or levell." In *Titus Andronicus*, act iv., sc. 3, Marcus says:

" My lord, I aim a mile beyond the moon;  
Your letter is with Jupiter by this."

Page 35, line 33. Will be well performde.] The word "well" is omitted in the edition of 1619, though found in the amended play, which reads "affected" for "performed."

Page 36, line 1. Ignomius.] For "ignominious," as in the two editions of 1600, that of 1619, and the amended play.

Page 36, line 3. I but I giue the loser leue to speake.] In Nash's *Pierce Penilesse*, 1592, ed. Collier, p. 8, nearly the same expression occurs: "I, I, well giue losers leue to talke," so that it may perhaps be a proverb. It is repeated in the amended play. It is almost unnecessary to observe that "I" always stands for "ay" in works of this period. In the editions of 1600 the "I" is changed to "Yea;" but that of 1619 generally retains the old form. The edition of 1619 here omits the first "I."

Page 36, line 15. Annoy.] That is, *annoyance*. The older form of the word, occurring also in *Piers Plowman*. The still older word, *anuy*, occurs in MS. Harl. 2277, fol. 46.

Page 37, line 2. No. Let him die, in that he is a Foxe.] This and the

next line are given to York in the edition of 1619; but, although this is sanctioned by the authority of Mr. Knight, the arrangement in our text seems the right one. The next speech that York makes does not lead the reader to suppose that he had taken any part in the previous conversation; and, in the amended play, it will be found that the first line is in Suffolk's speech. The commentators are somewhat confused in their explanations of the speech as it stands in the amended play; but, if they had carefully read the present sketch, no difficulties would have been found.

Page 37, line 9. Enter a Messenger.] The first folio alters this to, "Enter a poste," which shows that he was specially sent, and, as many of the directions do, illustrates the next line :

"Great lords, from Ireland am I come amain."

Modern editors have unnecessarily returned to the older reading.

Page 37, line 14. Doth plant themselues.] The two editions of 1600 read, " Do plant themselues."

Page 37, line 16. Twere very good.] The edition of 1619 omits the word "very."

Page 37, line 18. And burnes and spoiles the Country as they goe.] This line is in the wrong place. It ought properly to be at the end of the messenger's speech, four lines above, and it is so arranged in the two editions of 1600, and in that of 1619. The end of that speech would then be as follows :

"Doth plant themselues within the English pale,  
And burnes and spoiles the country as they goe."

We should, of course, read "burne and spoil," the bad grammar having probably crept in owing to its erroneous position in York's speech.

Page 37, line 24. That France should haue reuolted.] The word "France" is inadvertently omitted in the two editions of 1600, but supplied in that of 1619.

Page 37, line 35. Against those kernes.] "Tertius ordo comprehendit alios etiam pedites, ac levis armaturae Machærophores, ab Hybernis *Karni* dicuntur," *Ricardi Stanhurst De rebus in Hibernia gestis liber*, Antwerp, 1584, lib. i. p. 42. In a passage quoted by Bowle, from an early English translation of the same book, we have the following account : "The kerne is an ordinary soldier, using for weapon his sword and target, and sometimes his piece, being commonly good markmen. Kerne signifieth a shower of hell, because they are taken for no better than for rake-hells, or the devils blacke-garde." See also another description of them in Dymoke's *Treatise on Ireland*, in an Harleian MS., which I passed through the press for the *Irish Archaeological Society*, and will be shortly published, with an

introduction by Mr. Butler. The two editions of 1600 read, “against those kernes,” while in that of 1619 we have—

“And Yorke shall trie his fortunes 'gainst those kernes.”

Page 38, line 7. I wil.] The edition of 1619 reads, “I'le.”

Page 38, line 18. Thou canst it not attaine.] The two editions of 1600 read, “thou canst not it attaine.”

Page 38, line 23. Vnder the title of Iohn Mortemor.] The two editions of 1600 read,

“Vnder the title of Sir Iohn Mortimer,”

which addition does not agree with the scene at p. 53, where Cade knights himself. The edition of 1619 here adds the following line:

“For he is like him euyer kinde of way,”

which is neither in the earlier editions, nor does it occur in the amended play. This of itself is nearly sufficient to show that the edition of 1619 must have been printed from another copy.

Page 39, line 6. Then the Curtaines being drawne.] In the simplicity of our old stage, the different apartments were only separated by a curtain. See Collier's *Shakespeare*, vol. v. p. 168. The curtain which hangs in the front of the present stage, drawn up by lines and pulleys, which was the invention of Inigo Jones, and used in his masques, was an apparatus not then known. At the time our play was acted, the curtains opened in the middle, and were drawn backwards and forwards on an iron rod. In *Lady Alimony*, 1659, quoted by Malone, “Be your stage-curtains artificially drawn, and so covertly shrowded, that the squint-eyed groundling may not peep in.” There is also an old book, called “The Curtain-Drawer of the World,” 1612, which is in its very title an illustration of Jacques's celebrated comparison. See also Aldy's *Theatre, or Rule of the World*, 12mo. Lond. 1581.

Page 39, line 16. All things is hansome.] This bad English may have been intentionally put into the mouth of the murderer; but it is erroneously put in Suffolk's speech in the first folio of the amended play. The second folio corrects it.

Page 39, line 21. Then enter.] The word “then” is omitted in the edition of 1619.

Page 39, line 26. Proceed no further against our vnkle Gloster.] The edition of 1619 reads, “proceed no further 'gainst our vnkle.”

Page 40, line 1. My Lord Gloster is dead.] The two editions of 1600 punctuate this line rather differently:

“Dead in his bed, my lord, Gloster is dead;”

while the edition of 1619 reads, “My lord of Gloster's dead,” which appa-

rently confirms the punctuation of the first edition. Each of the three readings is perfectly consonant with sense and metre.

Page 40, line 12. For euen in thine eye-bals.] The two editions of 1600 read "thy" instead of "thine."

Page 40, line 14. The silly gazer with thy lookes.] The word "silly" is omitted in the edition of 1619, and also by Mr. Knight. "Plinius sayth there is a wilde beast called Catoblepas great noyeing to mankinde; for all that see his eyen should dye anone, and the same kinde hath the cockatrice." —*Bartholomæus de prop. rerum*, lib. xviii. cap. 16. The same property is also mentioned by Pliny of the basilisk. So, in *Albion's England*, as quoted by Reed,

"As AEsculap an herdsman did espie,  
That did with easy sight enforce a *basilisk* to flye,  
Albeit naturally that beast doth murther with the eye."

Page 40, line 18. And you had.] The edition of 1619 reads, "and y'had."

Page 40, line 20. Be woe for me more wretched then he was.] Johnson explains this, "Let not woe be to thee for Gloster, but for me." The amended play reads "is" instead of "was;" but our reading appears better, because the Queen is alluding to the former misery of Gloster, which she now wishes the king to believe has fallen upon herself on account of his death.

Page 40, line 24. And thrise by aukward winds.] Some editors have changed "aukward" to "adverse" in the corresponding passage in the amended play, which reads "twice" instead of "thrise." In *Cymbeline* we have the expression, "rudest wind." Malone quotes the following apposite passage from Drayton:

"And undertook to travaile dangerous waies,  
Driven by awkward winds and boisterous seas."

Page 40, line 29. The Commons like an angrie huie of bees.] The edition of 1619 reads, "an hungry huie of bees," the reading adopted by Mr. Knight, though, perhaps, few readers will think it an improvement.

Page 40, line 31. For good Duke Humphreys death.] The word "duke" is omitted in the two editions of 1600.

Page 40, line 34. God knowes, not Henry.] Johnson says that "Henry" is here used as a word of three syllables.

Page 41, line 13. This thrise famous Duke.] The word "thrise" is omitted in the two editions of 1600.

Page 41, line 16. Oft haue I seene a timely parted ghost.] The following

passage in Porter's *Two Angry Women of Abingdon*, 1599, appears almost a parody :

“Oft have I heard a timely married girl  
That newly left to call her mother mam.”

Timely-parted means *recently* in this instance, though some of the commentators explain it by “in proper time.” The commentators give us long notes on the incorrect application of the word *ghost*; but it is again used in the same sense at p. 70 of this volume :

“Sweet father, to thy *murdered ghost* I swear;”

and it appears to have been used somewhat indiscriminately by our early writers.

Page 41, line 17. Of ashie semblance.] So Spenser—

“Ye pallid spirits, and ye ashy ghosts!”

Page 41, line 18. But loe the blood is settled in his face.] The two editions of 1600 read, “in the face.”

Page 41, line 21. His fingers spred abroad.] That is, widely distended. So in Peacham's *Complete Gentleman*, 1627 : “Herein was the Emperor Domitian so cunning, that let a boy at a good distance off hold up his hand and stretch his fingers *abroad*, he would shoot through the spaces without touching the boy's hand, or any finger.”—See Malone's *Shakespeare* by Boswell, vol. xviii. p. 264.

Page 41, line 24. It cannot chuse but he was murthered.] So in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, act. iii. sc. 2, Hermia says to Demetrius,

“It cannot be but thou hast murder'd him.”

The passage in the amended play (act iii. sc. 2) is very nearly the same with the line just given :

“It cannot be but he was murder'd here.”

Page 41, line 27. But twas well knowne.] The edition of 1619 reads, “but tis well knowne.”

Page 41, line 30. You.] The edition of 1619 reads “ye.”

Page 41, line 34. Puttock.] A kite. See Bewick's *History of British Birds*, edit. 1797, vol. i. p. 21. In a later edition of this work, the same provincial expression is given to the buzzard.

Page 42, line 1. With vnbloodie beake.] The edition of 1619 reads, “with the vnbloody beake.”

Page 42, line 3. Where's your talants.] The edition of 1619 reads, “where's his talents.”

Page 42, line 7. But heres a vengefull sword rusted with case.] The edition of 1619 reads, “Yet here's a.” The word “case” is altered to “ease” in the three other editions.

Page 42, line 18. Madame, be still.] The two editions of 1600 read, "Madame, be ye still."

Page 43, line 1. Giue thee thy hire, and send thy soule to hell.] The edition of 1619 reads,

" Giue thee thy hire, and send thee downe to hell ;"

which alteration implies a change of authorship, which the reader will find more fully exemplified in the introduction to the present volume.

Page 43, line 15. Mightie soueraigne i.] This last isolated letter is found in the original ; but, as it is omitted in the later editions, it is most probably merely an error of the press for a full stop.

Page 43, line 16. Cries.] This grammatical error is repeated several times.

Page 43, line 20. The vnlesse false Suffolke.] The edition of 1619 more intelligibly reads, " That vnlesse false Suffolke."

Page 43, line 30. To trie how quaint an Orator you were.] It is, perhaps, necessary to observe that " quaint" here means *skilful, dexterous*. So Prospero says, " My quaint Ariel."

Page 43, line 33. Sent from a sort of Tinkers to the King.] A company or body of tinkers. So in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, act iii. sc. 2,

" The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort."

Page 44, line 2. Tell them we thanke them all for their louing care.] The two editions of 1600 read,

" Tell them we thanke them for all their louing care ;" and the edition of 1619 reads " kind" instead of " louing."

Page 44, line 3. And had I not bene.] The two editions of 1600 read, " And had not I beene."

Page 44, line 13. Come, good Warwicke.] The word " good" is omitted in the two editions of 1600.

Page 44, line 22. Could curses kill as do the Mandrakes groanes.] Bulleine, speaking of Mandragora, says: " They doe affyrme that this herbe commeth of the seede of some convicted dead men ; and also without the death of some lyvinge thinge it cannot be drawen out of the earth to man's use. Therefore they did tie some dogge or other lyving beast unto the roote thereof wyth a corde, and digged the earth in compass round about, and in the meane tyme stopped their own eares for feare of the terrible shriek and cry of this maudrake. In which cry it doth not only dye it selfe, but the feare thereof kylleth the dogge or beast which pulleth it out of the earth."—*Bulwarke of Defence against Sickness*, fol. 1579, p. 41. This quotation was first made by Reed, and has been inserted by most of the editors. The fabulous accounts, says Johnson, of the plant called a mandrake, give it an inferior degree of animal life, and relate that when it is

torn from the ground it groans, and that this groan being fatal to the person who attempts the violence, the practice of those who gather them is to tie one end of a string to the plant, and the other to a dog, upon whom the fatal groan discharges its malignity.

Page 44, line 26. *As leue fast enuy.*] The three other editions read, “as leane facde enuy.”

Page 44, line 29. *My haire be fixt on end.*] So the modern editors write, but the folios of the amended play read, “Mine haire be fixt an end.”

Page 44, line 32. *Poison be their drinke.*] Steevens has remarked that part of this speech has been copied by Lee in his tragedy of *Cæsar Borgia*, 4to. Lond. 1680. As Steevens has not given the passage to which he refers, it may be as well to insert it here :

“ *Mach.* Nay, since you urge me, sir, my heart will break

Unless I curse 'em ! *Poyson* be their drink.

*Borg.* Gall, gall and wormwood ! Hemlock ! hemlock ! quench 'em.

*Mach.* Their sweetest shade a dell of duskish adders.

*Borg.* Their fairest prospect, fields of basilisks ;

Their softest touch, as smart as viper's teeth.

*Mach.* Their musick horrid as the hiss of dragons,

All the foul terrores of dark-seated hell.

*Borg.* No more ; thou art one piece with me thyself :

And now I take a pride in my revenge.”

Page 44, line 33. *Gall worse then gall, the daintiest thing they taste.*] The amended play reads, “ the daintiest *that* they taste,” and Theobald wishes to read, “ the dainties that,” or “ the daintiest meat,” because there is a substantive subjoined to every epithet in the verses that follow. See Nichols’ *Illustrations of the Literary History of the Eighteenth Century*, vol. ii. p. 439, where will be found a letter from Theobald to Warburton, suggesting the above readings. But surely, if any alteration is necessary, it would be safer to return to the reading of the old edition.

Page 45, line 14. *Irish.*] i. e. Iris. See the amended play, act. iii. sc. 2, and Malone’s *Shakespeare* by Boswell, vol. xvij. p. 275. The edition of 1619 corrects “ shall,” which occurs in the same line, to “ shalt.”

Page 45, line 30. *Sometime.*] The edition of 1619 reads, “ sometimes.”

Page 46, line 8. *In thy lap.*] This line forms part of the previous one in the edition of 1619.

Page 46, line 9. *Here could I, could I.*] This repetition does not occur in the edition of 1619.

Page 46, line 12. *From thy sight.*] The edition of 1619 reads, “ from my sight,” which is clearly an error.

Page 46, line 31. Enter King and Salsbury.] This stage direction is as follows in the amended play: "Enter the King, Salisbury, and Warwick, to the Cardinal in bed."

Page 46, line 34. Oh death, if thou wilt let me liue.] This was probably suggested by the following account in Hall's *Chronicle*: "During these dynges, Henry Beauford, byshop of Wynchester, and called the ryche Cardynall, departed out of this worlde, and was buried at Wynchester. This man was sonne to Jhon of Gaunte, duke of Lancaster, descended on an honorable lignage, but borne in Baste, more noble of bloud, then notable in learnyng, haut in stomacke, and hygh in countenaunce, ryche aboue measure of all men, and to fewe liberal, disdaynfull to his kynne, and dreadfull to his lovers, preferrynge money before frendshippe, many thinges begynning, and nothing perfourmyng. His covetous insaciabla, and hope of long lyfe, made hym bothe to forget God, his prynce, and hymselfe in his latter daies: for Doctor Jhon Baker, his pryvie counsailer, and hys chapellayn, wrote that he lyeng on his death bed, said these wordes: Why should I dye, having so much ryches, if the whole realme would save my lyfe, I am able either by pollicie to get it, or by ryches to bye it. Fye, wyll not death be hyered, nor will money do nothyng? When my nephewe of Bedford died, I thought myselfe halfe up the whele, but when I sawe myne other nephewe of Gloucester diseased, then I thought myselfe able to be equale with kinges, and so thought to encrease my treasure in hooke to have worne a tryple croune. But I se nowe the worlde fayleth me, and so I am deceyved, praying you all to pray for me."

Page 46, line 34. But one whole yeaire.] This is altered in the amended play to "and feel no pain." Theobald thinks the old edition supplies the best reading, as the Cardinal here labours more under the dreadful apprehensions in his mind of the result of approaching death than bodily pain. King Henry adds immediately afterwards, "how he is troubled," and wishes him to remember his Redeemer.

Page 47, line 4. Remember Christ must saue thy soule.] The two editions of 1600 read:—

"Lord Cardinall, remember Christ must haue thy soule."

Page 47, line 7. Can I make men liue whether they will or no?] So in *King John*, act iv., sc. 2:—

"We cannot hold mortality's strong hand."

and again:—

"Why do you bend such solemn brows on me?

Think you I bear the shears of destiny?

Have I commandment on the pulse of life?"

Page 47, line 8. Go fetch me the strong poison.] The word "strong" is omitted in the edition of 1619.

Page 47, line 17. Hold vp thy hand and make some signe to vs.] So in the old *King John*, 1591, the legate says to the dying sovereign —

"Lift up thy hand, that we may witnesse here,  
Thou diedst the servant of our Saviour Christ :—  
Now joy betide thy soule!"

Page 47, line 25. His funerals be performde.] The word "be" is omitted in the edition of 1619.

Page 47, line 27. Alarmes.] This word, so frequently occurring in old stage directions, and, having two distinct meanings, is frequently misinterpreted by the general reader. Perhaps the following is as good an explanation of the word as could be given. "*Classicum*, a trumpet for the warres, a sound or peale of trumpets or belles to call men together or to go to warre, alarme."—Rider's *Latin Dictionarie*, 4to., Lond. 1640.

Page 47, line 28. The Captaine of the ship.] In the amended play we have "Lieutenant" throughout the scene. Modern editors return to the old edition.

Page 47, line 31. Water Whickmore.] In the two editions of 1600 his name is spelt "Walter Whickmore."

Page 48, line 4. And let them paie their ransomes.] The edition of 1619 reads, "ransome."

Page 48, line 6. What doest feare me.] The two editions of 1600 read, "what doest thou feare me." This appears to be a necessary addition, although the edition of 1619 follows our text.

Page 48, line 10. That by Water I should die.] So, in Queen Margaret's letter to the duke, by Drayton, we have—

"I pray thee, Poole, have care how thou dost pass,  
Never the sea yet half so dangerous was,  
And one foretold by *water* thou should'st die,  
Ah! foul befall that foul tongue's prophecy!"

See Malone's *Shakespeare*, by Boswell, vol. xviii., p. 283. This prophecy and its accomplishment are differently stated. The note upon these lines is: "The witch of Eye receiv'd answer from her spirit, that the Duke of Suffolk should take heed of *water*." The two editions of 1600 print *Walter* instead of *water*, and it is probably one of those that Mr. Collier refers to in his edition of *Shakespeare*, vol. v., p. 181.

Page 48, line 15. I am the man must bring thee to thy death.] This scene is thus related in Hall's *Chronicle*: "But fortune wold not that this flagitious person shoulde so escape; for when he shipp'd in Suffolke, entydynge to be transported into Fraunce, he was encontered with a shippe

of warre apperteinynge to the duke of Excester, the Constable of the Towre of London, called the Nicholas of the Towre. The capitayne of the same barke with small fight entered into the duke's shyppe, and perceyving his person present, brought hym to Dover Rode, and there on the one syde of a cocke bote, caused his head to be stryken of, and left his body with the heade upon the sandes of Dover, which corse was there founde by a chape-layne of his, and conveyed to Wyngfelde College in Suffolke, and there buried. This ende had William de la Pole, first duke of Suffolke, as men iudge, by God's punyshment; for above all thinges he was noted to be the very organ, engine, and divisor of the destruction of Humfrey the good duke of Gloucester, and so the bloudde of the innocente man was with his dolorous death recompensed and punished." See Holinshed's *Chronicle*, p. 632, and Grafton's *Chronicle*, p. 610.

Page 48, line 31. Ioue sometime went disguisde, and why not I.] This line is omitted in the folio editions of the amended play, though completely necessary to the sense of what follows.

Page 48, line 33. Base Iadie groome.] A groom who attends upon inferior horses. Here, a term of reproach. See *Henry VIII.*, act iii., sc. 2.

Page 48, line 34. The honourable blood of Lancaster.] Blakeway says that this is a mistake, and that Suffolk's great grandfather was a merchant at Hull. But we learn from Hall that Suffolk assumed a good ancestry, and therefore this line was a natural ebullition of his vanity.

Page 49, line 7. Yes Poull.] This and the next line are omitted in the folio editions of the amended play, but are introduced by modern editors as necessary to the sense.

Page 49, line 12. Queene.] This word is placed at the end of the preceding line in the two editions of 1600.

Page 49, line 16. Abradas, the great Masadonian Pyrate.] In the amended play, we have—

"Small things make base men proud; this villain here,  
Being captain of a pinnace, threatens more  
Than Bargulus the strong Illyrian pirate."

Bargulus, or Βαρδούλλιος, as Plutarch writes it in the life of Pyrrhus, is mentioned by Cicero, *Bargulus Illyrius latro*. The change was perhaps made for the sake of the metre, "Macedonian" not well suiting the new construction of Suffolk's speech. Greene, in *Penelope's Web*, 1588, mentions "Abradas, the great Macedonian pirat," who "thought evry one had a letter of mart that bare sayles in the ocean." See Malone's *Shakespeare*, by Boswell, vol. xviii., p. 289. The second folio reads, "threats instead of "threatens."

Page 49, line 18. Addes.] Probably "adde."

Page 49, line 22. Hast not thou kist thy hand.] The two editions of 1600 read, "Hast not thou kist thine hand."

Page 50, line 23. Twas neuer merry world with vs.] A proverbial expression. "Then stept forth the Duke of Suffolke from the King, and spake with a hault countenance these words: It was never merry in England, quoth hee, while we had any Cardinals among us." Stowe's *Chronicle*, by Howes, fol. 1631, p. 546. See Malone's *Shakespeare*, by Boswell, vol. xviii., p. 294. The reading of the amended play renders this quotation still more apposite.

Page 50, line 23. Since these gentle men came vp.] The word "these" is judiciously omitted in the amended play.

Page 50, line 27. More.] The edition of 1619 reads, "else."

Page 50, line 33. All be.] The edition of 1619 reads, "be al."

Page 51, line 7. I, Iohn Cade, so named for my valiancie.] This passage is very obscure, unless he derives his name from the Latin *cado*, which is partially confirmed by the amended play, where he says, "our enemies shall fall before us." It would appear that something is omitted.

Page 51, line 8. A Cade of Sprats.] A measure less than a barrel. The quantity a cade should contain is ascertained by Malone by the following extract from the accounts of the celeress of the abbey of Berking: "Memorandum that a barrel of herryng shold contene a thousand herryngs, and a cade of herryng six hundred, six score to the hundred." Nash, in his *Praise of the Red Herring*, 1599, says, "the rebel Jacke Cade was the first that devised to put redde herrings in cades, and from him they have their name." Nash's account was, perhaps, borrowed from this play.

Page 51, line 10. He was an honest man.] In the edition of 1619 and the amended play, this speech is given to Dick Butcher.

Page 51, line 11. My mother came of the Brases.] The edition of 1619 reads,

"My mother was come of the *Lacies*."

Page 51, line 12. She was a Pedlers daughter.] In the edition of 1619 this speech is given to Nicke.

Page 51, line 14. Furd packe.] A wallet or knapsack of skin with the hair outward. See Malone's *Shakespeare* by Boswell, vol. xviii. p. 296.

Page 51, line 17. Therefore I am honourably borne.] The two editions of 1600 read, "Therefore I am honorable borne." Thus in the *Third Part of Henry VI.*, edit. 1623, p. 160, we have,

"Widow, goe you along: Lords, vse her honourable."

This word "honourable" is altered to "honourably" in the second edition of that play.

Page 51, line 18. I for the field.] The word "for" is omitted in the edition of 1619 and in the amended play.

Page 51, line 19. For his father.] The edition of 1619 reads, "because his father."

Page 51, line 24. His coate is of proofe.] Perhaps an exit ought to be marked here, as Will so soon afterwards enters "with the Clarke of Chattam."

Page 51, line 30. The three hoopt pot shall haue ten hoopes.] The old drinking-pots, being of wood, were bound together, as barrels are, with hoops, whence they were called *hoops*; and in *The Gul's Horn-Booke*, 1609, they are mentioned among other drinking-measures. See also Nash's *Pierce Penilesse*, 1592, ed. Collier, p. 103. Cade, says Douce, promises that every can which now had three hoops shall be increased in size so as to require ten.

Page 51, line 32. And if I be king.] The edition of 1619 leaves out the word "and," and the two editions of 1600 read, "And if be the king."

Page 52, line 3. But such as comes.] The edition of 1619 reads, "But such as come."

Page 52, line 4. We shall haue sore lawes then.] Stephano makes a similar pun in the *Tempest*, act. v. sc. 1.

Page 52, line 8. The Clarke of Chattam.] Ritson supposes him to have been Thomas Bayly, a necromancer at Whitechapel, and formerly a bosom friend of Cade. See *W. Wycestre*, p. 471. But Douce considers the character to have been invented by the writer of the play, and there certainly does not appear to be any evidence in favour of Ritson's conjecture.

Page 52, line 14. Sonnes.] A misprint for "sounes." It is corrected in the later impressions.

Page 52, line 17. I can tell you.] The edition of 1619 reads, "I tell ye."

Page 52, line 18. For they vse to write that oth top of letters.] Of letters missive, and public acts. In the *Famous Victories*, the Archbishop of Bruges says to King Henry :

"I beseech your grace to deliver mee your safe  
Conduct, under your broade seale *Emanuel*."

The edition of 1619 reads, "ore the top of letters," and, in the previous line, "I tell ye," instead of "I can tell you."

Page 52, line 19. And what do you vse.] The edition of 1619 reads, "What do ye vse."

Page 52, line 22. Nay, true sir.] The edition of 1619 reads, "Nay, truly sir."

Page 52, line 24. Oh hes confess.] The edition of 1619 has this speech

as follows: "Oh he has confess, go hang him with his pen and inkehorne about his necke."

Page 53, line 4. He knights Dicke Butcher.] The edition of 1619 reads, "He knights him," and places this direction at the end of the next line.

Page 53, line 6. Now sound vp the Drumme.] This forms part of Cade's speech in the edition of 1619.

Page 53, line 9. I passe not a pinne.] An idiomatic phrase of the time for I care not, or, I pay them no regard. "I care not a pin for you," is a common expression at the present day.

Page 53, line 15. His father was but a Brick-laier.] The word "but" is omitted in the edition of 1619.

Page 53, line 16. Well, and Adam was a Gardner.] The word "and" is omitted in the two editions of 1600.

Page 53, line 29. And that was my father.] The word "that" is omitted in the two editions of 1600.

Page 53, line 31. I know twas true.] The edition of 1619 reads, "I know was true," which Mr. Knight has corrected to "I know 'tis true."

Page 53, line 33. To testifie.] The edition of 1619 reads "to testifye it."

Page 54, line 1. In whose time boyes plaide at spanne-counter with Frenchie Crownes.] The amended play reads, "in whose time boys went to span-counter for French crowns." The commentators do not give any note on the game of span-counter, which Strutt and Nares suppose to have been thus played: one throws a counter, or piece of money, which the other wins if he can throw another so as to hit it, or lie within a span of it. It is alluded to by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"And what I now pull shall no more afflict me,  
Than if I play'd at span-counter."

Dr. Simon Forman, and his companion and "bedfellowe," Henry Gird, used to play at this game about 1570, as we learn from his diary in MS. Ashm. 208; but this curious document does not give us any information relative to the manner in which the game was played. A few leaves onwards, in the same volume, Forman gives us the following account, which is so good an illustration of the fact of deer-stealing being a fashionable amusement in the time of Shakespeare, that I cannot resist the temptation of inserting it here, especially, too, as it also affords an example of the ancient method of styling members of the university by the title of "sir," already alluded to. Forman is speaking of his college life when he tells us: "Nowe ther were too Bachelors of Arte that were too of his shife benefactors: the one of them was Sir Thornbury, that after was bishope of Limerike, and he was of Magdalen College; the other was Sir Pinckney, his cossine of St. Mary Halle. Thes too loyvd hym [Forman] nyng welle,

and many tymes wold make Simon to goo forth tho Loes the keper of Shottofer for his houndes to goo on huntinge from morninge to nighte, and they never studied nor gave themselves to their bockes, but to goo to scolles of defence, to the daunceing scolles, *to steall dear and conyes*, and to hunte the hare and to woinge of wenches; to goo to Doctor Lawrence of Cowly, for he had too fair daughters, Besse and Martha. Sir Thornbury he woed Besse; and Sir Pinckney he woed Martha, and in the end he married her; but Thornbury he deceyved Besse as the mayor's daughter of Bracy, of which Ephues writes, deceyved him. But ther was their ordinary haunt alwaies, and thethere muste Symon rone with the bottell and the bage erly and late." Thus if a bishop could steal deer when he was at college, surely Shakespeare could do so in his early career without his respectability being impeached by his editors, a sport then attended with as little loss of reputation as stealing knockers would be at the present day.

Page 54, line 9. England hath bene maimde.] The amended play reads, "main'd," so that this may be a pun on the word "Mayne," in the previous line. Daniel has a similar conceit in his *Civil Wars*, 1595 :

"Anjou and Maine, the *main* that foul appears."

Page 54, line 10. But that my puissance.] The two editions of 1600 read, "but that the puissance."

Page 54, line 31. Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother is slaine.] "A detachment was made against Jack Cade under the command of Sir Humphry and Sir William Stafford, to oppose those of Cade's men that remained in a body, imagining that most of them were retired to their several dwellings: but Cade having placed his troops in ambuscade in the woods about Sevenoke, the forces commanded by the Staffords were surrounded, and most of them either killed or taken prisoners, the two brothers who commanded them being killed on the spot."—Holinshed's *Chronicle, Henry VI.*, p. 364. The edition of 1619 reads, "where Sir Humfrey Stafford and his brother are both slaine."

Page 55, line 3. Thou.] The edition of 1619 reads, "and thou."

Page 55, line 5. For to morrow.] The edition of 1619 reads, "and to morrow."

Page 55, line 15. Reade.] This stage direction is omitted in the edition of 1619.

Page 55, line 15. One.] Perhaps "once."

Page 55, line 20. I feare my loue.] Malone prefers this reading to the "I fear me, love" of the folio editions of the amended play. The difference is one which might easily occur in printing.

Page 55, line 21. Thou wouldest not haue mournde.] The second folio reads, "Thou wouldest not half haue mourn'd."

Page 55, line 31. *Flie my Lord, and poste to Killingworth.*] “The king and court were so terrified at the approach of these rebels to Blackheath, that they retired to Kenelworth Castle in Warwickshire.”—Holinshed’s *Chronicle*, p. 364. Killingworth is the old name for Kenilworth, and Sir William Blackstone says it was the common pronunciation in his time. In Laneham’s letter, we find “the castle hath name of Kyllelingworth; but of truth, grounded upon faythfull story, Kenelwoorth.”

Page 56, line 9. *Enter three or foure Citizens below.*] This necessary stage direction is entirely omitted in the edition of 1619.

Page 56, line 21. *But get you to Smythfield.*] The second folio reads, “But get you into Smithfield.”

Page 56, line 22. *I will.*] These words are transposed in the edition of 1619.

Page 56, line 31. *And now hence forward.*] This and the next line are thus given in the two editions of 1600:—

“And now henceforth, it shall be treason  
For any that calls me otherwise then.”

The amended play agrees with our text.

Page 57, line 4. *My Lords.*] The edition of 1619 reads, “My lord.”

Page 57, line 7. *Set London Bridge a fire.*] The two editions of 1600 read, “set London Bridge on fire.” At that time the bridge was made of wood.

Page 57, line 10. *Then Mathew Goffe is slaine.*] This of course means in the course of the scene, and not necessarily before the arrival of Cade and his followers. He is described by Holinshed, p. 635, as “a man of great wit and much experience in feats of chivalrie, the which in continual warres had spent his time in serving of the king and his father.”

Page 57, line 13. *Go some and pull down the Sauoy.*] The word “some” is omitted in the edition of 1619. According to Ritson, this trouble had been saved Cade’s reformers by his predecessor, Wat Tyler, and was not rebuilt till the time of Henry VII.

Page 57, line 15. *Innes of the Court.*] The word “the” is omitted in the edition of 1619.

Page 57, line 19. *Burne all the Records.*] Reed says that a similar proposal was actually made in parliament in the time of the Commonwealth. But the objects were different. In that instance it was to settle the nation on a new foundation, whereas all Dicke appears to desire is the destruction of every thing connected with education and learning.

Page 57, line 22. *Henceforward all things.*] The edition of 1600, printed by W. W., reads, “al thing.”

Page 57, line 26. Should parchment.] These words are transposed in the edition of 1619. This speech occurs in act iv., sc. 2, of the amended play. Here it is act iv., sc. 7.

Page 57, line 31. I was neuer mine owne man since.] The second folio reads, "my" for "mine."

Page 57, line 34. Marry he that will.] This speech is printed as prose in the edition of 1619.

Page 58, line 1. Go with me, and.] These words are omitted in the edition of 1619.

Page 58, line 7. Thou Say, thou George, thou buckrum lord.] Cade here makes a pun on the word "say," which is explained by Minsheu to be a kind of woollen stuff. Spenser uses the word—

"All in a kirtle of discolour'd *say*  
He clothed was."

There seems also to be a play on the word *George* and *serge*, as it is spelt in the amended drama.

Page 58, line 14. The Kings Crowne and dignitie.] "Against the peace of the said lord the king, his crown, and dignity," was the regular language of indictments.

Page 58, line 16. Reades.] Perhaps "reade."

Page 58, line 17. Talkes.] Probably "talke."

Page 58, line 19. And besides all that.] The edition of 1619 reads, "And besides all this."

Page 58, line 20. Iustises of peace.] The edition of 1619 reads, "Iustices of the peace."

Page 58, line 24. Thou ridest on a footcloth doest thou not.] This passage, though completely necessary for the sense, is entirely omitted in the edition of 1619 and by Mr. Knight. This shows the value of the old copies. The first folio reads, "in a footcloth," but the edition of 1632 restores the old reading. A foot-cloth was a kind of housing which covered the body of the horse, and almost reached the ground. It was sometimes made of velvet, and bordered with gold lace. Bulleyne, in his *Dialogue*, 1574, says: "He gave me my mule also with a velvet footcloth." See *Richard III.*, act iii., sc. 4; and *2 Henry VI.*, act iv., sc. 1.

Page 58, line 31. Nothing but *bona terra*.] The edition of 1600, printed by W. W., reads, "Nothing but *terra bona*."

Page 59, line 3. Termde it the ciuel'st place of all this land.] So all the editions. The amended play reads—

"Kent, in the Commentaries Cæsar writ,  
Is term'd the civell'st place of all this isle;

Sweet is the country, because full of riches,  
The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy,  
Which makes me hope thou art not void of pity."

The first folio reads, "you are." I have printed from the second edition of 1632. The passage, as given in our text, cannot be correct; but Mr. Knight reads,

"Term'd *is* the civellest place of all this land."

I would rather read, "is term'd," the line running so much better, and transpositions frequently occur in these old copies. The passage in Cæsar which is referred to is as follows: "Ex his omnibus longe sunt humanissimi qui Cantium incolunt."—*Comment de bello Gallico*, v. 14. The passage is thus translated by Arthur Golding, 1565: "Of all the inhabitants of this isle, the *civilest* are the Kentisfolke," a sentence which occurs nearly word for word in Lyly's *Euphues and his England*, 1580: "Of all the inhabitants of this isle the Kentish-men are the *civilest*." Shakespeare, or rather the author of the *Contention*, had probably seen this last-mentioned book, the passage I have given being quoted by Malone. It may be mentioned that there was an edition of Golding's translation published in 1590, as Mr. Collier does not seem to be aware of this. See his *Shakespeare*, vol. v. p. 198.

Page 59, line 5. I lost not.] The edition of 1619 reads, "nor lost I."

Page 59, line 7. It is the palsie and not feare that makes me.] Peck thinks that this speech originates in a charm for an ague, which, however, I suspect he has altered to bring it nearer the present passage. Blagrave, in his *Astrological Practise of Physick*, p. 135, prescribes a cure of agues by a certain writing which the patient weareth, as follows: "When Jesus went up to the cross to be crucified, the Jews asked him, saying, 'Art thou afraid? or hast thou the ague?' Jesus answered, and said, 'I am not afraid, neither have I the ague. All those which bear the name of Jesus about them shall not be afraid, nor yet have the ague.' Amen, sweet Jesus, amen, sweet Jehovah, amen."—See Brand's *Popular Antiquities*, by Sir Henry Ellis, ed. 1842, vol. iii. p. 171.

Page 59, line 8. Thou nodst thy head, as who say.] The edition of 1619 reads,

"Nay, thou noddst thy head at vs, as who wouldest say."

Page 59, line 13. Cut off his head too.] "Cade ordered the Lord Mayor and Aldermen to assemble in Guildhall, in order to sit in judgement upon Lord Say; but, his lordship insisting upon his being tried by his peers, Cade hurried him from the bar, and struck off his head at the Standard in Cheapside. And afterwards meeting with Sir J. Cromer, who had married Lord Say's daughter, he cut off his head, ordering that and Lord Say's

to be carried before him on spears."—Holinshed, p. 364. See also Grey's *Notes upon Shakespeare*, vol. ii. p. 28. According to the contemporary chronicles, it was William Cromer whom Cade put to death. Lord Say and he had been previously sent to the Tower, and both, or at least the former, convicted of treason at Cade's mock commission at Guildhall.

Page 59, line 19. See.] Read "fee."

Page 59, line 22. In capitie.] A tenure *in capite*. This is an equivoque on the preceding line.

Page 59, line 23. As free as hart can thinke, or toong can tell.] There are several ancient grants from our early kings to their subjects, written in rude verse, and empowering them to enjoy their lands as "free as heart can wish or tongue can tell." Nearly the precise words occur in the Year Book of Henry VII. See Malone's *Shakespeare* by Boswell, vol. xviii. p. 321. The disgusting custom of the *Marchata Mulierum*, alluded to by Cade, is thus described by Skene, and affords us a very apposite illustration of the whole of this speech: "Marchequum significat prisca Scotorum lingua: hinc deducta metaphora ab equitando, Marcheta mulieris, dicitur virginalis pudicitiae prima violatio et delibatio, quæ, ab Eveno rege, dominis capitalibus fuit impie permissa de omnibus novis nuptis prima nuptiarum nocte; sed et pie a Malcomo tertio sublata fuit, et in hoc capite certo vacarum numero et quasi pretio redimitur." Dalrymple, however, denies the existence of such a custom, and Blackstone is of opinion that it never prevailed in England.

Page 59, line 28. Squench.] The edition of 1619 reads "quench." The other is still a provincial expression, and the older form of the word.

Page 60, line 7. Hees.] The edition of 1619 reads, "he is."

Page 60, line 8. His.] The edition of 1619 reads "on's."

Page 60, line 9. Cut out.] The edition of 1619 reads, "and cut out."

Page 60, line 12. Brane.] That is, "brain." The edition of 1619 reads "braue."

Page 60, line 16. And at euery lanes ende let them kisse togither.] "And as it were in a spite caused them in every street to kisse together."—Holinshed, p. 634. See also Hall's *Chronicles*, S. a. Farmer gives another parallel passage from the "Mirroure of Magistrates." Hall says, "to the great detestacion of all the beholders." See Malone's *Shakespeare* by Boswell, vol. xviii. p. 322.

Page 60, line 22. What meaneſt this mutinous rebellions.] The edition of 1600, printed by W. W., reads,

"What meaneſt this mutinous rebellion?"

while the edition of 1619 reads,

"What meaneſt these mutinous rebellions?"

Page 61, line 2. To bend your neckes vnder their seruile yokes.] The edition of 1600, printed by W. W., reads “ vnto ” instead of “ vnder.”

Page 61, line 3. Straightwaies.] The edition of 1619 reads “ straight way.”

Page 61, line 7. A word.] These words are omitted in the edition of 1619.

Page 61, line 16. There want no valiancy.] The edition printed by W. W. in 1600, and that of 1619, read “ there wants no valiancy.”

Page 61, line 19. And flies away.] The edition of 1619 reads, “ and then flies away.”

Page 61, line 30. So must it be.] The edition printed by W. W. in 1600 reads, “ so it must be.”

Page 61, line 32. And be it as he please.] The word “ it ” is omitted in the edition of 1619, and by Mr. Knight, though it seems necessary in the construction of the sentence.

Page 62, line 13. By that traitors meanes.] The edition of 1619 reads, “ by these traitors meanes.”

Page 63, line 3. Eate yron like an Astridge.] It may be worth while to observe that the edition of 1610 reads “ estridge,” alluding of course to the old myth of ostriches eating and digesting iron, concerning the truth of which Sir Thomas Browne and Alexander Ross fought a battle some two centuries ago. The word “ estridge ” occurs twice in Shakespeare, 1 *Henry IV.*, act iv. sc. 1., and *Antony and Cleopatra*, act iii. sc. ii., meaning a kind of hawk ; while the early editions of the amended play read “ ostridge ” in the corresponding passage to this. This affords an argument in favour of the early composition of the old play, if difference of orthography is ever any argument in works of Shakespeare’s time.

Page 63, line 8. Into my ground.] The edition printed by W. W. in 1600 reads, “ into the ground.”

Page 63, line 13. Yet and I do not.] The edition of 1619 reads, “ Yet if I do not.”

Page 63, line 14. As dead as a doore nayle.] This proverb is used by Pistol in 2 *Henry VI.*, act v., sc. 3. The *door nail* was the nail, on which, in ancient doors, the knocker strikes. See Malone’s *Shakespeare* by Boswell, vol. xvii., p. 225.

Page 63, line 16. It neuer shall.] The edition of 1619 reads, “ it shall never.”

Page 63, line 16. Whilst the world doth stand.] The edition of 1619 reads, “ whilst the world stands.”

Page 63, line 20. Ile combat thee.] The edition of 1619 reads, “ Ile combat with thee.”

Page 63, line 22. If thou doest not hew.] The edition printed by W. W. in 1600 reads, "if thou hewst not."

Page 63, line 23. I beseech God thou maist fal.] The edition of 1619 reads, "I would thou mightst fall," while the amended play has, "I beseech Jove." The difference between the editions of 1619 and 1594 was, perhaps, occasioned by the statute of 3 James I.; but the alteration in the folio may have been intentional, and is judiciously restored by Mr. Collier.

Page 63, line 24. Into some smiths hand.] The edition of 1619 reads, "into some smiths hands."

Page 63, line 34. Was it that monstrous Rebell which I haue slain.] Hall gives the following account of Cade's death: "After a proclamacion made that whosoever could apprehende the saied Jac Cade should have for his pain a m. markes, many sought for hym, but few espied hym, til one Alexander Iden, esquire of Kent, found hym in a garden, and there in hys defence manfully slewe the caitife Cade, and brought his ded body to London, whose hed was set on London bridge." The edition of 1619 reads, "was this that monstrous rebel."

Page 63, line 35. Oh, sword ile honour thee for this.] The edition printed by W. W. in 1600 reads, "O sword I honor thee for this." The edition of 1619 prints this speech as verse.

Page 64, line 4. And beare it.] The edition of 1619 reads, "and beare it to the king," these three words having dropped out in the Bodleian copy of our edition.

Page 64, line 9. Maiesta.] For "majestas."

Page 64, line 26. And not farre hence I know they cannot be.] The edition printed by W. W. in 1600 omits the word "not;" and it will be at once seen that this omission is necessary for the sense of the passage, although again inserted in the edition of 1619 and in Mr. Knight's. This part of York's speech is of course spoken aside.

Page 64, line 30. And heaue proud Somerset.] The same expression is used by Buckingham soon afterwards. In the amended play this line is altered, the other remaining as it was.

Page 64, line 33. No otherwise but so.] The edition of 1619 reads, "no otherwise then so."

Page 65, line 1. Grant.] Perhaps, "grants."

Page 65, line 10. Come York, thou shalt go speake.] Malone thinks that the omission of this line in the amended play is an error, but the entrance of King Henry is an accidental incident, and the scene does not require Buckingham's assumption of authority.

Page 65, line 23. Long liue Henry.] The edition of 1619 reads, "Long liue King Henry."

Page 66, line 9. A thousand markes a yeare to maintaine thee.] The edition printed by W. W. in 1600 reads:—

“A thousand markes a yeere for to maintaine thee.”

Page 66, line 13. I humbly thank your grace.] This speech is rather ambiguously worded, but seems to imply Iden's ready acceptance of Henry's bounty. The author, if this be the case, must have forgotten Iden's previous commendation of a country life, and his low idea of the value of court advautages.

Page 66, line 14. Then I proue iust and loyall to the King.] The edition printed by W. W. in 1600 reads:—

“Then I proue iust and loyall vnto my king.”

Page 66, line 15. Enter the Queene with the Duke of Somerset.] This direction is found in the same place in the folio editions of the amended play. Modern editors place it three lines lower. The original position does not involve any absurdity, for Somerset must at all events be within sight of the king, and we have only to suppose him just entering a large room.

Page 66, line 34. My sonnes shalbe my baile.] The second folio reads the corresponding passage as follows:—

“Sirrah, call in my sonnes to be my baile:

I know ere they will let me goe to Ward,

They'l pawne their Swords for my infranchisement;”

which contains *three* variations from the first, and all improvements, though modern editors have only adopted two of them. In the edition of 1619 this speech is erroneously given to the king.

Page 67, line 11. Do not affright vs.] The second folio reads, “do not affright me,” but York is now speaking as a sovereign.

Page 67, line 14. To Bedlam with him.] This is generally considered an anachronism, but Ritson quotes Stowe to prove that there was “an hospitall for distracted people” called St. Mary's of Bethlehem, as early as the thirteenth century. See *Survey of London*, 1598, p. 127, and Malone's *Shakespeare*, by Boswell, vol. xviii., p. 344.

Page 67, line 17. Why doth not.] The edition printed by W. W. in 1600 reads, “Why do not.”

Page 67, line 20. Shall be his baile.] The edition printed by W. W. in 1600 reads, “shall be his suretie,” an alteration which is partially adopted in the amended play.

Page 67, line 30. And at the other.] The edition of 1619 reads, “and at the other doore.”

Page 68, line 5. Burgonet.] A helmet. See *Antony and Cleopatra*, act i., sc. 5.

Page 68, line 6. By thy household badge.] The first folio reads “housed”

and the second “house’s” instead of “household.” The reading in our text is the correct one. This speech is exactly the same in the amended play with this exception. See Collier’s *Shakespeare*, vol. v., p. 216.

Page 68, line 7. Age.] Perhaps “badge,” though the alteration does not seem to be absolutely necessary.

Page 68, line 16. And so renowned soueraigne to Armes.] The first folio reads:—

“ And so to armes victorious Father ; ”

while the second folio has:—

“ And so to Armes victorious noble Father.”

This difference is not noticed by any of the editors of Shakespeare, although of some importance.

Page 68, line 27. And breathe thy last.] This is omitted in the amended play. The edition of 1619 inelegantly reads:—

“ So, lie thou there, and tumble in thy blood.”

Page 68, line 29. Then the prophesie is come to passe.] “There died under the sygne of the Castle, Edmond duke of Somerset, who long before was warned to eschew all castles, and besyde hym lay Henry the Second erle of Northumberland, Humfrey erle of Stafford,” &c.—Hall’s *Chronicle*.

Page 70, line 6. Yorke kils Clifford.] This is a departure from the truth of history; but it is very remarkable that a different account should be given by the author of *The True Tragedie*, if both these plays were, as is generally supposed, written by the same hand.

Page 70, line 13. Where may I.] The edition of 1619 reads, “Where I may.”

Page 70, line 29. Fights with him.] The word “with” is omitted in the edition of 1619.

Page 70, line 33. Ile trie my fortune better with thee yet.] The word “yet” is omitted in the edition printed by W. W. in 1600, but it is found in the edition of 1619.

Page 71, line 8. And summon a Parliament.] The edition of 1619 reads, “And summon vp a parliament.”

Page 71, line 11. And enter the Duke of Yorke.] The edition of 1619 adds “Edward.”

Page 71, line 26. Spirited.] The edition of 1619 reads, “spirited.”

Page 72, line 5. By my faith.] The amended play reads, “by my hand.”

Page 72, line 7. Shall be eternest.] This reading is peculiar to the present edition. The other reads, “eterniz’d,” which is also found in the amended play.

Page 72, line 8. Sound Drummes and Trumpets.] The first folio of the amended play reads, “Sound Drumme and Trumpets.”

THE

**TRUE TRAGEDIE OF RICHARD**

***DUKE OF YORKE, AND THE DEATH OF***

**GOOD KING HENRIE THE SIXT,**

*with the whole contention betweene  
the two Houses Lancaster  
and Yorke, as it was sundrie times  
acted by the Right Honoura-  
ble the Earle of Pem-  
brooke his seruants.*

Printed at London by P. S. for Thomas Milling-  
*ton, and are to be sold at his shoppe vnder*  
*Saint Peters Church in*  
*Cornwal. 1595.*



The true Tragedie of Richard Duke  
*of Yorke, and the good King*  
Henry the Sixt.

---

*Enter RICHARD Duke of YORKE, The Earle of WARWICKE, The Duke of NORFFOLKE, Marquis MONTAGUE, EDWARD Earle of MARCH, Crookeback RICHARD, and the yong Earle of RUTLAND, with Drumme and Soldiers, with white Roses in their hats.*

*Warwike.* I wonder how the king escapt our hands.  
*Yorke.* Whilst we pursude the horsemen of the North,  
He slilie stole awaie and left his men :  
Wherreat the great Lord of Northumberland,  
Whose warlike eares could neuer brooke retrait,  
Chargede our maine battels front, and therewith him  
Lord Stafford and Lord Clifford all abrest  
Brake in and were by the hands of common Souldiers  
slain.

*Edw.* Lord Staffords father Duke of Buckingham,  
Is either slaine or wounded dangerouslie,  
I cleft his Beuer with a downe right blow :  
Father that this is true behold his bloud.

*Mont.* And brother heeres the Earle of Wiltshires  
Bloud, whom I encountred as the battailes ioind.

*Rich.* Speake thou for me and tell them what I did.

*York.* What is your grace dead my L. of Summerset?

*Norf.* Such hope haue all the line of Iohn of Gawnt.

*Rich.* Thus doe I hope to shape king Henries head.

*War.* And so do I victorious prince of Yorke,  
Before I see thee seated in that throne  
Which now the house of Lancaster vsurpes,  
I vow by heauens these eies shal neuer close.  
This is the pallace of that fearefull king,  
And that the regall chaire? Possesse it Yorke:  
For this is thine and not king Henries heires.

*York* Assist me then sweet Warwike, and I wil:  
For hither are we broken in by force.

*Norf.* Weele all assist thee, and he that flies shall die.

*York.* Thanks gentle Norffolke. Staie by me my Lords,  
and souldiers staie you heere and lodge this night:

*War.* And when the king comes offer him no Violence, vnlesse he seek to put vs out by force.

*Rich.* Armde as we be, lets staie within this house?

*War.* The bloudie parlement shall this be calde,  
Vnlesse Plantagenet Duke of Yorke be king  
And bashfull Henrie be deposde, whose cowardise  
Hath made vs by-words to our enemies.

*York.* Then leaue me not my Lords: for now I meane  
To take possession of my right.

*War.* Neither the king, nor him that loues him best,

The proudest burd that holds vp Lancaster.  
Dares stirre a wing if Warwike shake his bels.  
Ile plant Plantagenet: and root him out who dares?  
Resolute thee Richard: Claime the English crowne.

*Enter king HENRIE the sixt, with the Duke of EXCESTER,  
The Earle of NORTHUMBERLAND, the Earle of WEST-  
MERLAND and CLIFFORD, the Earle of CUMBERLAND,  
with red Roses in their hats.*

*King.* Looke Lordings where the sturdy rebel sits,  
Euen in the chaire of state: belike he meanes  
Backt by the power of Warwike that false peere,  
To aspire vnto the crowne, and raigne as king.  
Earle of Northumberland, he slew thy father:  
And thine Clifford: and you both haue vow'd reuenge,  
On him, his sonnes, his fauorites, and his friends.

*Northu.* And if I be not, heauens be reuengd on me.

*Clif.* The hope thereof, makes Clifford mourn in  
steel.

*West.* What? shall we suffer this, lets pull him  
downe

My hart for anger breakes, I cannot speake.

*King.* Be patient gentle Earle of Westmerland.

*Clif.* Patience is for pultrouns such as he  
He durst not sit there had your father liu'd?  
My gratioues Lord: here in the Parlement,  
Let vs assaile the familie of Yorke.

*North.* Well hast thou spoken cosen, be it so,

*King.* O know you not the Cittie fauours them,  
And they haue troopes of soldiers at their becke?

*Exet.* But when the D. is slaine, theile quicklie flie.

*King.* Far be it from the thoughtes of Henries hart,  
To make a shambles of the parlement house.  
Cosen of Exeter, words, frownes, and threats,  
Shall be the warres that Henrie meanes to vse.  
Thou factious duke of Yorke, descend my throne,  
I am thy soueraigne.

*York.* Thou art deceiu'd: I am thine.

*Exet.* For shame come downe he made thee D. of Yorke.

*York.* Twas my inheritance as the kingdome is.

*Exet.* Thy father was a traytor to the crowne.

*War.* Exeter thou art a traitor to the crowne,

In following this vsurping Henry.

*Clif.* Whom should he follow but his naturall king.

*War.* True Clif. and that is Richard Duke of Yorke.

*King.* And shall I stande while thou sittest in my throne?

*York.* Content thy selfe it must and shall be so.

*War.* Be Duke of Lancaster, let him be king.

*West.* Why? he is both king & Duke of Lancaster,  
And that the Earle of Westmerland shall mainetaine.

*War.* And Warwike shall disproue it. You forget  
That we are those that chaste you from the field  
And slew your father, and with colours spred,  
Marcht through the Cittie to the pallas gates.

*Nor.* No Warwike I remember it to my grieve,  
And by his soule thou and thy house shall rew it.

*West.* Plantagenet of thee and of thy sonnes,  
Thy kinsmen and thy friendes, Ile haue more liues,  
Then drops of bloud were in my fathers vaines.

*Clif.* Vrge it no more, least in reuenge thereof,  
I send thee Warwike such a messenger,  
As shall reueng his death before I stirre.

*War.* Poore Clifford, how I skorn thy worthles threats

*York.* Wil ye we shew our title to the crowne,  
Or else our swords shall plead it in the field?

*King.* What title haste thou traitor to the Crowne?  
Thy father was as thou art Duke of Yorke,  
Thy grandfather Roger Mortimer earle of March,  
I am the sonne of Henrie the Fift who tamde the French,

And made the Dolphin stoope, and seazd vpon their  
Townes and prouinces.

*War.* Talke not of France since thou hast lost it all.

*King.* The Lord protector lost it and not I,  
When I was crownd I was but nine months old.

*Rich.* You are olde enough now and yet me thinkes you  
lose,

Father teare the Crowne from the Vsurpers head.

*Edw.* Do so sweet father, set it on your head.

*Mont.* Good brother as thou lou'st & honorst armes,  
Lets fight it out and not stand cauilling thus.

*Rich.* Sound drums and trumpets & the king will  
fly.

*York.* Peace sonnes :

*Northum.* Peace thou and giue king Henry leaue to  
speak.

*King.* Ah Plantagenet, why seekest thou to depose  
me ?

Are we not both both Plantagenets by birth,  
And from two brothers lineallie discent ?

Suppose by right and equitie thou be king,  
Thinkst thou that I will leaue my kinglie seate

Wherein my father and my grandsire sat ?

No, first shall warre vnpeople this my realme,  
I and our colours often borne in France,

And now in England to our harts great sorrow  
Shall be my winding sheete, why faint you Lords ?

My titles better farre than his.

*War.* Proue it Henrie and thou shalt be king ?

*King.* Why Henrie the fourth by conquest got the  
Crowne.

*York.* T'was by rebellion gainst his soueraigne.

*King.* I know not what to saie my titles weake,  
Tell me maie not a king adopt an heire ?

*War.* What then ?

*King.* Then am I lawfull king. For Richard  
The second in the view of manie Lords  
Resigne the Crowne to Henrie the fourth,  
Whose heire my Father was, and I am his.

*York* I tell thee he rose against him being his  
Soueraigne, & made him to resigne the crowne per-  
force.

*War.* Suppose my Lord he did it ynconstrainde,  
Thinke you that were preiudicall to the Crowne ?

*Exet.* No, for he could not so resigne the Crowne,  
But that the next heire must succeed and raigne.

*King.* Art thou against vs, Duke of Exceter ?

*Exet.* His is the right, and therefore pardon me.

*King.* All will reuolt from me and turne to him.

*Northum.* Plantagenet for all the claime thou laist,  
Thinke not king Henry shall be thus deposde ?

*War.* Deposde he shall be in despight of thee.

*North.* Tush Warwike, Thou art deceiued ? tis not  
thy

Southerne powers of Essex, Suffolke, Norffolke, and of  
Kent. that makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,  
Can set the Duke vp in despight of me.

*Cliff.* King Henrie be thy title right or wrong,  
Lord Clifford vowes to fight in thy defence.  
Maie that ground gape and swallow me aliuie,  
Where I do kneele to him that slew my father.

*King.* O Clifford, how thy words reuiue my soule.

*York.* Henry of Lancaster resigne thy crowne.  
What mutter you ? or what conspire you Lords ?

*War.* Doe right vnto this princelie Duke of Yorke,  
Or I will fill the house with armed men,

*Enter Souldiers.*

And ouer the chaire of state where now he sits,  
Wright vp his title with thy vsurping bloud.

*King.* O Warwike, heare me speake.  
Let me but raigne in quiet whilst I liue.

*York.* Confirme the crowne to me and to mine heires  
And thou shalt raigne in quiet whilst thou liu'st.

*King.* Conuey the souldiers hence, and then I will.

*War.* Captaine conduct them into Tuthill fieldes.

*Clif.* What wrong is this vnto the Prince your son?

*War.* What good is this for England and himselfe?

*Northum.* Base, fearefull, and despairing Henry.

*Clif.* How hast thou wronged both thy selfe and vs?

*West.* I cannot staie to heare these Articles. [Exit.]

*Clif.* Nor I, Come cosen lets go tell the Queene.

*Northum.* Be thou a pracie vnto the house of Yorke,  
And die in bands for this vnkingly deed. [Exit.]

*Clif.* In dreadfull warre maist thou be ouercome,  
Or liue in peace abandon'd and despisde. [Exit.]

*Exet.* They seeke reuenge, and therefore will not yeld  
my Lord.

*King.* Ah Exeter?

*War.* Why should you sigh my Lord?

*King.* Not for my selfe Lord Warwike, but my  
sonne,  
Whom I vnnaturallie shall disinherite.  
But be it as it maie: I heere intaile the Crowne  
To thee and to thine heires, conditionallie,  
That here thou take thine oath, to cease these ciuill  
Broiles, and whilst I liue to honour me as thy king and  
Soueraigne.

*York.* That oath I willinglie take and will performe.

*War.* Long liue king Henry. Plantagenet embrace  
him?

*King.* And long liue thou and all thy forward sonnes.

*York.* Now Yorke and Lancaster are reconcilde.

*Exet.* Accurst be he that seekes to make them foes,  
[Sound Trumpets.]

*York* My Lord Ile take my leaue, for Ile to Wakefield,  
To my castell. *[Exit Yorke and his sonnes.*  
*War.* And ile keepe London with my souldiers. *[Exit.*  
*Norf* And Ile to Norffolke with my followers. *[Exit.*  
*Mont.* And I to the sea from whence I came. *[Exit.*

*Enter the Queene and the Prince.*

*Exet.* My Lord here comes the Queen, Ile steale away.

*King.* And so will I.

*Queene.* Naie staie, or else I follow thee.

*King* Be patient gentle Queene, and then Ile staie.

*Quee.* What patience can there? ah timerous man,  
Thou hast vndoone thy selfe, thy sonne, and me,  
And giuen our rights vnto the house of Yorke.  
Art thou a king and wilt be forst to yeeld?  
Had I beene there, the souldiers should haue tost  
Me on their launces points, before I would haue  
Granted to their wils. The Duke is made  
Protector of the land: Sterne Fawconbridge  
Commands the narrow seas And thinkst thou then  
To sleepe secure? I heere diuorce me Henry  
From thy bed, vntill that Act of Parlement  
Be recalde, wherein thou yeeldest to the house of  
Yorke.

The Northen Lords that haue forsworne thy colours,  
Will follow mine if once they see them spred,  
And spread they shall vnto thy deepe disgrace.  
Come sonne, lets awaie and leaue him heere alone.

*King.* Staie gentle Margaret, and here me speake.

*Queene.* Thou hast spoke too much alreadie, therefore  
be still.

*King.* Gentle sonne Edward, wilt thou staie with me?

*Quee.* I, to be murdred by his enemies. *[Exit.*

*Prin.* When I returne with victorie from the field,  
Ile see your Grace, till then Ile follow her. [Exit.

*King.* Poore Queene, her loue to me and to the prince  
Her sonne,  
Makes hir in furie thus forget hir selfe.  
Reuenged maie shee be on that accursed Duke.  
Come cosen of Exeter, staie thou here,  
For Clifford and those Northern Lords be gone  
I feare towards Wakefield, to disturbe the Duke.

*Enter EDWARD, and RICHARD, and MONTAGUE.*

*Edw.* Brother, and cosen Montague, giue mee leaue to  
speake.

*Rich.* Nay, I can better plaie the Orator.

*Mont.* But I haue reasons strong and forceable.

*Enter the Duke of YORKE.*

*York.* Howe nowe sonnes what at a iarre amongst  
your selues?

*Rich.* No father, but a sweete contention, about that  
which concernes your selfe and vs, The crowne of Eng-  
land father.

*York.* The crowne boy, why Henries yet aliue,  
And I haue sworne that he shall raigne in quiet till  
His death.

*Edw.* But I would breake an hundred othes to raigne  
one yeare.

*Rich* And if it please your grace to giue me leaue,  
Ile shew your grace the waie to saue your oath,  
And dispossesse king Henrie from the crowne.

*Yorke* I prethe Dicke let me heare thy deuise.

*Rich.* Then thus my Lord. An oath is of no mo-  
ment

Being not sworne before a lawfull magistrate.  
Henry is none but doth vsurpe your right,

And yet your grace stands bound to him by oath.  
Then noble father resolute your selfe,  
And once more claime the crowne.

*Yorke* I, saist thou so boie? why then it shall be so.  
I am resolute to win the crowne, or die.  
Edward, rhou shalt to Edmund Brooke Lord Cobham,  
With whom the Kentishmen will willinglie rise:  
Thou cosen Montague, shalt to Norffolke straight,  
And bid the Duke to muster vppe his souldiers,  
And come to me to Wakefield presentlie.  
And Richard thou to London strait shalt post,  
And bid Richard Neuill Earle of Warwike  
To leaue the cittie, and with his men of warre,  
To meete me at Saint Albons ten daies hence.  
My selfe heere in Sandall castell will prouide  
Both men and monie to furder our attempts.  
Now, what newes?

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* My Lord, the Queene with thirtie thousand men,  
Accompanied with the Earles of Cumberland,  
Nnrthumberland and Westmerland, and others of the  
House of Lancaster, are marching towards Wakefield,  
To besiege you in your castell heere.

*Enter sir Iohn and sir HUGH MORTIMER.*

*Yorke* A Gods name, let them come. Cosen Montague post you hence: and boies staie you with me.

Sir Iohn and sir Hugh Mortemers mine vncles,  
Your welcome to Sandall in an happie houre,  
The armie of the Queene meanes to besiege vs.

*Sir Iohn.* Shee shall not neede my Lorde, weele meete her in the field.

*York* What with fие thousand souldiers vncle?

*Rich.* I father, with fие hundred for a need,  
A womans generall, what should you feare?

*York.* Indeed, manie braue battels haue I woon  
In Normandie, when as the enimie  
Hath bin ten to one, and why should I now doubt  
Of the like successe? I am resolu'd. Come lets goe.

*Edw.* Lets martch awaie, I heare their drums.

[*Exit.*]

*Alarmes, and then Enter the yong Earle of RUTLAND and his Tutor.*

*Tutor.* Oh flie my Lord, lets leaue the Castell,  
And flie to Wakefield straight.

*Enter CLIFFORD.*

*Rut.* O Tutor, looke where bloudie Clifford comes.

*Clif.* Chaplin awaie, thy Priesthood saues thy life,  
As for the brat of that accursed Duke  
Whose father slew my father, he shall die.

*Tutor* Oh Clifford spare this tender Lord, least  
Heauen reuenge it on thy head: Oh sauе his life.

*Clif.* Soldiers awaie and drag him hence perforce:  
Awaie with the villaine. [Exit the Chaplein.  
How now, what dead alreadie? or is it feare that  
Makes him close his eies? Ile open them.

*Rut.* So lookes the pent vp Lion on the lambe,  
And so he walkes insulting ouer his prae,  
And so he turnes againe to rend his limmes in sunder,  
Oh Clifford, kill me with thy sword, and  
Not with such a cruell threatening looke,  
I am too meane a subiect for thy wrath,  
Be thou reuengde on men, and let me liue.

*Clif.* In vaine thou speakest poore boy: my fathers  
Bloud hath stopt the passage where thy wordes shoulde  
enter.

*Rut.* Then let my fathers blood ope it againe? he is a  
Man, and Clifford cope with him.

*Clif.* Had I thy brethren here, their liues and thine  
Were not reuenge sufficient for me.

Or should I dig vp thy forefathers graues,  
And hang their rotten coffins vp in chaines,  
It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my hart.  
The sight of anie of the house of Yorke,  
Is as a furie to torment my soule.

Therefore till I root out that curssed line  
And leaue not one on earth, Ile liue in hell therefore.

*Rut.* Oh let me prae, before I take my death.  
To thee I prae: Sweet Clifford pittie me.

*Clif.* I, such pittie as my rapiers point affords.

*Rut.* I neuer did thee hurt, wherefore wilt thou kill mee?

*Clif.* Thy father hath.

*Rut.* But twas ere I was borne:  
Thou hast one sonne, for his sake pittie me,  
Least in reuenge thereof, sith God is iust,  
He be as miserablie slaine as I.  
Oh, let me liue in prison all my daies,  
And when I giue occasion of offence,  
Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.

*Clif.* No cause? Thy Father slew my father, therefore  
Die.

Plantagenet I come Plantagenet,  
And this thy sonnes blood cleauing to my blade,  
Shall rust vpon my weapon, till thy bloud  
Congeald with his, doe make me wipe off both. [Exit.

*Alarmes, Enter the duke of YORKE solus.*

*Yorke* Ah Yorke, post to thy castell, sauе thy life,  
The goale is lost thou house of Lancaster,  
Thrise happie chance is it for thee and thine,  
That heauen abridgde my daies and cals me hence,

But God knowes what chance hath betide my sonnes :  
 But this I know they haue demeand themselues,  
 Like men borne to renowne by life or death :  
 Three times this daie came Richard to my sight,  
 And cried courage Father : Victorie or death.  
 And twise so oft came Edward to my view,  
 With purple Faulchen painted to the hilts,  
 In bloud of those whom he had slaughtered.  
 Oh harke, I heare the drums ? No waie to flie :  
 No waie to saue my life ? And heere I staie :  
 And heere my life must end.

*Enter the Queene, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND,  
 and souldiers.*

Come bloudie Clifford, rough Northumberland,  
 I dare your quenchlesse furie to more bloud :  
 This is the But, and this abides your shot.

[Sig. B.]

*Northum.* Yeeld to our mercies proud Plantagenet.  
*Clif.* I, to such mercie as his ruthfull arme  
 With downe right painment lent vnto my father,  
 Now Phaeton hath tumbled from his carre,  
 And made an euening at the noone tide pricke.

*York.* My ashes like the Phoenix maie bring forth  
 A bird that will reuenge it on you all,  
 And in that hope I cast mine eies to heauen,  
 Skorning what ere you can afflict me with :  
 Why staie you Lords ? what, multitudes and feare ?

*Clif.* So cowards fight when they can flie no longer :  
 So Douses doe pecke the Rauens piersing tallents :  
 So desperate theeues all hopelesse of their liues,  
 Breath out inuectiues against the officers.

*York.* Oh Clifford, yet bethinke thee once againe,  
 And in thy minde orerun my former time :  
 And bite thy toung that slanderst him with cowardise,  
 Whose verie looke hath made thee quake ere this.

*Clif.* I will not bandie with thee word for word,  
But buckle with thee blowes twise two for one.

*Queene.* Hold valiant Clifford for a thousand causes,  
I would prolong the traitors life a while.  
Wrath makes him death, speake thou Northumberland.

*Nor.* Hold Clifford, doe not honour him so much,  
To pricke thy finger though to wound his hart:  
What valure were it when a curre doth grin,  
For one to thrust his hand betweene his teeth,  
When he might spurne him with his foote awaie?  
Tis warres prise to take all aduantages,  
And ten to one, is no impeach in warres.

[*Fight and take him.*]

*Cliff.* I, I, so striues the Woodcocke with the gin.

*North.* So doth the cunnie struggle with the net.

*York.* So triumphs theeues vpon their conquered  
Bootie : So true men yeeld by robbers ouermatcht.

*North.* What will your grace haue done with him ?

*Queen.* Braue warriors, Clifford & Northumberland  
Come make him stand vpon this molehill here,  
That aimde at mountaines with outstretched arme,  
And parted but the shaddow with his hand.

Was it you that reuelde in our Parlement,  
And made a prechment of your high descent?  
Where are your messe of sonnes to backe you now ?  
The wanton Edward, and the lustie George ?

Or where is that valiant Crookbackt prodegie ?  
Dickey your boy, that with his grumbling voice,  
Was wont to cheare his Dad in mutinies ?  
Or amongst the rest, where is your darling Rutland ?  
Looke Yorke ? I dipt this napkin in the bloud,  
That valiant Clifford with his rapiers point,  
Made issue from the bosome of thy boy.  
And if thine eies can water for his death,

I giue thee this to drie thy cheeks withall.  
Alas poore Yorke ? But that I hate thee much,  
I should lament thy miserable state ?  
I prethee greeue to make me merrie Yorke ?  
Stamp, rauue and fret, that I maie sing and dance.  
What ? hath thy fierie hart so parcht thine entrailes,  
That not a teare can fall for Rutlands death ?  
Thou wouldest be feede I see to make me sport.  
Yorke cannot speake, vnlesse he weare a crowne.  
A crowne for Yorke ? and Lords bow low to him.  
So : hold you his hands, whilst I doe set it on.  
I, now lookest he like a king ?  
This is he that tooke king Henries chaire,  
And this is he was his adopted aire.  
But how is it that great Plantagenet,  
Is crownd so soone, and broke his holie oath,  
As I bethinke me you should not be king,  
Till our Henry had shooke hands with death,  
And will you impale your head with Henries glorie,  
And rob his temples of the Diadem  
Now in this life against your holie oath ?  
Oh, tis a fault too too vpardonable.  
Off with the crowne, and with the crowne his head,  
And whilst we breath, take time to doe him dead.

*Clif.* Thats my office for my fathers death.

*Queen.* Yet stay : & lets here the Orisons he makes.

*York.* She wolfe of France, but worse than Wolues of  
France :

Whose tongue more poison'd then the Adders tooth :  
How ill beseeming is it in thy sexe,  
To triumph like an Amazonian trull  
Vpon his woes, whom Fortune captiuates ?  
But that thy face is visard like, vnchanging,  
Made impudent by vse of euill deeds :  
I would assaie, proud Queene, to make thee blush :

To tell thee of whence thou art, from whom deriu'de,  
Twere shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not  
shamelesse.

Thy father beares the type of king of Naples,  
Of both the Cissiles and Ierusalem,  
Yet not so wealthie as an English Yeoman.  
Hath that poore Monarch taught thee to insult ?  
It needs not, or it bootes thee not proud Queene,  
Vnlesse the Adage must be verifide :  
That beggers mounted, run their horse to death.  
Tis beautie, that oft makes women proud,  
But God he wots thy share thereof is small.  
Tis gouernment, that makes them most admirde,  
The contrarie doth make thee wondred at.  
Tis vertue that makes them seeme deuine,  
The want thereof makes thee abhominable.  
Thou art as opposite to euerie good,  
As the Antipodes are vnto vs,  
Or as the south to the Septentrion.  
Oh Tygers hart wrapt in a womans hide ?  
How couldst thou draine the life bloud of the childe,  
To bid the father wipe his eies withall,  
And yet be seene to beare a womans face ?  
Women are milde, pittifull, and flexible,  
Thou indurate, sterne, rough, remorcelesse.  
Bids thou me rage ? why now thou hast thy will.  
Wouldst haue me weepe ? why so thou hast thy wish,  
For raging windes blowes vp a storme of teares,  
And when the rage alaies the raine begins.  
These teares are my sweet Rutlands obsequies,  
And euerie drop begs vengeance as it fals,  
On thee fell Clifford, and the false French woman.  
*North.* Beshrew me but his passions moue me so,  
As hardlie I can checke mine eies from teares.  
*York.* That face of his the hungry Cannibals

Could not haue tucht, would not haue staind with  
bloud

But you are more inhumaine, more inexorable,  
O ten times more then Tygers of Arcadia.

See ruthlesse Queene a haplesse fathers teares.

This cloth thou dipts in bloud of my sweet boy,  
And loe with teares I wash the bloud awaie.

Keepe thou the napkin and go boast of that,  
And if thou tell the heauie storie well,

Vpon my soule the hearers will sheed teares,  
I, euen my foes will sheed fast falling teares,  
And saie, alas, it was a pitteous deed.

Here, take the crowne, and with the crowne my curse,  
And in thy need such comfort come to thee,  
As now I reape at thy two cruell hands.

Hard-harted Clifford, take me from the world,  
My soule to heauen, my bloud vpon your heads.

*North.* Had he bin slaughterman of all my kin,  
I could not chuse but weepe with him to see,  
How inlie anger gripes his hart.

*Quee.* What weeping ripe, my Lorde Northumber-  
land?

Thinke but vpon the wrong he did vs all,  
And that will quicklie drie your melting tears.

*Clif.* Thears for my oath, thears for my fathers death.

*Queene.* And thears to right our gentle hارتed kind.

*York.* Open thy gates of mercie gratiouſ God,  
My soule flies foorth to meet with thee.

*Queene.* Off with his head and set it on Yorke Gates,  
So Yorke maie ouerlooke the towne of Yorke.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter EDWARD and RICHARD, with drum and Souldiers.*

*Edw.* After this dangerous fight and haplesse warre,  
How doth my noble brother Richard fare?

*Rich.* I cannot ioy vntil I be resolu'de,  
 Where our right valiant father is become.  
 How often did I see him beare himselfe,  
 As doth a lion midst a heard of neat,  
 So fled his enemies our valiant father,  
 Me thinkes tis pride enough to be his sonne.

[*Three sunnes appeare in the aire.*

*Edw.* Loe how the morning opes her golden gates,  
 And takes her farewell of the glorious sun,  
 Dasell mine eies or doe I see three suns?

*Rich.* Three glorious suns, not seperated by a rack-  
 ing  
 Cloud, but seuered in a pale cleere shining skie.  
 See, see, they ioine, embrace, and seeme to kisse,  
 As if they vowde some league inuolate :  
 Now are they but one lampe, one light, one sun,  
 In this the heauens doth figure some euent.

*Edw.* I thinke it cites vs brother to the field,  
 That we the sonnes of braue Plantagenet,  
 Alreadie each one shining by his meed,  
 May ioine in one and ouerpeere the world,  
 As this the earth, and therefore hence forward,  
 Ile beare vpon my Target, three faire shining suns.  
 But what art thou ? that lookest so heauilie?

*Mes.* Oh one that was a wofull looker on,  
 When as the noble Duke of Yorke was slaine.

*Edw.* O speake no more, for I can heare no more.

*Rich.* Tell on thy tale, for I will heare it all.

*Mes.* When as the noble Duke was put to flight,  
 And then pursu'de by Clifford and the Queene,  
 And manie souldiers moe, who all at once  
 Let driue at him and forst the Duke to yeeld :  
 And then they set him on a molehill there,  
 And crownd the gratiouse Duke in high despite,  
 Who then with teares began to waile his fall.

The ruthlesse Queene perciuing he did weepe,  
Gauē him a handkercher to wipe his eies,  
Dipt in the bloud of sweet young Rutland  
But rough Clifford slaine : who weeping tooke it vp.  
Then through his brest they thrust their bloudy  
swordes,  
Who like a lambe fell at the butchers feete.  
Then on the gates of Yorke they set his head,  
And there it doth remaine the piteous spectacle  
That ere mine eies beheld.

*Edw.* Sweet Duke of Yorke our prop to leane vpon,  
Now thou art gone there is no hope for vs :  
Now my soules pallace is become a prison.  
Oh would she breake from compasse of my breast,  
For neuer shall I haue more ioie.

*Rich.* I cannot weepe, for all my breasts moisture  
Scarse serues to quench my furnace burning hart :  
I cannot ioie till this white rose be dide,  
Euen in the hart bloud of the house of Lancaster.  
Richard, I bare thy name, and Ile reuenge thy death,  
Or die my selfe in seeking of reuenge.

*Edw.* His name that valiant Duke hath left with  
thee,  
His chaire and Dukedom that remaines for me.

*Rich.* Nay, if thou be that princely Eagles bird,  
Shew thy descent by gazing against the sunne.  
For chaire, and dukedom, Throne and kingdome saie :  
For either that is thine, or else thou wert not his ?

*Enter the Earle of WARWIKE, MONTAGUE, with drum,  
ancient, and souldiers.*

*War.* How now faire Lords : what fare ? what newes  
abroad ?

*Rich.* Ah Warwike ? should we report the balefull

Newes, and at each words deliurance stab poinyardes  
In our flesh till all were told, the words would adde  
More anguish then the wounds.

Ah valiant Lord the Duke of Yorke is slaine.

*Edw.* Ah Warwike Warwike, that Plantagenet,  
Which held thee deere : I, euen as his soules redemption,  
Is by the sterne L. Clifford, done to death.

*War.* Ten daies a go I drownd those newes in teares.  
And now to adde more measure to your woes,  
I come to tell you things since then befalne.  
After the bloudie fraie at Wakefield fought,  
Where your braue father breath'd his latest gaspe,  
Tidings as swiftlie as the post could runne,  
Was brought me of your losse, and his departure.  
I then in London keeper of the King,  
Mustred my souldiers, gathered flockes of friends,  
And verie well appointed as I thought,  
Marcht to saint Albons to entercept the Queene,  
Bearing the King in my behalfe along,  
For by my scoutes I was aduertised,  
That she was comming, with a full intent  
To dash your late decree in parliament,  
Touching king Henries heires and your succession.  
Short tale to make, we at Saint Albons met,  
Our battels ioinde, and both sides fiercelie fought :  
But whether twas the coldnesse of the king,  
He lookt full gentlie on his warlike Queene,  
That robde my souldiers of their heated spleene.  
Or whether twas report of his successe,  
Or more then common feare of Cliffords rigor,  
Who thunders to his captaines bloud and death,  
I cannot tell. But to conclude with truth,  
Their weapons like to lightnings went and came.  
Our souldiers like the night Owles lasie flight,

Or like an idle thresher with a flaile,  
Fel gentlie downe as if they smote their friends.  
I cheerd them vp with iustice of the cause,  
With promise of hie paie and great rewardes,  
But all in vaine, they had no harts to fight,  
Nor we in them no hope to win the daie,  
So that We fled. The king vnto the Queene,  
Lord George your brother, Norffolke, and my selfe,  
In hast, poste hast, are come to ioine with you,  
For in the marches here we heard you were,  
Making another head to fight againe.

*Edw.* Thankes gentle Warwike.  
How farre hence is the Duke with his power?  
And when came George from Burgundie to England?

*War.* Some fие miles off the Duke is with his power,  
But as for your brother he was latelie sent  
From your kind Aunt, Duches of Burgundie,  
With aide of souldiers against this needfull warre.

*Rich.* Twas ods belike, when valiant Warwike fled.  
Oft haue I heard thy praises in pursute,  
But nere till now thy scandall of retire.

*War.* Nor now my scandall Richard dost thou heare,  
For thou shalt know that this right hand of mine,  
Can plucke the Diadem from faint Henries head,  
And wring the awefull scepter from his fist:  
Were he as famous and as bold in warre,  
As he is famde for mildnesse, peace and praier.

*Rich.* I know it well Lord Warwike blame me  
not,  
Twas loue I bare thy glories made me speake.  
But in this troublous time, whats to be done?  
Shall we go throw away our coates of steele,  
And clad our bodies in blacke mourning gownes,  
Numbring our *Auemaries* with our beades?  
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes,

Tell our deuotion with reuengefull armes ?  
If for the last, saie I, and to it Lords.

*War.* Why therefore Warwike came to find you out,  
And therefore comes my brother Montague.  
Attend me Lords, the proud insulting Queene,  
With Clifford, and the haught Northumberland,  
And of their feather manie mo proud birdes,  
Haue wrought the easie melting king like waxe.  
He sware consent to your succession,  
His oath inrolled in the Parliament.  
But now to London all the crew are gone,  
To frustrate his oath or what besides  
May make against the house of Lancaster.  
Their power I gesse them fifty thousand strong.  
Now if the helpe of Norffolke and my selfe,  
Can but amount to 48. thousand,  
With all the friendes that thou braue earle of March,  
Among the louing Welshmen canst procure,  
Why via, To London will we march amaine,  
And once againe bestride our foming steedes,  
And once againe crie charge vpon the foe,  
But neuer once againe turne backe and flie.

*Rich.* I, now me thinkes I heare great Warwike speake;  
Nere maie he liue to see a sunshine daie,  
That cries retire, when Warwike bids him stay.

*Edw.* Lord Warwike, on thy shoulder will I leane,  
And when thou faints, must Edward fall :  
Which perill heauen forefend.

*War.* No longer Earle of March, but Duke of Yorke,  
The next degree, is Englands royall king :  
And king of England shalt thou be proclaimde,  
In euery burrough as we passe along :  
And he that casts not vp his cap for ioie,  
Shall for the offence make forfeit of his head.  
King Edward, valiant Richard, Montague,

Stay we no longer dreaming of renowne,  
But forward to effect these resolutions.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* The Duke of Norffolke sends you word by me,  
The Queene is comming with a puissant power,  
And craues your companie for speedie councell.

*War.* Why then it sorts braue Lordes. Lets march  
away. *[Exeunt Omnes.]*

*Enter the King and Queene, Prince EDWARD, and the  
Northerne Earles, with drum and Souldiers.*

*Quee.* Welcome my Lord to this braue town of  
York.

Yonders the head of that ambitious enemie,  
That sought to be impaled with your crowne.  
Doth not the obiect please your eie my Lord?

*King.* Euen as the rockes please them that feare their  
wracke.

Withhold reuenge deare God, tis not my fault,  
Nor wittinglie haue I infringde my vow.

*Clif.* My gratiouse Lord, this too much lenitie,  
And harmefull pittie must be laid aside,  
To whom do Lyons cast their gentle lookes?  
Not to the beast that would vsurpe his den.  
Whose hand is that the sauage Beare doth licke?  
Not his that spoiles his young before his face.  
Whose scapes the lurking serpentes mortall sting?  
Not he that sets his foot vpon her backe.  
The smallest worme will turne being troden on,  
And Doues will pecke, in rescue of their broode.  
Ambitious Yorke did leuell at thy Crowne,  
Thou smiling, while he knit his angrie browes.  
He but a Duke, would haue his sonne a king,  
And raise his issue like a louing sire.

Thou being a king blest with a goodlie sonne,  
Didst glie consent to disinherit him,  
Which argude thee a most vnnaturall father.  
Vnreasonable creatures feed their yong,  
And though mans face be fearefull to their eies,  
Yet in protection of their tender ones,  
Who hath not seene them euen with those same wings  
Which they haue sometime vsde in fearefull flight,  
Make warre with him, that climes vnto their nest,  
Offring their owne liues in their yongs defence ?  
For shame my Lord, make them your president,  
Were it not pittie that this goodlie boy,  
Should lose his birth right through his fathers fault ?  
And long hereafter saie vnto his child,  
What my great grandfather and grandsire got,  
My carelesse father fondlie gaue awaie ?  
Looke on the boy and let his manlie face,  
Which promiseth successefull fortune to vs all,  
Steele thy melting thoughtes,  
To keepe thine owne, and leaue thine owne with him.

*King.* Full wel hath Clifford plaid the Orator,  
Inferring arguments of mighty force.  
But tell me, didst thou neuer yet heare tell,  
That things euill got had euer bad successe,  
And happie euer was it for that sonne,  
Whose father for his hoording went to hell ?  
I leaue my sonne my vertuous deedes behind,  
And would my father had left me no more,  
For all the rest is held at such a rate,  
As askes a thousand times more care to keepe,  
Then maie the present profit counteruaile.  
Ah cosen Yorke, would thy best friendes did know,  
How it doth greeue me that thy head stands there.

*Quee.* My Lord, this harmefull pittie makes your followers faint.

You promisde knighthood to your princelie sonne.  
 Vnsheath your sword and straight doe dub him knight.  
 Kneele downe Edward.

*King.* Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight,  
 And learne this lesson boy, draw thy sword in right  
*Prince.* My gratious father by your kingly leaue,  
 Ile draw it as apparant to the crowne,  
 And in that quarrel vse it to the death.

*Northum.* Why that is spoken like a toward prince.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* Royall commaunders be in readinesse,  
 For with a band of fiftie thousand men,  
 Comes Warwike backing of the Duke of Yorke.  
 And in the townes whereas they passe along,  
 Proclaines him king, and manie flies to him,  
 Prepare your battels, for they be at hand.

*Clif.* I would your highnesse would depart the field,  
 The Queene hath best successe when you are absent.

*Quee.* Do good my Lord, and leaue vs to our fortunes.

*King.* Why that's my fortune, therefore Ile stay still.

*Clif.* Be it with resolution then to fight.

*Prince,* Good father cheere these noble Lords,  
 Vnsheath your sword, sweet father crie Saint George.

*Clif.* Pitch we our battell heere, for hence wee will not  
 moue.

*Enter the house of Yorke.*

*Edward.* Now periurde Henrie wilt thou yeelde thy  
 crowne,  
 And kneele for mercie at thy soueraignes feete ?  
*Queen.* Go rate thy minions proud insulting boy,  
 Becomes it thee to be thus malepert,  
 Before thy king and lawfull soueraigne ?

*Edw.* I am his king, and he should bend his knee,  
 I was adopted heire by his consent.

*George.* Since when he hath broke his oath.  
For as we heare you that are king  
Though he doe weare the Crowne,  
Haue causde him by new act of Parlement  
To blot our brother out, and put his owne son in.

*Clif.* And reason George. Who should succeede the father but the son ?

*Rich.* Are you their butcher ?

*Clif.* I Crookbacke, here I stand to answere thee, or any of your sort.

*Rich.* Twas you that kild yong Rutland, was it not ?

*Clif.* Yes, and old Yorke too, and yet not satisfide.

*Rich.* For Gods sake Lords giue synald to the fight.

*War.* What saiest thou Henry ? wilt thou yeelde thy crowne ?

*Queen.* What, long tongde War. dare you speake ?

When you and I met at saint Albones last,  
Your legs did better seruice than your hands.

*War.* I, then twas my turne to flee, but now tis thine.

*Clif.* You said so much before, and yet you fled.

*War.* Twas not your valour Clifford, that droue mee thence.

*Northum.* No, nor your manhood Warwike, that could make you staie.

*Rich.* Northumberland, Northumberland, wee holde Thee reuerentlie. Breake off the parlie, for scarce I can refraine the execution of my big swolne Hart, against that Clifford there, that Cruell child-killer.

*Clif.* Why I kild thy father, calst thou him a child ?

*Rich.* I like a villaine, and a trecherous coward, As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland. But ere sunne set Ile make thee curse the deed.

*King.* Haue doone with wordes great Lordes, and Heare me speake.

*Queen.* Defie them then, or else hold close thy lips.

*King.* I prethe giue no limits to my tongue,  
I am a king and priuiledge to speake.

*Clif.* My Lord the wound that bred this meeting here  
Cannot be cru'd with words, therefore be still.

*Rich.* Then executioner vnsheathe thy sword,  
By him that made vs all I am resolu'de,  
That Cliffords manhood hangs vpon his tongue.

*Edw.* What saist thou Henry, shall I haue my right  
or no ?

A thousand men haue broke their fast to daie,  
That nere shall dine, vnlesse thou yeeld the crowne.

*War.* If thou denie their blouds be on thy head,  
For Yorke in iustice puts his armour on.

*Prin.* If all be right that Warwike saies is right,  
There is no wrong but all things must be right.

*Rich.* Whosoeuer got thee, there thy mother stands,  
For well I wot thou hast thy mothers tongue.

*Queen.* But thou art neither like thy sire nor dam,  
But like a foule mishapen stygmatick  
Markt by the destinies to be auoided,  
As venome Todes, or Lizards fainting lookes.

*Rich.* Iron of Naples, hid with English gilt,  
Thy father beares the title of a king,  
As if a channell should be calde the Sea ;  
Shames thou not, knowing from whence thou art de-  
Riu'de, to parlie thus with Englands lawfull heires ?

*Edw.* A wispe of straw were worth a thousand  
crowns,  
To make that shamelesse callet know her selfe,  
Thy husbands father reueld in the hart of France,  
And tam'de the French, and made the Dolphin stoope :  
And had he matcht according to his state,  
He might haue kept that glorie till this daie.  
But when he tooke a begger to his bed,  
And gracst thy poore sire with his bridall daie,

[Sig. C.]

Then that sun-shine bred a showre for him  
 Which washt his fathers fortunes out of France,  
 And heapt seditions on his crowne at home.  
 For what hath mou'd these tumults but thy pride ?  
 Hadst thou beene meeke, our title yet had slept ?  
 And we in pittie of the gentle king,  
 Had slipt our claime vntill an other age.

*George.* But when we saw our summer brought the  
 gaine,  
 And that the haruest brought vs no increase,  
 We set the axe to thy vsurping root,  
 And though the edge haue something hit our selues,  
 Yet know thou we will neuer cease to strike,  
 Till we haue hewne thee downe,  
 Or bath'd thy growing with our heated blouds.

*Edw.* And in this resolution, I defie thee,  
 Not willing anie longer conference,  
 Since thou deniest the gentle king to speake.  
 Sound trumpets, let our bloudie colours wauie,  
 And either victorie or else a graue.

*Quee.* Staie Edward staie.

*Edw.* Hence wrangling woman, Ile no longer staie,  
 Thy words will cost ten thousand liues to daie.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

*Alarmes. Enter WARWIKE.*

*War.* Sore spent with toile as runners with the race,  
 I laie me downe a little while to breath,  
 For strokes receiude, and manie blowes repaide,  
 Hath rob'd my strong knit sinnewes of their strength,  
 And force perforce needes must I rest my selfe.

*Enter EDWARD.*

*Edw.* Smile gentle heauens or strike vngentle death,  
 That we maie die vnesse we gaine the daie :

What fatall starre malignant frownes from heauen  
Vpon the harmelesse line of Yorkes true house ?

*Enter GEORGE.*

*George.* Come brother, come, lets to the field againe,  
For yet theres hope inough to win the daie :  
Then let vs backe to cheere our fainting Troupes,  
Lest they retire now we haue left the field.

*War.* How now my lords : what hap, what hope of  
good ?

*Enter RICHARD running.*

*Rich.* Ah Warwike, why haste thou withdrawne thy  
selfe ?  
Thy noble father in the thickest thronges,  
Cride still for Warwike his thrise valiant son,  
Vntill with thousand swords he was beset,  
And manie wounds made in his aged brest,  
And as he tottring sate vpon his steede,  
He waft his hand to me and cride aloud :  
Richard, commend me to my valiant sonne,  
And still he cride Warwike reuenge my death,  
And with those words he tumbled off his horse,  
And so the noble Salsbury gaue vp the ghost.

*War.* Then let the earth be drunken with his bloud,  
Ile kill my horse because I will not flie :  
And here to God of heauen I make a vow,  
Neuer to passe from forth this bloudy field  
Till I am full reuenged for his death.

*Edw.* Lord Warwike, I doe bend my knees with thine,  
And in that vow now ioine my soule to thee,  
Thou setter vp and puller downe of kings,  
vouchsafe a gentle victorie to vs,  
Or let vs die before we loose the daie :

*George.* Then let vs haste to cheere the souldiers  
harts,

And call them pillers that will stand to vs,  
And hiely promise to remunerate  
Their trustie seruice, in these dangerous warres.

*Rich.* Come, come awaie, and stand not to debate,  
For yet is hope of fortune good enough.  
Brothers, giue me your hands, and let vs part  
And take our leaues vntill we meet againe,  
Where ere it be in heauen or in earth.  
Now I that neuer wept, now melt in wo,  
To see these dire mishaps continue so.  
Warwike farewel.

*War.* Awaie awaie, once more sweet Lords farewell.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

*Alarmes, and then enter RICHARD at one dore  
and CLIFFORD at the other.*

*Rich.* A Clifford a Clifford.

*Clif.* A Richard a Richard.

*Rich.* Now Clifford, for Yorke & young Rutlands  
death,

This thirsty sword that longs to drinke thy bloud,  
Shall lop thy limmes, and slise thy cursed hart,  
For to reuenge the murders thou hast made.

*Clif.* Now Richard, I am with thee here alone,  
This is the hand that stabd thy father Yorke,  
And this the hand that slew thy brother Rutland,  
And heres the heart that triumphs in their deathes,  
And cheeres these hands that slew thy sire and brother,  
To execute the like vpon thy selfe,  
And so haue at thee.

*Alarmes. They fight, and then enters WARWIKE and  
rescues RICHARD, & then exeunt omnes.*

*Alarmes still, and then enter HENRY solus.*

*Hen.* Oh gratiouſ God of heauen looke downe on vs,  
And ſet ſome endes to theſe inceſtant grieſes,  
How like a maſtlesſe ſhip vpon the ſeas,  
This woſul batteale doth continue ſtill,  
Now leaning this way, now to that ſide drieue,  
And none doth know to whom the daie will fall.  
O would my death miſt ſtaiue theſe ciuill iars !  
Would I had neuer raind, nor nere bin king,  
Margret and Clifford, chide me from the fieldē,  
Swearing they had beſt ſuccesſe when I was thence.  
Would God that I were dead ſo all were well,  
Or would my crowne ſuffice, I were content  
To yeeld it them and liue a priuate life.

*Enter a ſouldier with a dead man in his armeſ.*

*Sould.* Il blowes the wind that profits no bodie,  
This man that I haue ſlaine in fight to daie,  
Maie be poſſeſſed of ſome ſtore of crownes,  
And I will ſearch to find them if I can,  
But stay. Me thinkes it is my fathers face,  
Oh I tis he whom I haue ſlaine in fight,  
From London was I prest out by the king,  
My father he came on the part of Yorke,  
And in this conſlict I haue ſlaine my father :  
Oh pardon God, I knew not what I did,  
And pardon father, for I knew thee not.

*Enter an other ſouldier with a dead man.*

*2. Soul.* Lie there thou that foughtſt with me ſo ſtoutly,  
Now let me ſee what ſtore of gold thou haſte,  
But ſtaiue, me thinkes this is no famous face :  
Oh no it is my ſonne that I haue ſlaine in fight,

O monstrous times begetting such events,  
 How cruel bloudy, and ironious,  
 This deadlie quarrell dailie doth beget,  
 Poore boy thy father gaue thee lif too late,  
 And hath bereau'de thee of thy life too sone.

*King* Wo aboue wo, grieve more then common griefe,  
 Whilst Lyons warre and battaile for their dens,  
 Poore lambs do feele the rigor of their wraths :  
 The red rose and the white are on his face,  
 The fatall colours of our striuing houses,  
 Wither one rose, and let the other flourish,  
 For if you striue, ten thousand liues must perish.

1. *Sould.* How will my mother for my fathers death,  
 Take on with me and nere be satisfide ?

2. *Sol.* How will my wife for slaughter of my son,  
 Take on with me and nere be satisfide ?

*King.* How will the people now misdeeme their king,  
 Oh would my death their mindes could satisfie.

1. *Sould.* Was euer son so rude his fathers bloud to  
 spil ?

2. *Soul.* Was euer father so vnnaturall his son to  
 kill ?

*King.* Was euer king thus greeud and vexed still ?

1. *Sould.* Ile beare thee hence from this accursed  
 place,

For wo is me to see my fathers face.

[*Exit with his father.*]

2. *Soul.* Ile beare thee hence & let them fight that  
 wil,

For I haue murdered where I should not kill.

[*Exit with his sonne.*]

*K Hen.* Weepe wretched man, Ile lay thee teare for  
 tear,

Here sits a king as woe begone as thee.

*Alarmes and enter the Queene.*

*Queen.* Awaie my Lord to Barwicke presentlie,  
The daie is lost, our friends are murdered,  
No hope is left for vs, therefore awaie.

*Enter prince EDWARD.*

*Prince.* Oh father flie, our men haue left the field,  
Take horse sweet father, let vs saue our selues.

*Enter EXETER.*

*Exet.* Awaie my Lord for vengance comes along with  
him :  
Nay stand not to expostulate make hast,  
Or else come after, Ile awaie before.

*K Hen.* Naie staie good Exeter, for Ile along with thee.

*Enter CLIFFORD wounded, with an arrow in his necke.*

*Clif.* Heere burnes my candell out,  
That whilst it lasted gaue king Henry light.  
Ah Lancaster, I feare thine ouerthrow,  
More then my bodies parting from my soule.  
My loue and feare glude manie friends to thee,  
And now I die, that tough commixture melts.  
Impairing Henry strengthened misproud Yorke,  
The common people swarne like summer flies,  
And whither flies the Gnats but to the sun ?  
And who shines now but Henries enemie ?  
Oh Phœbus hadst thou neuer giuen consent,  
That Phaeton should checke thy fierie steedes,  
Thy burning carre had neuer scorcht the earth.  
And Henry hadst thou liu'd as kings should doe,  
And as thy father and his father did,  
Giuing no foot vnto the house of Yorke,  
I and ten thousand in this wofull land,

Had left no mourning Widdowes for our deathes,  
 And thou this daie hadst kept thy throne in peace.  
 For what doth cherish weedes but gentle aire ?  
 And what makes robbers bold but lenitie ?  
 Bootlesse are plaintes, and curelesse are my woundes,  
 No waie to flie, no strength to hold our flight,  
 The foe is mercilesse and will not pittie me,  
 And at their hands I haue deserude no pittie.  
 The aire is got into my bleeding wounds,  
 And much effuse of bloud doth make me faint,  
 Come Yorke and Richard, Warwike and the rest,  
 I stabde your fathers, now come split my brest.

*Enter EDWARD, RICHARD and WARWIKE, and Souldiers.*

*Edw.* Thus farre our fortunes keepes an vpward  
 Course, and we are grast with wreathes of victorie.  
 Some troopes pursue the bloudie minded Queene,  
 That now towards Barwike doth poste amaine,  
 But thinke you that Clifford is fled awaie with them ?

*War.* No, tis impossible he should escape,  
 For though before his face I speake the words,  
 Your brother Richard markt him for the graue.  
 And where so ere he be I warrant him dead.

[CLIFFORD grones and then dies.]

*Edw.* Harke, what soule is this that takes his heauy  
 leauue ?

*Rich.* A deadlie grone, like life and deaths departure.

*Edw.* See who it is, and now the battailes ended,  
 Friend or foe, let him be friendlie vsed.

*Rich.* Reuerse that doome of mercie, for tis Clifford,  
 Who kild our tender brother Rutland,  
 And stabd our princelie father Duke of Yorke.

*War.* From off the gates of Yorke fetch downe the  
 Head, Your fathers head which Clifford placed there.  
 Instead of that, let his supplie the roome.

Measure for measure must be answered.

*Edw.* Bring forth that fatall scrichowle to our house,  
That nothing sung to vs but bloud and death,  
Now his euill boding tongue no more shall speake.

*War.* I thinke his vnderstanding is bereft.  
Say Clifford, doost thou know who speakes to thee ?  
Darke cloudie death oreshades his beames of life,  
And he nor sees nor heares vs what we saie.

*Rich.* Oh would he did, and so perhaps he doth,  
And tis his policie that in the time of death,  
He might auoid such bitter stormes as he  
In his houre of death did giue vnto our father.

*George.* Richard if thou thinkest so, vex him with  
eager words.

*Rich.* Clifford, aske mercie and obtaine no grace.

*Edw.* Clifford, repent in bootlesse penitence.

*War.* Clifford deuise excuses for thy fault.

*George.* Whilst we deuise fell tortures for thy fault.

*Rich.* Thou pittiedst Yorke, and I am sonne to Yorke.

*Edw.* Thou pittiedst Rutland, and I will pittie thee.

*George.* Wheres captaine Margaret to fence you now?

*War.* They mocke thee Clifford, sweare as thou wast  
wont.

*Rich.* What not an oth? Nay, then I know hees  
dead.

Tis hard, when Clifford cannot foord his friend an  
oath.

By this I know hees dead, and by my soule,  
Would this right hand buy but an howres life,  
That I in all contempt might raile at him.

Ide cut it off and with the issuing bloud,  
Stifle the villaine whose instanched thirst,  
Yorke and young Rutland could not satisfie.

*War.* I, but he is dead, off with the traitors head,  
And reare it in the place your fathers stands.

And now to London with triumphant march,  
 There to be crowned Englands lawfull king.  
 From thence shall Warwike crosse the seas to France,  
 And aske the ladie Bona for thy Queene,  
 So shalt thou sinew both these landes togither,  
 And hauing France thy friend thou needst not dread,  
 The scattered foe that hopes to rise againe.  
 And though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,  
 Yet looke to haue them busie to offend thine eares.  
 First Ile see the coronation done,  
 And afterward Ile crosse the seas to France,  
 To effect this marriage if it please my Lord

*Edw.* Euen as thou wilt good Warwike let it be.  
 But first before we goe, George kneele downe.  
 We here create thee Duke of Clarence, and girt thee  
 with the sword.

Our younger brother Richard Duke of Glocester.  
 Warwike as my selfe shal do & vudo as him pleaseth  
 best.

*Rich.* Let me be Duke of Clarence, George of Gloster,  
 For Glosters Dukedom is too ominous.

*War.* Tush thats a childish obseruation.  
 Richard be Duke of Gloster. Now to London.  
 To see these honors in possession. *[Exeunt Omnes.]*

*Enter two keepers with bow and arrowes.*

*Keeper.* Come, lets take our stands vpon this hill,  
 And by and by the deere will come this waie.  
 But staie, heere comes a man, lets listen him a while.

*Enter king HENRIE disguisde.*

*Hen.* From Scotland am I stolne euen of pure loue,  
 And thus disguisde to greet my natvie land.  
 No, Henrie no, It is no land of thine,  
 No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now,

No humble suters sues to thee for right,  
For how canst thou helpe them and not thy selfe ?

*Keeper.* I marrie sir, heere is a deere, his skinne is a  
Keepers fee. Sirra stand close, for as I thinke,  
This is the king, king Edward hath deposde.

*Hen.* My Queene and sonne poore soules are gone to  
France, and as I heare the great commanding War-  
wike,

To intreat a marriage with the ladie Bona,  
If this be true, poore Queene and sonne,  
Your labour is but spent in vaine,  
For Lewis is a prince soone wun with words,  
And Warwike is a subtil Orator.

He laughes and saies, his Edward is instalde,  
She weepes, and saies her Henry is deposde,  
He on his right hand asking a wife for Edward,  
She on his left side crauing aide for Henry.

*Keeper.* What art thou that talkes of kings and  
queens ?

*Hen.* More then I seeme, for lesse I should not be.  
A man at least, and more I cannot be,  
And men maie talke of kings, and why not I ?

*Keeper.* I but thou talkest as if thou wert a king thy  
selfe.

*Hen.* Why so I am in mind though not in shew.

*Keeper.* And if thou be a king where is thy crowne ?

*Hen.* My crowne is in my hart, not on my head.  
My crowne is calde content, a crowne that  
Kings doe seldom times enioy.

*Keeper.* And if thou be a king crownd with content,  
Your crowne content and you, must be content  
To go with vs vnto the officer, for as we thinke  
You are our quondam king, K. Edward hath deposde,  
And therefore we charge you in Gods name & the kings  
To go along with vs vnto the officers.

*Hen.* Gods name be fulfilld, your kings name be  
Obaide, and be you kings, command and Ile obay.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

*Enter king EDWARD, CLARENCE, and GLOSTER, MON-  
TAGUE, HASTINGS, and the Lady GRAY.*

*K Edw.* Brothers of Clarence, and of Gloucester,  
This ladies husband heere sir Richard Gray,  
At the battaile of saint Albones did lose his life,  
His lands then were seized on by the conqueror.  
Her sute is now to reposesse those lands,  
And sith in quarrell of the house of Yorke,  
The noble gentleman did lose his life,  
In honor we cannot denie her sute.

*Glo.* Your highnesse shall doe well to grant it then.

*K Edw* I, so I will, but yet Ile make a pause.

*Glo.* I, is the winde in that doore?

*Clarence,* I see the Lady hath some thing to grant,  
Before the king will grant her humble sute.

*Cla.* He knows the game, how well he keepes the  
wind.

*K Ed.* Widow come some other time to know our  
mind.

*La.* May it please your grace I cannot brooke delaies,  
I beseech your highnesse to dispatch me now.

*K Ed.* Lords giue vs leaue, wee meane to trie this  
widowes wit.

*Cla.* I, good leaue haue you.

*Glo.* For you will haue leaue till youth take leaue,  
And leaue you to your crouch.

*K Ed.* Come hither widdow, howe many children haste  
thou?

*Cla.* I thinke he meanes to begge a child on her.

*Glo.* Nay whip me then, heele rather giue hir two.

*La.* Three my most gratious Lord.

*Glo.* You shall haue foure and you wil be rulde by him.

*K Ed.* Wer not pittie they shoule loose their fathers lands ?

*La.* Be pittifull then dread *L.* and grant it them.

*K Edw.* Ile tell thee how these lands are to be got.

*La.* So shall you bind me to your highnesse seruice.

*K Ed.* What seruice wilt thou doe me if I grant it them ?

*La.* Euen what your highnesse shall command.

*Glo.* Naie then widow Ile warrant you all your Husbands lands, if you grant to do what he Commands. Fight close or in good faith You catch a clap.

*Cla.* Naie I feare her not vnlesse she fall.

*Glo.* Marie godsforbot man, for heele take vantage then.

*La.* Why stops my Lord, shall I not know my taske ?

*K Ed.* An easie taske, tis but to loue a king.

*La.* Thats soone performde, because I am a subiect.

*K Ed.* Why then thy husbandes landes I frelie giue thee.

*La.* I take my leaue with manie thousand thankes.

*Cla.* The match is made, shee seales it with a cursie.

*K Ed.* Staie widow staie, what loue dost thou thinke I sue so much to get ?

*La.* My humble seruice, such as subiects owes and the lawes commands.

*K Ed.* No by my troth, I meant no such loue, But to tell thee the troth, I aime to lie with thee.

*La.* To tell you plaine my Lord, I had rather lie in prison.

*K Edw.* Why then thou canst not get thy husbandes lands.

*La.* Then mine honestie shall be my dower, For by that losse I will not purchase them.

*K Ed.* Herein thou wrongst thy children mightilie.

*La.* Heerein your highnesse wrongs beth them and  
Me, but mightie Lord this merrie inclination  
Agrees not with the sadnessse of my sute.

Please it your highnes to dismisse me either with I or no.

*K Ed.* I, if thou saie I to my request,  
No, if thou saie no to my demand.

*La.* Then no my Lord, my sute is at an end.

*Glo.* The widdow likes him not, shee bends the brow.

*Cla.* Why he is the bluntest woer in christendome.

*K Ed.* Her lookes are all replete with maiestie,  
One waie or other she is for a king,  
And she shall be my loue or else my Queene.  
Saie that king Edward tooke thee for his Queene.

*La.* Tis better said then done, my gratiouse Lord,  
I am a subiect fit to iest withall,  
But far vnfit to be a Soueraigne.

*K Edw.* Sweete widdow, by my state I sweare, I  
speake  
No more then what my hart intends,  
And that is to enioie thee for my loue.

*La.* And that is more then I will yeeld vnto,  
I know I am too bad to your Queene,  
And yet too good to be your Concubine.

*K Edw.* You cauill widdow, I did meane my Queene.  
*La.* Your grace would be loath my sonnes should call  
you father.

*K Edw.* No more then when my daughters call thee  
Mother. Thou art a widow and thou hast some chil-  
dren,

And by Gods mother I being but a bacheler  
Haue other some. Why tis a happy thing  
To be the father of manie children.

Argue no more, for thou shalt be my Queene.

*Glo.* The ghostlie father now hath done his shrift.

*Cla.* When he was made a shriuer twas for shift.

*K Edw.* Brothers, you muse what talke the widdow  
And I haue had, you would thinke it strange  
If I should marrie her.

*Cla.* Marrie her my Lord, to whom?

*K Edw.* Why Clarence to my selfe.

*Glo.* That would be ten daies wonder at the least.

*Cla.* Why thats a daie longer then a wonder lastes.

*Glo.* And so much more are the wonders in extreames.

*K Edw.* Well, ieast on brothers, I can tell you, hir  
Sute is granted for her husbands lands.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* And it please your grace, Henry your foe is  
Taken, and brought as prisoner to your pallace gates.

*K Edw.* Awaie with him, and send him to the Tower,  
And let vs go question with the man about  
His apprehension. Lords along, and vse this  
Ladie honourable.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

*Manet Gloster and speaks.*

*Glo.* I, Edward will vse women honourable,  
Would he were wasted marrow, bones and all,  
That from his loines no issue might succeed  
To hinder me from the golden time I looke for,  
For I am not yet lookt on in the world.  
First is there Edward, Clarence, and Henry  
And his sonne, and all they lookt for issue  
Of their loines ere I can plant my selfe,  
A cold premeditation for my purpose,  
What other pleasure is there in the world beside?  
I will go clad my bodie in gaie ornaments,  
And lull my selfe within a ladies lap,  
And witch sweet Ladies with my words and lookes.  
Oh monstrous man, to harbour such a thought!

Why loue did scorne me in my mothers wombe.  
 And for I should not deale in hir affaires,  
 Shee did corrupt fraile nature in the flesh,  
 And plaste an eniuious mountaine on my backe,  
 Where sits deformity to mocke my bodie,  
 To drie mine arme vp like a withered shrimpe.  
 To make my legges of an vnequall size,  
 And am I then a man to be belou'd?  
 Easier for me to compasse twentie crownes.  
 Tut I can smile, and murder when I smile,  
 I crie content, to that that greeues me most.  
 I can adde colours to the Camelion,  
 And for a need change shapes with Protheus,  
 And set the aspiring Catalin to schoole.  
 Can I doe this, and cannot get the crowne?  
 Tush were it ten times higher, Ile put it downe.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter king LEWIS and the ladie BONA, and Queene MARGARET, Prince EDWARD, and OXFORD and others.*

*Lewes.* Welcome Queene Margaret to the Court of France,

It fits not Lewis to sit while thou dost stand,  
 Sit by my side, and here I vow to thee,  
 Thou shalt haue aide to reposesse thy right,  
 And beat proud Edward from his vsurped seat.  
 And place king Henry in his former rule.

*Queen.* I humblie thanke your royall maiestie.  
 And pray the God of heauen to blesse thy state,  
 Great king of France, that thus regards our wrongs.

*Enter Warwike.*

*Lew.* How now, who is this?

*Queen.* Our Earle of Warwike Edwardes chiefest friend.

*Lew.* Welcome braue Warwike, what brings thee to France?

*War.* From worthy Edward king of England,  
 My Lord and Soueraigne and thy vowed friend,  
 I come in kindnes and vnfained loue,  
 First to do greetings to thy royll person,  
 And then to craue a league of amitie,  
 And lastlie to confirme that amitie  
 With nuptiall knot if thou vouchsafe to grant  
 That vertuous ladie Bona thy faire sister,  
 To Englands king in lawfull marriage.

[Sig. D.]

*Queen.* And if this go forward all our hope is done.

*War.* And gratioues Madam, in our kings behalfe,  
 I am commanded with your loue and fauour,  
 Humblie to kisse your hand and with my tongue,  
 To tell the passions of my soueraines hart,  
 Where fame late entring at his heedfull eares,  
 Hath plast thy glorious image and thy vertues.

*Queen.* King Lewes and Lady Bona heare me speake,  
 Before you answere Warwike or his words,  
 For hee it is hath done vs all these wrongs.

*War.* Iniurious Margaret.

*Prince Ed.* And why not Queene ?

*War.* Because thy father Henry did vsurpe,  
 And thou no more art Prince then shee is Queene.

*Ox.* Then Warwike disanuls great Iohn of Gaunt,  
 That did subdue the greatest part of Spaine,  
 And after Iohn of Gaunt wise Henry the fourth,  
 Whose wisedome was a mirrour to the world.  
 And after this wise prince Henry the fift,  
 Who with his prowesse conquered all France,  
 From these our Henries lineallie discent.

*War.* Oxford, how haps that in this smooth dis-  
 course

You told not how Henry the sixt had lost  
 All that Henry the fift had gotten.  
 Me thinkes these peeres of France should smile at that,

But for the rest you tell a pettigree  
Of threescore and two yeares a sillie time,  
To make prescription for a kingdomes worth.

*Oxf.* Why Warwike, canst thou denie thy king,  
Whom thou obeyedst thirtie and eight yeeres,  
And bewray thy treasons with a blush?

*War.* Can Oxford that did euer fence the right,  
Now buckler falshood with a pettigree?  
For shame leue Henry and call Edward king.

*Oxf.* Call him my king by whom mine elder  
Brother the Lord Awbray Vere was done to death,  
And more than so, my father euen in the  
Downefall of his mellowed yeares,  
When age did call him to the dore of death?  
No Warwike no, whilst life vpholds this arme  
This arme vpholds the house of Lancaster.

*War.* And I the house of Yorke.

*K Lewes.* Queene Margaret, prince Edward and  
Oxford, vouchsafe to forbeare a while,  
Till I doe talke a word with Warwike.  
Now Warwike euen vpon thy honor tell me true ;  
Is Edward lawfull king or no ?  
For I were loath to linke with him, that is not lawful  
heir.

*War.* Thereon I pawne mine honour and my credit.

*Lew.* What is he gratioues in the peoples eies ?

*War.* The more, that Henry is vnfortunate.

*Lew.* What is his loue to our sister Bona ?

*War.* Such it seemes  
As maie beseeme a monarke like himselfe.  
My selfe haue often heard him saie and sweare,  
That this his loue was an eternall plant,  
The root whereof was fixt in vertues ground,  
The leaves and fruite mantainde with beauties sun,

Exempt from enuie, but not from disdaine,  
Vnlesse the ladie Bona quite his paine.

*Lew.* Then sister let vs heare your firme resolute.

*Bona.* Your grant or your denial shall be mine,  
But ere this daie I must confesse, when I  
Haue heard your kings deserts recounted,  
Mine eares haue tempted iudgement to desire.

*Lew.* Then draw neere Queene Margaret and be a  
Witnessse, that Bona shall be wife to the English king.

*Prince Edw.* To Edward, but not the English king.

*War.* Henry now liues in Scotland at his ease,  
Where hauing nothing, nothing can he lose,  
And as for you your selfe our *quondam* Queene,  
You haue a father able to mainetaine your state,  
And better twere to trouble him then France.

*Sound for a post within.*

*Lew.* Here comes some post Warwike to thee or vs.

*Post.* My Lord ambassador this letter is for you,  
Sent from your brother Marquis Montague.  
This from our king vnto your Maiestie.  
And these to you Madam, from whom I know not.

*Oxf.* I like it well that our faire Queene and mis-  
tresse,  
Smiles at her newes when Warwike frets as his.

*P. Ed.* And marke how Lewes stamps as he were  
nettled.

*Lew.* Now Margaret & Warwike, what are your  
news?

*Queen.* Mine such as fils my hart full of ioie.

*War.* Mine full of sorrow and harts discontent.

*Lew.* What hath your king married the Ladie Gray,  
And now to excuse himselfe sends vs a post of papers?  
How dares he presume to vse vs thus?

*Quee.* This proueth Edwards loue, & Warwiks honesty.

*War.* King Lewis, I here protest in sight of heauen,  
And by the hope I haue of heauenlie blisse,  
That I am cleare from this misdeed of Edwards.  
No more my king, for he dishonours me,  
And most himselfe, if he could see his shame.  
Did I forget that by the house of Yorke,  
My father came vntimelie to his death?  
Did I let passe the abuse done to thy neece?  
Did I impale him with the regall Crowne,  
And thrust king Henry from his natuie home,  
And most vngratefull doth he vse me thus?  
My gratious Queene pardon what is past,  
And henceforth I am thy true seruitour,  
I will reuenge the wrongs done to ladie Bona,  
And replant Henry in his former state.

*Queen.* Yes Warwike I doe quite forget thy former  
Faults, if now thou wilt become king Henries friend.

*War.* So much his friend, I his vnfained friend,  
That if king Lewes vouchsafe to furnish vs  
With some few bands of chosen souldiers,  
Ile vndertake to land them on our coast,  
And force the Tyrant from his seate by warre,  
Tis not his new made bride shall succour him.

*Lew.* Then at the last I firmelie am resolu'd,  
You shall haue aide: and English messenger returne  
In post, and tell false Edward thy supposed king,  
That Lewis of France is sending ouer Maskers  
To reuell it with him and his new bride.

*Bona.* Tell him in hope heele be a Widower shortlie,  
Ile weare the willow garland for his sake.

*Queen.* Tell him my mourning weedes be laide aside,  
And I am readie to put armour on.

*War.* Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,

And therefore Ile vncrowne him er't be long.  
Thears thy reward, begone.

*Lew.* But now tell me Warwike, what assurance  
I shall haue of thy true loyaltie ?

*War.* This shall assure my constant loyaltie,  
If that our Queene and this young prince agree,  
Ile ioine mine eldest daughter and my ioie  
To him forthwith in holie wedlockes bandes.

*Queen.* Withall my hart, that match I like full wel,  
Loue her sonne Edward, shee is faire and yong,  
And giue thy hand to Warwike for thy loue.

*Lew.* It is enough, and now we will prepare,  
To leuie souldiers for to go with you.  
And you Lord Bourbon our high Admirall,  
Shall waft them safelie to the English coast,  
And chase proud Edward from his slumbring trance,  
For mocking marriage with the name of France.

*War.* I came from Edward as Imbassadour  
But I returne his sworne and mortall foe :  
Matter of marriage was the charge he gaue me,  
But dreadfull warre shall answeare his demand.  
Had he none else to make a stale but me ?  
Then none but I shall turne his iest to sorrow.  
I was the chiefe that raisde him to the crowne,  
And Ile be chiefe to bring him downe againe,  
Not that I pittie Henries miserie,  
But seeke reuenge on Edwards mockerie. [Exit.]

*Enter king EDWARD, the Queene and CLARENCE, and GLOSTER, and MONTAGUE, and HASTINGS, and PENBROOKE, with souldiers.*

*Edw.* Brothers of Clarence, and of Gloucester,  
What thinke you of our marriage with the ladie Gray ?

*Cla.* My Lord, we thinke as Warvike and Levves  
That are so slacke in iudgement, that theile take  
No offence at this suddaine marriage.

*Edw.* Suppose they doe, they are but Levves and  
Warvike, and I am your king and Warvikes,  
And will be obaied.

*Glo.* And shall, because our king, but yet such  
Sudden marriages seldom proueth well.

*Edw.* Yea brother Richard are you against vs too?

*Glo.* Not I my Lord, no, God forefend that I should  
Once gaine saie your highnesse pleasure,  
I, & twere a pittie to sunder them that yoake so wel  
together.

*Edw.* Setting your skornes and your dislikes aside,  
Shew me some reasons why the Ladie Gray,  
Maie not be my loue and Englands Queene?  
Speake frelie Clarence, Gloster,  
Montague and Hastings.

*Cla.* My Lord then this is my opinion,  
That Warwike beeing dishonored in his embassage,  
Doth seeke reuenge to quite his iniurie.

*Glo.* And Levves in regard of his sisters wrongs,  
Doth ioine with Warwike to supplant your state.

*Edw.* Suppose that Lewis and Warwike be appeasd,  
By such meanes as I can best deuise.

*Mont.* But yet to have ioind with France in this  
Alliance, would more haue strengthened this our  
Common wealth, against forraine stormes,  
Then anie home bred marriage.

*Hast.* Let England be true within it selfe,  
We need not France nor any alliance with them.

*Cla.* For this one speech the Lord Hastings wel  
deserues,  
To haue the daughter and heire of the Lord Hungerford.  
*Edw.* And what then? It was our will it should be so?

*Cla.* I, and for such a thing too the Lord Scales  
Did well deserue at your hands, to haue the  
Daughter of the Lord Bonfield, and left your  
Brothers to go seeke elsewhere, but in  
Your madnes, you burie brotherhood.

*Edw.* Alasse poore Clarence, is it for a wife,  
That thou art mal-content,  
Why man be of good cheere, Ile prouide thee one.

*Cla.* Naie you plaide the broker so ill for your  
selfe,  
That you shall giue me leaue to make my  
Choise as I thinke good, and to that intent,  
I shortlie meane to leaue you.

*Edw.* Leaue me or tarrie I am full resolu'd,  
Edward will not be tied to his brothers wils.

*Queen.* My Lords doe me but right, and you must  
Confesse, before it pleasd his highnesse to aduance  
My state to title of a Queene,  
That I was not ignoble in my birth.

*Edw.* Forbeare my loue to fawne vpon their frownes,  
For thee they must obay, naie shall obaie,  
And if they looke for fauour at my hands.

*Mont.* My Lord, heere is the messenger returnd from  
France.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Ed.* Now sirra, What letters or what newes ?

*Mes.* No letters my Lord, and such newes, as with-  
out

your highnesse speciall pardon I dare not relate.

*Edw.* We pardon thee, and as neere as thou canst  
Tell me, What said Lewis to our letters ?

*Mes.* At my departure these were his verie words.  
Go tell false Edward thy supposed king,  
That Lewis of France is sending ouer Maskers,

To reuill it with him and his new bride.

*Edw.* Is Lewis so braue, belike he thinkes me Henry.  
But what said Lady Bona to these wrongs?

*Mes.* Tel him quoth she, in hope heele proue a widower shortly, Ile weare the willow garland for his sake.

*Edw.* She had the wrong, indeed she could saie  
Little lesse. But what saide Henries Queene, for as  
I heare, she was then in place?

*Mes.* Tell him quoth shee my mourning weeds be  
Doone, and I am readie to put armour on.

*Edw.* Then belike she meanes to plaie the Amazon.  
But what said Warwike to these iniuries?

*Mes.* He more incensed then the rest my Lord,  
Tell him quoth he, that he hath done me wrong,  
And therefore Ile vncrown him er't be long.

*Ed.* Ha, Durst the traytor breath out such proude  
words?

But I will arme me to preuent the worst.

But what is Warwike friendes with Margaret?

*Mes.* I my good Lord, theare so linkt in friendship,  
That young Prince Edward marries Warwikes daughter.

*Cla.* The elder, belike Clarence shall haue the  
Yonger. All you that loue me and Warwike  
Follow me. [Exit CLARENCE and SUMMERSSET.

*Edw.* Clarence and Summerset fled to Warwike.  
What saie you brother Richard, will you stand to vs?

*Glo.* I my Lord, in despight of all that shall  
Withstand you. For why hath Nature  
Made me halt downe right, but that I  
Should be valiant and stand to it, for if  
I would, I cannot runne awaie.

*Edw.* Penbrooke, go raise an armie presentlie,  
Pitch vp my tent, for in the field this night  
I meane to rest, and on the morrow morne,  
Ile march to meet proud Warwike ere he land

Those stragling troopes which he hath got in France.  
 But ere I goe Montague and Hastings,  
 You of all the rest are neerest allied  
 In bloud to Warwike, therefore tell me, if  
 You fauour him more then me or not :  
 Speake truelie, for I had rather haue you open  
 Enemies, then hollow friends.

*Monta.* So God helpe Montague as he proues true.

*Hast.* And Hastings as hee fauours Edwards cause.

*Edw.* It shall suffice, come then lets march awaie.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

*Enter WARWIKE and OXFORD, with souldiers.*

*War.* Trust me my Lords all hitherto goes well,  
 The common people by numbers swarme to vs,  
 But see where Sommerset and Clarence comes,  
 Speake suddenlie my Lords, are we all friends ?

*Cla.* Feare not that my Lord.

*War.* Then gentle Clarence welcome vnto Warwike.

And welcome Summerset, I hold it cowardise,  
 To rest mistrustfull where a noble hart,  
 Hath pawnde an open hand in signe of loue,  
 Else might I thinke that Clarence, Edwards brother,  
 Were but a fained friend to our proceedings,  
 But welcome sweet Clarence my daughter shal be  
 thine.

And now what rests but in nights couerture,  
 Thy brother being careleslie encampt,  
 His souldiers lurking in the towne about,  
 And but attended by a simple guard,  
 We maie surprise and take him at our pleasure,  
 Our skouts haue found the aduenture verie easie,  
 Then crie king Henry with resolued mindes,  
 And breake we presentlie into his tent.

*Cla.* Why then lets on our waie in silent sort,  
For Warwike and his friends God and saint George.

*War.* This is his tent, and see where his guard doth  
Stand, Courage my souldiers, now or neuer,  
But follow me now, and Edward shall be ours.

*All.* A Warwike, a Warwike.

*Alarmes, and GLOSTER and HASTINGS flies.*

*Oxf.* Who goes there?

*War.* Richard and Hastings let them go, heere is  
the Duke.

*Edw.* The Duke, why Warwike when we parted  
Last, thou caldst me king?

*War.* I, but the case is altred now.  
When you disgraste me in my embassage,  
Then I disgraste you from being king,  
And now am come to create you Duke of Yorke,  
Alasse how should you gourne anie kingdome,  
That knowes not how to vse embassadors,  
Nor how to vse your brothers brotherlie,  
Nor how to shrowd your selfe from enimies.

*Edw.* Well Warwike, let fortune doe her worst,  
Edward in minde will beare himselfe a king.

*War.* Then for his minde be Edward Englands king,  
But Henry now shall weare the English crowne.  
Go conuiae him to our brother archbishop of Yorke,  
And when I haue fought with Penbrooke & his fol-  
lowers,

Ile come and tell thee what the ladie Bona saies,  
And so for a while farewell good Duke of Yorke.

[*Exeunt some with EDWARD.*

*Cla.* What followes now, all hithertoo goes well,  
But we must dispatch some letters to France,  
To tell the Queene of our happy fortune,  
And bid hir come with speed to ioine with vs.

*War.* I thats the first thing that we haue to doe,  
 And free king Henry from imprisonment,  
 And see him seated in his regall throne,  
 Come let vs haste awaie, and hauing past these cares,  
 Ile post to Yorke, and see how Edward fares.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

*Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, and sir WILLIAM STANLY.*

*Glo.* Lord Hastings, and sir William Stanly,  
 Know that the cause I sent for you is this.  
 I looke my brother with a slender traine,  
 Should come a hunting in this forrest heere.  
 The Bishop of Yorke befriends him much,  
 And lets him vse his pleasure in the chase,  
 Now I haue priuile sent him word,  
 How I am come with you to rescue him,  
 And see where the huntsman and he doth come.

*Enter EDWARD and a Huntsman.*

*Hunts.* This waie my Lord the deere is gone.

*Edw.* No this waie huntsman, see where the  
 Keepers stand. Now brother and the rest,  
 What, are you prouided to depart?

*Glo.* I, I, the horse stands at the parke corner,  
 Come, to Linne, and so take shipping into Flanders.

*Edw.* Come then: Hastings, and Stanlie, I will  
 Requite your loues. Bishop farewell,  
 Sheeld thee from Warwikes frowne,  
 And pracie that I maie reposesse the crowne.  
 Now huntsman what will you doe?

*Hunts* Marrie my Lord, I thinke I had as good  
 Goe with you, as tarrie heere to be hangde.

*Edw.* Come then lets awaie with speed.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

*Enter the Queene and the Lord RIUERS.*

*Riuers.* Tel me good maddam, why is your grace  
So passionate of late?

*Queen.* Why brother Riuers, heare you not the newes,  
Of that successe king Edward had of late?

*Riu.* What? losse of some pitcht battaile against  
Warwike,  
Tush, feare not faire Queen, but cast those cares aside.  
King Edwards noble mind his honours doth display :  
And Warwike maie loose, though then he got the day.

*Queen.* If that were all, my grieves were at an end :  
But greater troubles will I feare befall.

*Riu.* What, is he taken prisoner by the foe,  
To the danger of his royll person then?

*Queen.* I, thears my grieve, king Edward is surprisde,  
And led awaie, as prisoner vnto Yorke.

*Riu.* The newes is passing strange, I must confesse :  
Yet comfort your selfe, for Edward hath more friends,  
Then Lancaster at this time must perceiue,  
That some will set him in his thronre againe.

*Queen.* God grant they maie, but gentle brother  
come,  
And let me leane vpon thine arme a while,  
Vntill I come vnto the sanctuarie,  
There to preserue the fruit within my wombe,  
K. Edwards seed true heire to Englands crowne.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter EDWARD and RICHARD, and HASTINGS with  
a troope of Hollanders.*

*Edw.* Thus far from Belgia haue we past the seas,  
And marcht from Raunspur hauen vnto Yorke :  
But soft the gates are shut, I like not this.

*Rich.* Sound vp the drum and call them to the wals.

*Enter the Lord Maire of Yorke vpon the wals.*

*Mair.* My Lords we had notice of your comming,  
And thats the cause we stand vpon our garde,  
And shut the gates for to preserue the towne.  
Henry now is king, and we are sworne to him.

*Edw.* Why my Lord Maire, if Henry be your king,  
Edward I am sure at least, is Duke of Yorke.

*Mair.* Truth my Lord, we know you for no lesse.

*Edw.* I craue nothing but my Dukedom.

*Rich.* But when the Fox hath gotten in his head,  
Heele quicklie make the bodie follow after.

*Hast.* Why my Lord Maire, what stand you vpon points?  
Open the gates, we are king Henries friends.

*Mair.* Saie you so, then Ile open them presentlie.

[*Exit Maire.*

*Ri.* By my faith, a wise stout captain & soone per-  
swaded.

*The Maire opens the dore, and brings the  
keies in his hand.*

*Edw.* So my Lord Maire, these gates must not be shut,  
But in the time of warre, giue me the keies :  
What, feare not man for Edward will defend  
the towne and you, despight of all your foes.

*Enter sir Iohn Mountgommery with drumme and  
souldiers.*

How now Richard, who is this?

*Rich.* Brother, this is sir Iohn Mountgommery,  
A trustie friend vntesse I be deceiude.

*Edw.* Welcome sir Iohn. Wherfore come you in  
armes?

*Sir Iohn.* To helpe king Edward in this time of  
stormes,  
As euerie loyall subiect ought to doe.

*Edw.* Thankes braue Mountgommery,  
But I onlie claime my Dukedom.  
Vntil it please God to send the rest.

*Sir John.* Then fare you wel? Drum strike vp and  
let vs  
March away, I came to serue a king and not a  
Duke.

*Edw.* Nay staie sir Iohn, and let vs first debate,  
With what security we maie doe this thing.

*Sir John.* What stand you on debating, to be briefe,  
Except you presently proclaime your selfe our king,  
Ile hence againe, and keepe them backe that come to  
Succour you, why should we fight when  
You pretend no title?

*Rich.* Fie brother, fie, stand you vpon tearmes?  
Resolute your selfe, and let vs claime the crowne.

*Edw.* I am resolute once more to claime the crowne,  
And win it too, or else to loose my life.

*Sir John.* I now my soueraigne speaketh like himselfe,  
And now will I be Edwards Champion,  
Sound Trumpets, for Edward shall be proclaimd.  
Edward the fourth by the grace of God, king of Eng-  
land and France, and Lord of Ireland, and whosoeuer  
gainsaies king Edwards right: by this I challenge him to  
single fight, long liue Edward the fourth.

*All.* Long liue Edward the fourth.

*Edw.* We thanke you all. Lord Maire leade on the  
waie.

For this night weeble harbour here in Yorke,  
And then as earlie as the morning sunne,  
Liftes vp his beames aboue this horison  
Weele march to London, to meeete with Warwike:  
And pull false Henry from the Regall throne.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

*Enter WARWIKE and CLARENCE, with the Crowne, and then king HENRY, and OXFORD, and SUMMERSET, and the yong Earle of Richmond.*

*King.* Thus from the prison to this princelie seat,  
By Gods great mercies am I brought  
Againe, Clarence and Warwike doe you.  
Keefe the crowne, and gourne and protect  
My realme in peace, and I will spend the  
Remnant of my daies, to sinnes rebuke  
And my Creators praise.

*War.* What answeres Clarence to his soueraignes will ?

*Cla.* Clarence agrees to what king Henry likes.

*King.* My Lord of Summerset, what prettie  
Boie is that you seeme to be so carefull of ?

*Sum.* And it please your grace, it is yong Henry,  
Earle of Richmond.

*King.* Henry of Richmond, Come hither prettie Ladde.  
If heauenlie powers doe aime aright  
To my diuining thoughts, thou prettie boy,  
Shalt proue this Countries blisse,  
Thy head is made to weare a princelie crowne,  
Thy lookes are all replete with Maiestie,  
Make much of him my Lords,  
For this is he shall helpe you more,  
Then you are hurt by me.

*Enter one with a letter to WARWIKE.*

*War.* What Counsell Lords, Edward from Belgia,  
With hastie Germaines and blunt Hollanders,  
Is past in safetie through the narrow seas,  
And with his troopes doe march amaine towardes London,  
And manie giddie people follow him.

*Oxf.* Tis best to looke to this betimes,  
For if this fire doe kindle any further,  
It will be hard for vs to quench it out.

*War.* In Warwikeshire I haue true harted friends,  
 Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in warre,  
 Them will I muster vp, and thou sonne Clarence shalt  
 In Essex, Suffolke, Norfolke, and in Kent,  
 Stir vp the knights and gentlemen to come with thee.  
 And thou brother Montague, in Leistershire,  
 Buckingham and Northamptonshire shalt finde,  
 Men well inclinde to doe what thou commands,  
 And thou braue Oxford wondrous well belou'd,  
 Shalt in thy countries muster vp thy friends.  
 My soueraigne with his louing Citizens,  
 Shall rest in London till we come to him.  
 Faire Lords take leaue and stand not to replie,  
 Farewell my soueraigne.

*King.* Farewel my Hector, my Troyes true hope.

*War.* Farewell sweet Lords, lets meet at Couentrie.

*All.* Agreed.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

*Enter Edward and his traine.*

*Edw.* Sease on the shamefast Henry,  
 And once againe conuaiae him to the Tower,  
 [Sig. E.] Awaie with him, I will not heare him speake.  
 And now towards Couentrie let vs bend our course  
 To meet with Warwike and his confederates.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

*Enter WARWIKE on the walles.*

*War.* Where is the post that came from valiant Ox-  
 ford?  
 How farre hence is thy Lord my honest fellow?  
*Oxf. post.* By this at Daintrie marching hither-  
 ward.  
*War.* Where is our brother Montague?  
 Where is the post that came from Montague?  
*Post.* I left him at Donsmore with his troopes.

*War.* Say Summerfield where is my louing son?  
And by thy gesse, how farre is Clarence hence?

*Sommer.* At Southam my Lord I left him with  
His force, and doe expect him two houres hence.

*War.* Then Oxford is at hand, I heare his drum.

*Enter EDWARD and his power.*

*Glo.* See brother, where the surly Warwike mans the  
wal.

*War.* O vnbid spight, is spotfull Edward come!  
Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduste,  
That we could haue no newes of their repaire?

*Edw.* Now Warwike wilt thou be sorrie for thy  
faults,

And call Edward king and he will pardon thee.

*War.* Naie rather wilt thou draw thy forces backe?  
Confesse who set thee vp and puld thee downe?  
Call Warwike patron and be penitent,  
And thou shalt still remaine the Duke of Yorke.

*Glo.* I had thought at least he would haue said the  
king.

Or did he make the iest against his will.

*War.* Twas Warwike gaue the kingdome to thy  
brother.

*Edw.* Why then tis mine, if but by Warwikes gift.

*War.* I but thou art no Atlas for so great a waight,  
And weakling, Warwike takes his gift againe,  
Henry is my king, Warwike his subiect.

*Edw.* I prethe gallant Warwike tell me this,  
What is the bodie when the head is off?

*Glo.* Alasse that Warwike had no more foresight,  
But whilst he sought to steale the single ten,  
The king was finelie fingerd from the decke?  
You left poore Henry in the Bishops pallace,  
And ten to one you'lle meet him in the Tower.

*Edw.* Tis euen so, and yet you are olde Warwike still.

*War.* O cheerefull colours, see where Oxford comes.

*Enter OXFORD with drum and souldiers & al crie,*

*Oxf.* Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster. [Exit.]

*Edw.* The Gates are open, see they enter in,  
Lets follow them and bid them battaile in the streetes.

*Glo.* No, so some other might set vpon our backes,  
Weele staie till all be entered, and then follow them.

*Enter SUMMERSSET with drum and souldiers.*

*Sum.* Summerset, Summerset, for Lancaster. [Exit.]

*Glo.* Two of thy name both Dukes of Summerset,  
Haue solde their liues vnto the house of Yorke,  
And thou shalt be the third and my sword hold.

*Enter MONTAGUE with drum and souldiers.*

*Mont.* Montague, Montague, for Lancaster. [Exit.]

*Edw.* Traitorous Montague, thou and thy brother  
Shall deerelie abie this rebellious act.

*Enter CLARENCE with drum and souldiers.*

*War.* And loe where George of Clarence sweepes  
Along, of power enough to bid his brother battell.

*Cla.* Clarence, Clarence, for Lancaster.

*Edw.* Et tu Brute, wilt thou stab Cæsar too ?  
A parlie sirra to George of Clarence.

*Sound a Parlie, and RICHARD and CLARENCE whispers togither, and then CLARENCE takes his red Rose out of his hat, and throwes it at WARWIKE.*

*War.* Com Clarence come, thou wilt if Warwike  
call.

*Cla.* Father of Warwike, know you what this meanes ?

I throw mine infamie at thee,  
 I will not ruinate my fathers house,  
 Who gaue his bloud to lime the stones togither,  
 And set vp Lancaster. Thinkest thou  
 That Clarence is so harsh vnnaturall,  
 To lift his sword against his brothers life,  
 And so proud harted Warwike I defie thee,  
 And to my brothers turne my blushing cheeke ?  
 Pardon me Edward, for I haue done amisse,  
 And Richard doe not frowne vpon me,  
 For henceforth I will proue no more vncoustant.

*Edw.* Welcome Clarence, and ten times more welcome,

Then if thou neuer hadst deserud our hate.

*Glo.* Welcome good Clarence, this is brotherlie.

*War.* Oh passing traytor, periurd and vniust.

*Edw.* Now Warwike, wilt thou leaue  
 The towne and fight ? or shall we beate the  
 Stones about thine eares ?

*War.* Why I am not coopt vppe heere for defence,  
 I will awaie to Barnet presently,  
 And bid thee battaile Edward if thou darest.

*Edw.* Yes Warwike he dares, and leades the waie,  
 Lords to the field, saint George and victorie.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

*Alarmes, and then enter WARWIKE wounded.*

*War.* Ah, who is nie ? Come to me friend or foe,  
 And tell me who is victor Yorke or Warwike ?  
 Why aske I that ? my mangled bodie shewes,  
 That I must yeeld my bodie to the earth.  
 And by my fall the conquest to my foes,  
 Thus yeelds the Cedar to the axes edge,  
 Whose armes gaue shelter to the princelie Eagle,  
 Vnder whose shade the ramping Lion slept,

Whose top branch ouerpeerd Ioues spreading tree.  
 The wrinkles in my browes now fild with bloud,  
 Were likened oft to kinglie sepulchers.  
 For who liu'd king, but I could dig his graue ?  
 And who durst smile, when Warwike bent his brow ?  
 Lo now my glorie smeerd in dust and bloud,  
 My parkes, my walkes, my mannors that I had,  
 Euen now forsake me, and of all my lands,  
 Is nothing left me but my bodies lengh.

*Enter OXFORD and SUMMERSET.*

*Oxf.* Ah Warwike, Warwike, cheere vp thy selfe and  
 liue,  
 For yet thears hope enough to win the daie.  
 Our warlike Queene with troopes is come from France,  
 And at South-hampton landed all hir traine,  
 And mightst thou liue, then would we neuer flie.

*War.* Whie then I would not flie, nor haue I now,  
 But Hercules himselfe must yeeld to ods,  
 For manie wounds receiu'd, and manie moe repaid,  
 Hath robd my strong knit sinews of their strength,  
 And spite of spites needes must I yeeld to death.

*Som.* Thy brother Montague hath breathd his last,  
 And at the pangs of death I heard him crie  
 And saie, commend me to my valiant brother,  
 And more he would haue spoke and more he said,  
 Which sounded like a clamor in a vault,  
 That could not be distinguisht for the sound,  
 And so the valiant Montague gaue vp the ghost.

*War.* What is pompe, rule, raigne, but earth and  
 dust?  
 And liue we how we can, yet die we must.  
 Sweet rest his soule, flie Lords and saue your selues,  
 For Warwike bids you all farewell to meet in Heauen.

[*He dies.*

*Oxf.* Come noble Summerset, lets take our horse,  
 And cause retrait be sounded through the campe,  
 That all our friends that yet remaine aliue,  
 Maie be awarn'd and sauе themselues by flight.  
 That done, with them weele post vnto the Queene,  
 And once more trie our fortune in the field.

[*Ex. ambo.*]

*Enter EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, with souldiers.*

*Edw.* Thus still our fortune giues vs victorie,  
 And girts our temples with triumphant ioies,  
 The bigboond traytor Warwike hath breathde his last,  
 And heauen this daie hath smilde vpon vs all,  
 But in this cleere and brightsome daie,  
 I see a blacke suspitious cloud appeare  
 That will encounter with our glorious sunne  
 Before he gaine his easfull westerne beames,  
 I mean those powers which the Queen hath got in Frāce  
 Are landed, and meane once more to menace vs.

*Glo.* Oxford and Summerset are fled to hir,  
 And tis likelie if she haue time to breath,  
 Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

*Edw.* We are aduertisde by our louing friends,  
 That they doe hold their course towards Tewxburie.  
 Thither will we, for willingnes rids waie,  
 And in euerie countie as we passe along,  
 Our strengthes shall be augmented.  
 Come lets goe, for if we slacke this faire  
 Bright Summers daie, sharpe winters  
 Showers will marre our hope for haie.

[*Ex. Omnes.*]

*Enter the Queene, Prince EDWARD, OXFORD and SUMMERSSET, with drum and souldiers.*

*Quee.* Welcome to England, my louing friends of Frāce.

And welcome Summerset, and Oxford too.  
 Once more haue we spread our sailes abroad,  
 And though our tackling be almost consumde,  
 And Warwike as our maine mast ouerthrowne,  
 Yet warlike Lords raise you that sturdie post,  
 That beares the sailes to bring vs vnto rest,  
 And Ned and I as willing Pilots should  
 For once with carefull mindes guide on the sterne,  
 To beare vs through that dangerous gulfe  
 That heretofore hath swallowed vp our friends.

*Prince.* And if there be, as God forbid there should,  
 Amongst vs a timorous or fearefull man,  
 Let him depart before the battels ioine,  
 Least he in time of need intise another,  
 And so withdraw the souldiers harts from vs.  
 I will not stand aloofe and bid you fight,  
 But with my sword presse in the thickest thronges,  
 And single Edward from his strongest guard,  
 And hand to hand enforce him for to yeeld,  
 Or leaue my bodie as witnesse of my thoughts.

*Oxf.* Women and children of so high resolute,  
 And Warriors faint, why twere perpetuall  
 Shame? Oh braue yong Prince, thy  
 Noble grandfather doth liue againe in thee,  
 Long maiest thou liue to beare his image,  
 And to renew his glories.

*Sum.* And he that turnes and flies when such do fight,  
 Let him to bed, and like the Owle by daie  
 Be hist, and wondered at if he arise.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* My Lords, Duke Edward with a mighty power,  
 Is marching hitherwards to fight with you.

*Oxf.* I thought it was his pollicie, to take vs vnprouided,  
 But here will we stand and fight it to the death.

*Enter king EDWARD, CLA. GLO. HAST. and Souldiers.*

*Edw.* See brothers, yonder stands the thornie wood,  
Which by Gods assistance and your prowesse,  
Shall with our swords yer night be cleane cut downe.

*Queen.* Lords, Knights & gentlemen, what I should  
say,

My teares gainesaie, for as you see, I drinke  
The water of mine eies. Then no more  
But this. Henry your king is prisoner  
In the tower, his land and all our friends  
Are quite distrest, and yonder standes  
The Wolfe that makes all this,  
Then on Gods name Lords togither cry saint George.

*All.* Saint George for Lancaster.

*Alarmes to the battell, YORKE flies, then the chambers be  
discharged. Then enter the king, CLA. & GLO. & the  
rest, & make a great shout, and crie, for Yorke, for  
Yorke, and then the Queene is taken, & the prince, &  
Oxf. & Sum. and then sound and enter all againe.*

*Edw.* Lo here a period of tumultuous broiles,  
Awaie with Oxford to Hames castell straight,  
For Summerset off with his guiltie head.  
Awaie I will not heare them speake.

*Oxf.* For my part Ile not trouble thee with words.

[*Exit OXFORD.*]

*Sum.* Nor I, but stoope with patience to my death.

[*Exit SUM.*]

*Edw.* Now Edward what satisfaction canst thou make,  
For stirring vp my subiects to rebellion?

*Prin.* Speake like a subiect proud ambitious Yorke,  
Suppose that I am now my fathers mouth,  
Resigne thy chaire, and where I stand kneele thou,

Whilst I propose the selfesame words to thee,  
Which traytor thou woudst haue me answe're to.

*Queen.* Oh that thy father had bin so resolu'd :

*Glo.* That you might still haue kept your  
Peticote, and nere haue stolne the  
Breech from Lancaster.

*Prince.* Let Aesop fable in a winters night,  
His currish Riddles sorts not with this place.

*Glo.* By heauen brat Ile plague you for that word.

*Queen.* I, thou wast borne to be a plague to men.

*Glo.* For Gods sake take awaie this captiue scold.

*Prin* Nay take away this skolding Crooktbacke rather.

*Edw.* Peace wilfull boy, or I will tame your tongue.

*Cla.* Vntuterd lad thou art too malepert.

*Prin.* I know my dutie, you are all vndutifull.  
Lasciuious Edward, and thou periurd George,  
And thou mishapen Dicke, I tell you all,  
I am your better, traytors as you be.

*Edw.* Take that, the litnes of this railer heere.

*Queen.* Oh kill me too.

*Glo.* Marrie and shall.

*Edw.* Hold Richard hold, for we haue doone too much  
alreadie.

*Glo.* Why should she liue to fill the world with words ?

*Ed.* What doth she swound ? make meanes for  
Her recouerie ?

*Glo.* Clarence, excuse me to the king my brother,  
I must to London on a serious matter,  
Ere you come there, you shall heare more newes.

*Cla.* About what, prethe tell me ?

*Glo.* The Tower man, the Tower, Ile root them out

[*Exit GLOSTER.*]

*Queen.* Ah Ned, speake to thy mother boy ? ah  
Thou canst not speake.

Traytors, Tyrants, bloudie Homicides,  
They that stabd Cæsar shed no bloud at all,  
For he was a man, this in respect a childe,  
And men nere spend their furie on a child,  
Whats worse then tyrant that I maie name,  
You haue no children Deuils, if you had,  
The thought of them would then haue stopt your  
rage,

But if you euer hope to haue a sonne,  
Looke in his youth to haue him so cut off,  
As Traitors you haue doone this sweet young prince.

*Edw.* Awaie, and beare her hence.

*Queen.* Naie nere beare me hence, dispatch  
Me heere, heere sheath thy sword,  
Ile pardon thee my death. Wilt thou not ?  
Then Clarence, doe thou doe it ?

*Cla.* By Heauen I would not doe thee so much ease.

*Queen.* Good Clarence doe, sweet Clarence kill me too.

*Cla.* Didst thou not heare me sweare I would not  
do it ?

*Queen.* I, but thou vsest to forswear thy selfe,  
Twas sinne before, but now tis charitie.  
Whears the Diuels butcher, hardfauored Richard,  
Richard where art thou ? He is not heere,  
Murder is his almes deed, petitioners  
For bloud he nere put backe.

*Edw.* Awaie I saie, and take her hence perforce.

*Queen.* So come to you and yours, as to this prince.

[*Ex.*]

*Edw.* Clarence, whithers Gloster gone ?  
*Cla* Marrie my Lord to London, and as I gesse, to  
Make a bloudie supper in the Tower.

*Edw.* He is sudden if a thing come in his head.  
Well, discharge the common souldiers with paie  
And thankes, and now let vs towards London,

To see our gentle Queene how shee doth fare,  
For by this I hope shee hath a sonne for vs.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

*Enter GLOSTER to king HENRY in the Tower.*

*Glo.* Good day my Lord. What at your booke so hard?

*Hen.* I my good Lord. Lord I should saie rather,  
Tis sinne to flatter, good was little better,  
Good Gloster, and good Diuell, were all alike,  
What scene of Death hath Rosius now to act?

*Glo.* Suspition alwaies haunts a guiltie mind.

*Hen.* The birde once limde doth feare the fatall bush,  
And I the haplesse maile to one poore birde,  
Haue now the fatall obiect in mine eie,  
Where my poore young was limde, was caught & kild.

*Glo.* Why, what a foole was that of Creete?  
That taught his sonne the office  
Of a birde, and yet for all that the poore  
Fowle was drownde.

*Hen.* I Dedalus, my poore sonne Icarus,  
Thy father Minos that denide our course,  
Thy brother Edward, the sunne that searde his wings,  
And thou the eniuious gulfe that swallowed him.  
Oh better can my brest abide thy daggers point,  
Then can mine eares that tragike historie.

*Glo.* Why dost thou thinke I am an executioner?

*Hen.* A persecutor I am sure thou art,  
And if murdering innocents be executions,  
Then I know thou art an executioner.

*Glo.* Thy sonne I kild for his presumption.

*Hen.* Hadst thou bin kild when first thou didst presume,  
Thou hadst not liude to kill a sonne of mine,  
And thus I prophesie of thee.  
That manie a Widdow for her husbands death,  
And many an infants water standing eie,

Widowes for their husbands, children for their fathers,  
Shall curse the time that euer thou wert borne.  
The owle shrikt at thy birth, an euill signe,  
The night Crow cride, aboding lucklesse tune,  
Dogs howld and hideous tempests shooke down trees,  
The Rauen rookt her on the Chimnies top,  
And chattering Pies in dismall discord sung,  
Thy mother felt more then a mothers paine,  
And yet brought forth lesse then a mothers hope,  
To wit: an vndigest created lumpe,  
Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree,  
Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast borne,  
To signifie thou camst to bite the world,  
And if the rest be true that I haue heard,  
Thou camst into the world

*[He stabs him.]*

*Glo.* Die prophet in thy speech, Ile heare  
No more, for this amongst the rest, was I ordainde.

*Hen.* I and for much more slaughter after this.  
O God forgiue my sinnes, and pardon thee. *[He dies.]*

*Glo.* What? will the aspiring bloud of Lancaster  
Sinke into the ground, I had thought it would haue  
mounted,

See how my sword weepes for the poore kings death.  
Now maie such purple teares be alwaies shed,  
For such as seeke the downefall of our house.  
If anie sparke of life remaine in thee,

*[Stab him againe.]*

Downe, downe to hell, and saie I sent thee thither.  
I that haue neither pittie, loue nor feare.  
Indeed twas true that Henry told me of,  
For I haue often heard my mother saie,  
That I came into the world with my legs forward,  
And had I not reason thinke you to make hast,  
And seeke their ruines that vsurpt our rights?  
The women wept and the midwife cride,

O Iesus blesse vs, he is borne with teeth.  
 And so I was indeed, which plainelie signifide,  
 That I should snarle and bite, and plaie the dogge.  
 Then since Heauen hath made my bodie so,  
 Let hell make crookt my mind to answere it.  
 I had no father, I am like no father,  
 I haue no brothers, I am like no brothers,  
 And this word *Loue* which graybeards tearme diuine,  
 Be resident in men like one another,  
 And not in me, I am my selfe alone.  
 Clarence beware, thou keptst me from the light,  
 But I will sort a pitchie daie for thee.  
 For I will buz abroad such prophesies,  
 As Edward shall be fearefull of his life,  
 And then to purge his feare, Ile be thy death.  
 Henry and his sonne are gone, thou Clarence next,  
 And by one and one I will dispatch the rest,  
 Counting my selfe but bad, till I be best.  
 Ile drag thy bodie in another roome,  
 And triumph Henry in thy daie of doome.      *[Exit.]*

*Enter king EDWARD, Queene ELIZABETH, and a Nurse  
 with the young prince, and CLARENCE, and HASTINGS,  
 and others.*

*Edw.* Once more we sit in Englands royll throne,  
 Repurchasde with the bloud of enemies,  
 What valiant foemen like to Autumnes corne,  
 Haue we mow'd downe in tops of all their pride ?  
 Three Dukes of Summerset, threefold renoumd  
 For hardie and vndoubted champions.  
 Two Cliffords, as the father and the sonne,  
 And two Northumberlands, two brauer men  
 Nere spurd their coursers at the trumpets sound.  
 With them the two rough Beares, Warwike and Mon-  
 tague,

That in their chaines fettered the kinglie Lion,  
And made the Forrest tremble when they roard,  
Thus haue we swept suspition from our seat,  
And made our footstoole of securitie.

Come hither Besse, and let me kisse my boie,  
Young Ned, for thee, thine Vncles and my selfe,  
Haue in our armors watcht the Winters night,  
Marcht all a foote in summers skalding heat,  
That thou mightst reposesse the crowne in peace,  
And of our labours thou shalt reapre the gaine.

*Glo.* Ile blast his haruest and your head were laid,  
For yet I am not lookt on in the world.  
This shoulder was ordaind so thicke to heauie,  
And heauie it shall some waight or breake my backe,  
Worke thou the waie, and thou shalt execute.

*Edward.* Clarence and Gloster, loue my louelie Queene,  
And kisse your princely nephew brothers both.

*Cla.* The dutie that I owe vnto your, Maiestie,  
I seale vpon the rosiate lips of this sweet babe.

*Queen.* Thankes noble Clarence worthie brother  
thankes.

*Gloster.* And that I loue the fruit from whence thou  
Sprangst, witnesse the louing kisse I giue the child.  
To saie the truth so Iudas kist his maister,  
And so he cride all haile, and meant all harme.

*Edward.* Nowe am I seated as my soule delights,  
Hauing my countries peace, and brothers loues.

*Cla.* What will your grace haue done with Mar-  
garet,

Ranard her father to the king of France,  
Hath pawnd the Cyssels and Ierusalem,  
And hither haue they sent it for her ransome.

*Edw.* Awaie with her, and wafte hir hence to  
France,

And now what rests but that we spend the time,  
With stately Triumphs and mirthfull comicke shewes,  
Such as befits the pleasures of the Court.  
Sound drums and Trumpets, farewell to sower annoy,  
For heere I hope begins our lasting ioie.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

F I N I S.

N O T E S  
TO  
THE SECOND PART OF THE CONTENTION.

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Page 115, line 1. *The True Tragedie.*] In the original copy, the first letter in the title-page is not quite perfect. See the frontispiece to the present volume. This play is only divided from the former, says Dr. Johnson, for the convenience of exhibition; for the series of action is continued without interruption, nor are any two scenes of any play more closely connected than the first scene of this play with the last of the former.

Page 115, line 11. Printed at London by P. S.] The same person who printed the first edition of *Henry IV.*, which appeared in 1598.

Page 117, line 6. *Crookeback.*] The edition of 1619 inserts "then" before this word.

Page 117, line 6. *And the yong Earle of Rutland.*] This may be a mistake, or, what is more likely, inserted in the old copies as is usual at the commencement of an act, where names of characters are introduced that do not actually come on till afterwards. The present scene is in London, but Rutland first appears at Sandall.

Page 117, line 14. *Therewith.*] The edition of 1619 reads "there with." Either form was indiscriminately used, and instances of both may be found in Greene's "*Planetomachia,*" 4to. Lond. 1585. This would have been scarcely worth noticing, had not Mr. Knight quoted the variation.

Page 117, line 16. *The hands.*] The edition of 1619 reads "th' hands."

Page 117, line 16. *Common Souldiers.*] The inconsistency of this with a previous scene, where York kills Clifford, I have already mentioned at p. 114. The present account appears more consonant with history, though it ought to be mentioned that the commentators do not agree on this point.

Page 117, line 20. *With a downe right blow.*] This phrase also occurs at p. 29 and p. 129.

Page 118, line 1. *And tell them what I did.*] It is evident, says Mr.

Knight, that Richard here either points to the body of Somerset, or throws down his head. There is a stage-direction to this effect in the amended play. This appears to be an anachronism; for at the time of the first battle of St. Albans, at which Richard is represented in the last scene of the First Part to have fought, he was, according to Malone, not one year old, having been born at Fotheringay Castle, October 21st, 1454. At the time to which the third scene of the first act of this play is referred, he was but six years old; and in the fifth act, in which Henry is represented as having been killed by him in the Tower, not quite seventeen. See Malone's Shakespeare by Boswell, vol. xviii. p. 366.

Page 118, line 3. What.] The folio of the amended play reads "but," which has a contemptuous force scarcely implied by the old reading, which, however, was adopted by Malone. Mr. Collier and Mr. Knight have judiciously adopted the reading of the folios.

Page 118, line 9. I vow by heauens.] The edition of 1619 reads "heaven," which is also the reading of the amended play.

Page 118, line 31. Burd.] The amended play reads "he," which scarcely carries out the allegory sufficiently.

Page 118, line 32. If Warwike shake his bels.] The allusion is to falconry. The hawks had sometimes little bells hung upon them, perhaps to *dare* the birds; that is, to fright them from rising. See Malone's Shakespeare by Boswell, vol. xviii. p. 368.

Page 119, line 19. Such as he.] So all the early editions. The second folio of the amended play, "and such is he." Steevens says the second folio reads, "and such *as* he," which may have been the case in his copy. That belonging to me reads as above.

Page 119, line 26. Exet.] In the amended play this speech is given to Westmoreland, but Theobald and other editors have returned to the reading of the original drama. I do not exactly see the absolute necessity for the change. Westmoreland had been speaking just before, and Henry's address to Exeter may be considered accidental.

Page 119, line 33. Thou art deceiu'd.] This is omitted in the amended play, and Mr. Knight thinks the rejection "assuredly weakens the passage." This is scarcely the case, if York be supposed to speak the remaining words energetically, and, as Mr. Collier justly observes, it is perfectly consonant with the metre. It was perhaps rejected because the same expression occurs immediately afterwards. See p. 122. If it had been retained, we should have had a repetition of the same sentence within a very few lines of each other.

Page 120, line 3. Twas.] The amended play reads "it was," although modern editors, with the exception of Mr. Knight, have unnecessarily

returned to the old reading. In the same line we have “earldom” in the amended play, instead of “kingdom.” Mr. Knight reads, “Twas *mine* inheritance.”

Page 120, line 8. And that is.] It is curious to notice the variations in the different editions. That of 1619 reads “and that’s,” the first folio reads “that’s,” and the second folio “and that’s.” Thus, if modern editors had gone to the edition of 1632, they might have been saved the trouble of referring to the old copies. Mr. Collier reads “that is;” but, though agreeing with the metre, where is the authority?

Page 120, line 9. Sittest.] The two editions of 1600 and 1619 read “sittst.”

Page 120, line 31. Thy father was as thou art Duke of Yorke.] This is a mistake, according to Malone. The father of Richard, Duke of York, was Earl of Cambridge, and was never Duke of York, being beheaded in the life-time of his elder brother, Edward, Duke of York, who fell in the battle of Agincourt. The first folio of the amended play reads, “My father,” which is probably an error of the press.

Page 121, line 6. You are.] The edition of 1619 reads “Y’are.” The amended play agrees with our text.

Page 121, line 15. Leauē.] It is “leauē” in the original.

Page 121, line 17. Seekest.] The edition of 1619 reads, “seek’st.”

Page 121, line 19. Both both.] This repetition does not occur in the editions of 1600 and 1619.

Page 121, line 29. Proue it Henrie.] The second folio (1632) reads, “*But* prove it Henry,” which addition appears authorised, if not necessary, by the previous line:—

“But, is your grace dead, my lord of Somerset?”

Page 122, line 3. Henrie.] The edition of 1600 reads, “Henerie,” and this is important, because it clearly proves that Malone was right in saying this word was frequently used by Shakespeare and his contemporaries as a trisyllable. In the present line the metre requires it.

Page 122, line 9. Preiudicial to the Crown.] That is, to the prerogative of the crown. Dr. Johnson proposes to read “prejudicial to his son,” but the amendment does not appear necessary, and the doctor had probably forgotten that Richard II. left no issue.

Page 122, line 20. And of Kent.] The edition of 1619 omits the word “of,” and the amended play reads, “nor of Kent.”

Page 122, line 25. Maie that ground gape.] So in Phaer’s translation of the Fourth *Æneid*:—

“But rather would I wish the *ground* to *gape* for me below.”

This quotation is given by Steevens.

Page 122, line 33. Ouer.] The second folio reads, "o'er," generally adopted, but apparently not an improvement. Mr. Knight has judiciously restored the reading of the first folio.

Page 123, line 2. Whilst.] The edition of 1619 reads, "while."

Page 123, line 11. Exit.] In the edition of 1619, this stage-direction is erroneously placed at the end of Clifford's speech.

Page 123, line 14. Vnkingly.] The edition of 1619 reads, "unkindly," and the amended play, "unmanly."

Page 123, line 24. I heere intaile the Crowne.] The following account is taken from MS. Rot. Harl. C. 7, Membr. 4, *dorso*: "On halmesse evyn, abowt thre after noyne, comyn into the Comowne Howus, the Lordys spiritual and temporal, excepte the Kyng, the Duk of York, and hys sonys; and the Chawneeler reherset the debate had bytwyn owre soveren Lord the Kyng and the Duk of York upon the tytelys of Ingland, Fraunce, and the Lordschep of Erlond, wych mater was debat, arguet, and disputet by the seyd lordes spiritual and temporal byfore owre soveren Lord and the Duk of York longe and diverse tymys. And at the last, by gret avyce and deliberacion, and by the assent of owre soveryn Lord and the Duk of York, and alle the lordes spiritual and temporal ther assemelyd by vertu of thys present parlement, assentyt, agreyt, and accordyt, that owre sovereyne Lord the Kyng schal pessabylly and quyetyl rejoys and possesse the crowne of Ingland and of Fraunce, and the Lordchip of Irlond, with al hys preemynences, prerogatyves, and liberteys during hys lyf. And that after hys desese the coroun, etc., schal remayne to Rychard Duk of York, as rythe inheryt to hym and to hys issue, praying and desyring ther the comownes of Ingland, be vertu of thys present parlement assemylet, to comyne the seyd mater, and to gyff therto her assent. The whyche comyns, after the mater debatet, comynt, grawntyty, & assentyt to the forseyd premisses. And ferthermore was granted and assentyt, that the seyd Duk of York, the Erl of March, and of Rutlond, schul be sworne that they schuld not compasne conspyrene the kynges deth, ne hys hurt duryng hys lyf. Ferthermore the forseyd Duk schulde be had, take, and reporty as eyr apparent prince and ryth inheryter to the crowne aboveseyd. Ferthermore for to be had and take tresoun to ymagine or compas the deth or the hurt of the seyd Duk, wythe othyr prerogatyves as long to the prince and eyr parawnt. And ferthermore the seyd Duk and hys sonys schul have of the kyng yerly ten thousand marces, that is to sey, to hemself five thousand, to the Erl of Marche three thousand, the Erl of Rutlond two thousand marces. And alle these mateyrs, agreyd, assentyt, and inactyt by the auctoritie of thys present parlement. And ferthermore, the statutes mad in the tyme of Kyng Herry the Fowrth, wherby the croune was curtaylet to hys issu male,

utterly anullyd and everyth, wyth alle other statutes and grantys mad by the seyd Kynges days, Kyng Herry the fift, and Kyng Herry the sixte, in the ifforsing of the tytel of Kyng Herry the Fourth in general."

Page 123, line 26. Thine oath.] The edition of 1619 reads, "an oath," which agrees with the amended play.

Page 124, line 3. To my castell.] That is, Sandal Castle, near Wakefield. Our poetical readers may not think it irrelevant to be referred to Mr. Leatham's pleasing poem on this venerable ruin, recently published.

Page 124, line 11. Or else I follow thee.] The edition of 1619 reads, "Ile," and the amended play, "I will."

Page 124, line 13. What patience can there.] The editions of 1600 and 1619 read, "What patience can there be?"

Page 124, line 15. Our.] The edition of 1600 reads, "ouer."

Page 124, line 20. Sterne Fawconbridge commands the narrow seas.] So, in Marlowe's "Edward II.:"—

"The haughty Dane commands *the narrow seas.*"

The person here meant was Thomas Nevil, bastard son to the Lord Fawconbridge, "a man," says Hall, "of no lesse corage then audacitie, who for his euel condicions was such an apte person, that a more meter could not be chosen to set all the worlde in a broyle, and to put the estate of the realme on an yl hazard." He had been appointed by Warwick vice-admiral of the sea, and had in charge so to keep the passage between Dover and Calais, that none which either favoured King Henry or his friends should escape untaken or undrowned: such at least were his instructions with respect to the friends and favourers of King Edward, after the rupture between him and Warwick. On Warwick's death, he fell into poverty, and robbed friends and enemies indiscriminately. After various excesses, one of which was an attempt on the metropolis, he was taken at Southampton, and beheaded. He is called "pyratum ad marem" in MS. Cotton. Nero, B. i., fol. 61. Ritson says he was beheaded at Southampton; but Warkworth's "Chronicle," p. 20, gives a different account. See the "Paston Letters," ii., 82.

Page 124, line 26. Northen.] So in the original for "Northern."

Page 124, line 34. Murdred.] The edition of 1619 reads "murdered."

Page 125, line 1. From the field.] The first folio reads, "to the field." It is corrected in the second folio, and therefore Malone had no need to recur to the older copies.

Page 125, line 5. Thus forget.] The edition of 1619 reads, "thus to forget."

Page 125, line 18. No father, but a sweete contention.] Mr. Knight observes this speech is printed as prose in the edition of 1595, but it is also

so printed in the two later editions of 1600 and 1619. I do not, therefore, understand Mr. Knight's note, for I do not think it could be arranged as *verse* by any ingenuity. Let the reader try. The amended play reads, “*a slight contention*,” which Theobald, with his characteristic fondness for alteration, changed for the old reading. Mr. Collier judiciously deprecates this system. In this case, the amended reading seems on many accounts preferable. Richard wishes to explain that they are not quarrelling, and he accordingly says it is only *a slight contention*.

Page 125, line 24. *Breake an hundred othes to raigne one yeare.*] See the passage in the amended play, and Upton's “*Critical Observations on Shakespeare*,” ed. 1748, p. 301. Edward's notions of right in such cases had been anticipated by Cicero:—

“*Nam si violandum est jus, regnandi gratia  
Violandum est.*”

Page 126, line 6. *Rhou.*] So the original copy, for “*thou*.” A similar instance has previously occurred. See p. 84.

Page 126, line 11. *Shalt.*] So all the editions; but Mr. Knight reads “*shall*,” a change for the worse.

Page 126, line 18. *Enter a Messenger.*] In the folio of 1623, it is “*Enter Gabriel*,” which Mr. Collier thinks was the name of the actor of the part. There was a player of the name of Gabriel Spencer in Henslowe's company in 1598, who was killed by Ben Jonson in September of that year. Heywood mentions him in the “*Apology for Actors*,” p. 43, which, if Mr. Collier had not corrected himself with respect to an entry in Henslowe's Diary, I should have read “*Gabriel Singer*,” and not as it is printed in Mr. Collier's edition. Possibly, says Mr. Collier, he was one of the Lord Chamberlain's servants at an earlier date, when the third part of “*Henry VI.*” was played, and, as the actor of the part of the messenger, his name might be inserted in the MS. used for the Globe or Blackfriars' Theatre. See Collier's “*Shakespeare*,” v., 240.

Page 126, line 21. *Nnrthumberland and Westmerland, and others.*] So in the original, for “*Northumberland*.” The edition of 1619 reads, “*with others.*” Ritson says that the queen was not actually present at this battle, not returning out of Scotland till some little time afterwards. This insurrection, which the duke, not in breach of, but in strict conformity with, his oath to the king, and in discharge of his duty as protector of the realm, had marched from London to suppress, was headed by the Duke of Somerset, the Earl of Northumberland, and the Lord Nevil, who, in direct violation of a mutual agreement, and before the day prefixed for the battle, fell suddenly upon the duke's army, and made him and Salsbury prisoners. Malone, however, appears to think that York did break his oath, and that so far the

author of our play is right. (Malone's "Shakespeare," by Boswell, xviii., 386.)

Page 126, line 27. Mortemers.] The edition of 1619 reads "Mortimer."

Page 127, line 23. Makes him close his eies.] The following account is given by Hall: "While this battaill was in fighting, a prieste called Sir Robert Aspall, chappelain and scole master to the yong erle of Rutland, ij. sonne to the above named duke of Yorke, scace of the age of xij. yeres, a faire gentleman and a maydenlike person, perceivynge that flight was more savegard then tariyng, bothe for hym and his master, secretly conveyd therle out of the felde, by the lord Cliffordes bande, toward the towne, but or he coulde entre into a house, he was by the sayd lord Clifford espied, folowed, and taken, and by reson of his apparell, demaunded what he was. The yong gentleman dismayed, had not a word to speake, but kneled on his knees imploryng mercy, and desiryng grace, both with holding up his handes and making dolorous countinanc, for his speache was gone for feare. Save him sayde his chappelein, for he is a princes sonne, and peradventure may do you good hereafter. With that word, the lord Clifford marked him and sayde: by Gods blode, thy father slew myne, and so will I do the and all thy kyn, and with that woord, stacke the erle to the hart with his dagger, and bad his chappeleyn bere the erles mother and brother worde what he had done and sayde. In this acte the lord Clyfford was accompted a tyraunt and no gentleman, for the propertie of the lyon, which is a furious and an unreasonable beaste, is to be cruell to them that withstande hym, and gentle to such as prostrate or humiliate themselves before hym." Rutland also compares Clifford to the lion, a simile borrowed in all probability from Hall.

Page 127, line 25. Ouer.] The edition of 1619 reads "o'er," which agrees with the amended play.

Page 128, line 7. It could not slake.] The word "not" is accidentally omitted in Steevens's reprint of Pavier's edition.

Page 128, line 17. But twas ere I was borne.] This is a chronological error. Rutland, according to Hall, was born in 1448, but certainly before the battle of St. Alban's in 1455, when old Clifford was slain. It is necessary, however, in the conduct of the drama, to imagine him a mere child: yet when did child speak in the language of young Rutland?

Page 128, line 19. Sith.] That is, since. This form of the word is very common in old writers.

Page 128, line 24. Therefore Die.] Clifford here kills young Rutland. The requisite stage-direction was first added in the edition of 1632.

Page 129, line 7. With purple Faulchen painted to the hilts.] So in "Henry V.," act iii. sc. 5:

"With pennons painted in the blood of Harfleur."

Page 129, line 8. Slaughtered.] In the original, the letter "u" is blotted over, apparently done when originally printed.

Page 130, line 5. Death.] The editions of 1600 and 1619 and the amended play read "deaf."

Page 130, line 16. Triumphs.] Probably "triumph."

Page 130, line 27. Where is.] The edition of 1619 reads "wher's."

Page 130, line 30. Amongst.] The edition of 1619 reads "mongst."

Page 130, line 32. Rapiers.] The edition of 1600 reads "rapier."

Page 131, line 10. A crowne for Yorke.] Here Margaret places a paper crown on York's head. This also appears from "Richard III.," act i. sc. 3.

"The curse my noble father laid on thee,

When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper."

Douce, who quotes this passage, reads "noble brows," but I do not know on what authority. According to history, the crown was not placed on York's head by Margaret.

Page 131, line 11. Whilst.] The edition of 1600 reads "while."

Page 131, line 21. This.] Read "his."

Page 131, line 22. Oh, tis a fault too too vnpardonable.] "Too-too" is one word, and ought to be so printed. According to Grose, it is still used in the North, "absolutely for very well or good," but Watson, in his "list of uncommon words used in Halifax," says it is "often used to denote exceeding," in which latter sense it is here used. Thoresby, in his Letter to Ray, 1703, has the word *toota* in a similar signification. See Hunter's "Hallamshire Glossary," p. 162, and Grose's "Provincial Glossary," ed. 1839, p. 168. See also the present volume, p. 84, where the same word occurs. It also occurs in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," act ii. sc. 2. "I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are *too-too* strongly embattled against me." The word is correctly printed in the first folio, but Mr. Knight has divided it into two, while other editors generally only print one portion of the word. In the present case, Mr. Knight has entirely misunderstood its meaning and force, placing a comma in the middle of this single word. See the "Library Edition of Shakespeare," vi. 291. In several other places, all the editors of Shakespeare, from the time of Rowe, have misunderstood the word. It would not be difficult to supply instances. Let the following suffice:—

"O! that this *too-too* solid flesh would melt,

Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew."

*Hamlet*, act i. sc. 2.

The word is not always printed in the early editions with a hyphen, but I have never met with an instance of a comma being placed in the middle of it in any of the four folios.

Page 131, line 29. Whose tongue more poison'd then the Adders tooth.] The edition of 1619 reads "tongue's." In "Wily Beguilde," 1606, we have a similar line:—

" Whose tongue more venome then the serpents sting."

Page 132, line 4. The type.] That is, the distinguishing mark.

Page 132, line 10. That beggers mounted, run their horse to death.] " Set a Begger on horsebacke, and they say he will neuer light."—Greene's "Orpharion," 1599, p. 19. So Claudian:—

" Asperius nihil est humili, cum surgit in altum."

Page 132, line 15. Tis vertue that.] The word "that" is omitted in the edition of 1600.

Page 132, line 20. Oh Tygers hart wrapt in a woman's hide.] This is the celebrated line parodied by Greene. Nicholson has copied it in "Acolastvs His Afterwitte," 1600:—

" O woolish heart wrapt in a womans hyde."

Page 132, line 28. Blowes.] The edition of 1619 correctly reads "blow." The amended play reads:—

" For raging wind blows up incessant showers."

The commentators have brought together several parallel passages, which the reader will find in Malone's "Shakespeare" by Boswell, xviii. 339.

Page 132, line 32. And the false French woman.] So all the three quartos. The amended play reads:—

" 'Gainst thee, fell Clifford, and thee, false French-woman."

Page 132, line 34. I can.] Read, "can I."

Page 133, line 1. Could not haue tucht.] The second folio thus reads the commencement of this speech:—

" That face of his,  
The hungry Canibals would not have toucht,  
Would not have stayn'd *the roses just* with blood."

The words in italics are neither in the first folio, nor in the earlier copies.

Page 133, line 9. Heauie.] This word is omitted in the edition of 1619, but is supplied in the amended play. It is found in the edition of 1600, though Mr. Knight asserts the contrary.

Page 133, line 15. Two.] The edition of 1619 reads "too," as also the amended play.

Page 133, line 20. Inlie.] The edition of 1619 reads, "inward." Mr. Knight does not notice the old reading, which agrees with the amended play.

Page 133, line 25. Thears for my oath.] The edition of 1600 reads, "mine oath," but the amended play returns to the older reading.

Page 133, line 26. And teares to right our gentle harted kind.] So all the editions, but we no doubt must read, “our gentle-hearted *king*,” as in the amended play.

Page 134, line 5. So fled his enemies our valiant father.] The edition of 1619 reads:—

“So fled the enemies from our valiant father.”

Page 134, line 8. Loe how the morning opes her golden gates.] Let the reader compare this and the next line with any of Greene’s works, and I think the conclusion will be that Greene was not the author of them. Something similar occurs in “A Midsummer Night’s Dream,” act iii. sc. 2.

“But we are spirits of another sort.

I with the morning’s love have oft made sport;  
And, like a forester, the groves may tread,  
Even till the Eastern gate, all fiery-red,  
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,  
Turns into yellow gold his salt green streams.”

The second folio reads, “morning love,” but the two early quartos as I have quoted it.

Page 134, line 10. Doe I see three suns.] “The duke of Yorke, called erle of Marche, somwhat spurred and quyckened with these noveltyes, retired backe, and met with hys enemyes in a fayre playne, nere to Mortimers Crosse, not farre from Herford east, on Candelmas day in the moryng, at whiche tyme the sunne (as some write) appered to the erle of March, like iii. sunnes, and sodainly ioyned all together in one, and that upon the sight therof, he toke suchen courage, that he fiercely set on his enemie, and them shortly discomfited; for which cause men imagined that he gave the sunne in his full brightnes for his cognisaunce or badge.” — *Hall*. The same account is borrowed by Holinshed. A curious early illuminated picture of this occurrence may be seen in MS. Harl. 7353, a vellum roll, in which a scroll is put into the mouth of the king, with the legend, “Domine! quid vis me facere?”

Page 134, line 17. Doth.] Probably “do.”

Page 134, line 24. But what art thou.] The edition of 1619 here inserts, “Enter a Messenger,” which Mr. Collier overlooked when he denied the existence of any such direction in the earlier copies. See Collier’s “Shakespeare,” v. 251. “Enter one blowing” is the quaint direction of the folio in the amended play. Dr. Johnson says that “the generous tenderness of Edward, and savage fortitude of Richard, are well distinguished by their different reception of their father’s death.” The one was the natural ebullition of filial affection—the other, not savage fortitude, but all feeling of affection lost in the reflection that he had risen one step nearer the throne.

Page 134, line 24. Lookest.] The edition of 1619 reads, "look'st."

Page 134, line 31. Moe.] That is, "more." See also p. 178. Mr. Knight is scarcely justified in modernizing this genuine old word. A little farther on he has altered "handkercher" to "handkerchief," against all authority.

Page 135, line 1. Perceiuing he did weepe.] This is at variance with the account given in a former scene, where it is certainly implied that York did not weep till afterwards. The same oversight occurs in the amended play.

Page 135, line 4. But.] Read, "By."

Page 135, line 17. Hart.] The edition of 1619 reads, "hate," but the amended play returns to the reading of our text. Mr. Knight has not noticed this important variation.

Page 135, line 19. Euen in the hart bloud of the house of Lancaster.] This line occurs in the "First Part of the Contention," word for word. See the present volume, p. 26. In the "Third Part of Henry VI." it is omitted in Richard's speech, and occurs in a different form in the Second Part.

Page 135, line 26. Shew thy descent by gazing against the sunne.] According to Pliny, the eagle holds up its brood to the sun, as soon as hatched, to prove whether they are genuine or not. Chaucer alludes to this in the "Assemblie of Foules."

"There mighten men the royal eagal find,  
That with his sharp look persith the sonne."

And Spenser, in his "Hymn of Heavenly Beauty," p. 1309,

"Thence gathering plumes of perfect speculation,  
To imp the wings of thogh high-flying mind,  
Mount up aloft, through heavenly contemplation,  
From this dark world, whose damps the soul do blind,  
And, like the native brood of eagles kind,  
On that bright sun of glory fix thyne eyes,  
Clear'd from gross mists of frail infirmitys."

Page 135, line 33. Ah Warwike? should we report.] The metrical arrangement of this speech is much confused. It would be assisted by the edition of 1600, which reads,

"Ah gentle Warwiche, should we *but* reporte."

Page 136, line 6. I, euen as his soules redemption.] The word "I" is omitted in the edition of 1600.

Page 136, line 7. Done to death.] That is, "killed." This was a common expression long before Shakespeare's time, and is used very frequently by Spenser. So Chaucer, "Legend of Thisbe," 184,

"And his sworde that hath done to deth."

See Grey's "Notes on Shakespeare," 8vo. Lond. 1754, ii. 37, for a long note on this phrase, containing numerous examples.

Page 136, line 10. *Things.*] The edition of 1619 reads, "newes."

Page 136, line 14. *Was.*] Probably "were," or perhaps we might read "tiding" for "tidings" in the previous line.

Page 136, line 18. *To entercept.*] The edition of 1600 reads, "t'entercept."

Page 136, line 20. *For by my scoutes I was aduertised.*] Although contemporary historical illustrations are not necessary, yet the following extract from a MS. at Lambeth Palace is so strikingly corroborative, that I cannot resist the temptation of inserting it: "Blyssyt be God! diverse of owe adversaryes he owrethrowyn, and we undyrstond the prevyté and fals ymaginacions of the French party. Also ther is oon callyt John Worby, of Mortlond, a spye, in the county of Herteford, servaunt to Sere John Russel, in the county of Wyscetre, takyn be the Lord Suthwell, and the seid a spye ther takyn, hath confessyt that Kyng Harry, late Kyng of Eng-land, in dede but not in ryth, and sche that was Queyn Margarette hys wyf, and Edward hyr son, the duk of Brytayn, Edward the Duk of Bur-goyn, Syr Wylliam Taylbois, the Lord Roos, Sir Richard Tunstall, Thomas Ormond, Sir W. Catisby, Thomas Fytze Harry—thes lordes and knytes be in Scotlond with the Scottes. The duk of Excetre, Erl of Penbrok, the Baron of Burford, John Ayne—thes schal lond at Bumeryes be the appoy-ment of Robert Gald, Captene of the Duk of Burgoyne. Duk Harry of Calabere, the Lord Hungyrford, the Lord Mortone, the Duk of Somersete, with sixty thousand men of Shayn, thes schal londyn in the coost of Norfolk and Suffolk. The Lord Lewys, the Duk of Spayne, Harry the Dolfyn of Franch, Ser John Fosbrew, Ser John Russel of Wyctre, Ser Thomas Burtayn, the erlys brothere of Denschyre, Ser Thomas Cornwaylys; thes lordes and kuytes schal londyn at Sanewych by the appoyment. Than comyng after thes lordes and knytes byfore wryten to assiste them with al the powre possibille they may make; the Kyng of Fraunce with a hundred thousand: the Kyng of Denmarke with twenty thousand; the Kyng of Aragon fifty thousand; the King of Slavern with twenty thousand; the Kyng of Cesyl with twenty-five thousand; the Kyng of Portyngale with ten thousand; the whych he appoynyt to enter the reme of Ingland."

Page 136, line 27. *He lookt.*] The edition of 1600 reads, "Who lookt," which agrees with the amended play. The edition of 1619 places this line in parentheses.

Page 137, line 16. *He was latelie sent.*] This circumstance is not war-ranted by history. Clarence and Gloster, as they were afterwards created, were sent into Flanders immediately after the battle of Wakefield, and did

not return until their brother Edward got possession of the crown. Besides, Clarence was not now more than twelve years old. Isabel, Duchess of Burgundy, whom Shakespeare and the author of "The True Tragedie" call the Duke's aunt, was daughter of John I., king of Portugal, by Philippa of Lancaster, eldest daughter of John of Gaunt. They were, therefore, only third cousins. (Malone's "Shakespeare," by Boswell, xviii. 410.)

Page 138, line 6. Haught.] This word is common with contemporary writers. So Marlowe,

"This *haught* resolve becomes your majesty."

Page 138, line 14. Fifty thousand strong.] The amended play reads, "thirty thousand strong." Malone has strangely confused Warwick's enumeration of the Queen's forces with those of Warwick himself.

Page 138, line 16. Can but amount to 48. thousand.] The edition of 1619 reads, "eight and forty thousand," but the amended play reads, "five and twenty thousand."

Page 138, line 34. Shall for the offence make forfeit of his head.] The edition of 1600 reads, "th' offence." This very same line occurs in the "First Part of the Contention." See the present volume, p. 9.

Page 139, line 7. Why then it sorts.] That is, things are propitious. So in Greene's "Gwydonius," 4to. Lond. 1593, "Doubt not Castania, I my selfe dare absolutely promise thee, that thy love shall *sort* to such happie successe, as thou thy selfe doest seeke for."

Page 139, line 19. Nor wittinglie.] So all the editions, though modern editors, Mr. Knight excepted, read "not wittingly." It is not a matter of much consequence, but the change certainly appears to be for the worse.

Page 139, line 23. His.] Perhaps we should read "their," as in the amended play.

Page 139, line 26. Whose.] The editions of 1600 and 1619 read, "who," which appears to be preferable to our text.

Page 140, line 24. That things euill got had euer bad successe.] The edition of 1619 reads, "ill got." Erasmus gives the adage, "male parta, male delabuntur." So also Juvenal, sat. xiv.

"Santis parta malis, cura majore metuque,  
Servantur, misera est magni custodia census."

Page 140, line 26. Whose father for his hoording went to hell.] "It hath beene an olde prouerbe, that happy is that sonne whose father goes to the devill: meaning by thys allegoricall kind of speech, that such fathers as seeke to inrich theyr sonnes by covetousnes, by briberie, purloyning, or by any other sinister meanes, suffer not onely affliction of mind, as greeved

with insatietie of getting, but wyth danger of soule, as a iust reward for such wretchednesse." — Greene's " Royal Exchange," 4to. Lond. 1590. This book is extremely rare, and Mr. Dyce says he has never seen a copy. The same proverb is also given in Greene's " Newes both from Heauen and Hell," 4to. Lond. 1593, Sig. H 3, also a very rare and curious work, not in any of the public libraries to my knowledge.

Page 140, line 31. Countervaile.] This word is a particular favourite of Greene's. It occurs nearly twenty times in "The Card of Fancie," 1593, while it is only twice found in Shakespeare.

Page 141, line 2. Straight doe.] The edition of 1619 reads, "straight-way." The amended play has this speech as follows:

" My Lord, cheer up your spirits; our foes are nigh,  
And this soft courage makes your followers faint.  
You promis'd knighthood to our forward son;  
Unsheath your sword, and dub him presently."

It will be observed that the repetition of the phrase, "harmefull pittie," which is used both by Clifford and the Queen in the "True Tragedie," does not occur in the amended play.

Page 141, line 5. And learne this lesson boy.] The word "boy" is omitted in the edition of 1619.

Page 141, line 12. For with a band of fiftie thousand men.] At p. 138 Warwick numbers his army at forty-eight thousand. Steevens refers to the present reading in a note on the corresponding passage in the amended play, apparently not recollecting that the numbers had been altogether changed.

Page 141, line 15. Flies.] Probably "fly."

Page 141, line 18. Hath best successe when you are absent.] Hall says: "Happy was the Quene in her two battayls, but unfortunate was the King in al his enterprises, for wher his person was presente, ther victory fled ever from him to the other parte, and he commonly was subdued and vanquished." This superstitious belief relative to the fortunes of this unhappy prince is yet more circumstantially mentioned by Drayton:—

" Some think that Warwick had not lost the day,  
But that the king into the field he brought;  
For with the worse that side went still away  
Which had King Henry with them when they fought.  
Upon his birth so sad a curse there lay,  
As that he never prospered in aught.

The queen wan two, among the loss of many,  
Her husbaud absent; present, never any."

Page 141, line 34. I was adopted heire by his consent.] Edward's argu-

ment is founded on the following article, said to have been in the compact entered into by Henry and the Duke of York, which is found in Hall, but does not appear to have actually formed part of the agreement: “ Provided alwaye, that if the king did closely or apartly studye or go about to breake or alter this agreement, or to compass or imagine the death or destruction of the sayde duke or his bloud, then he to forfeit the crowne, and the duke of York to take it.” If this had been one of the articles of the compact, Edward would have been entitled to the crown, the Duke of York having been killed at Wakefield by Henry’s party: still it is odd that this article should have been alluded to here, when it is not mentioned in the former scene, where the agreement was made.

Page 142, line 1. Since when he hath broke his oath.] In the amended play this speech is so altered as to make part of the previous one. The prefix of *Cla.* is, however, given to it in the first folio, but judiciously omitted in the edition of 1632. The editors might have gone to this edition at once, instead of making a conjectural emendation.

Page 142, line 13. Synald.] The edition of 1619 reads, “ signal.”

Page 142, line 18. Your legs did better seruice than your hands.] Alluding, says Grey, to the old proverb, one pair of heels is worth two pair of hands. This is not literally true; for, though the Earl of Warwick was defeated at the second battle of Saint Albans, he had the good fortune to make his retreat with a good body of his forces, and to join the Duke of York. See Grey’s “ Notes on Shakespeare,” ii., 40.

Page 142, line 19. Flee.] The edition of 1619 reads “ flye.”

Page 142, line 20. So much before.] The edition of 1619 reads, “ As much before.”

Page 142, line 21. That droue mee thence.] The edition of 1619 omits “ that.”

Page 142, line 24. You.] “ Yee,” edition of 1619.

Page 142, line 25. Northumberland.] The metrical arrangement of this speech is confused. It is improved in the edition of 1619.

Page 143, line 2. I am a kung and priuiledge to speake.] So also the amended play. The edition of 1619 reads:—

“ I being a King, am priuiledg’d to speake.”

Page 143, line 4. Cru’d.] “ Cur’d ” in the editions of 1600 and 1619.

Page 143, line 19. But like a foule mishapen stygmatice.] Drayton has the following lines, speaking of the Duchess of York:—

“ And now I heare this bateful Duchess chats,  
And rips up their descent unto her brats,  
And blesseth them, as England’s lawful heirs,  
And tells them that our diademe is theirs.

And if such hap her goddess Fortune bring,  
 If three sonnes faile, she'll make the fourth a king,  
 He that's so like his dam, her youngest Dicke,  
 That *foul*, ill-favour'd, crook-back'd *stigmatick*,  
 That, like a carcase stolne out of a tombe,  
 Came the wrong way out of his mother's wombe,  
 With teeth in his head, his passage to have torne,  
 As though begot an age ere he was borne."

Page 143, line 21. As venome Todes, or Lizards fainting lookes.] The edition of 1619 reads, "venom'd." The amended play reads:—  
 "As venom toads, or lizards' dreadful stings."

Page 143, line 24. Channell.] A channel in Shakespeare's time signified what we now call a kennel. So in Stowe's "Chronicle," ed. 1605, p. 1148: "Such a storme of raine happened at London, as the like of long time could not be remembered; where-through, the *channels* of the citie suddenly rising," &c. Other instances may be seen in Malone's "Shakespeare," by Boswell, xviii., 420.

Page 143, line 25. Shames thou not.] The word "thou" is omitted in the edition of 1600.

Page 143, line 26. Riu'de, to,] Read "Riu'd to."

Page 143, line 27. A wispe of straw.] A "wispe" was formerly the punishment of a scold. "There's nothing mads or moves her more to outrage then but the naming of a *wispe*, or if you sing or whistle while she is scoulding."—"Microcosmography," 1650, ed. Bliss, p. 278. See also Nash's "Strange Newes," 1592, quoted in Boswell's Malone under its second title.

Page 143, line 29. Callet.] This word is used by Shakespeare in "The Winter's Tale," act ii., sc. 3; "2 Henry VI.," act i., sc. 3; and in "Othello," act iv., sc. 2. It means a lewd woman, a drab. So Skelton:—

"Then Elinour, said the *calettes*,  
 I shall break your palettes."

According to Carr, the word is still used in Craven.

Page 143, line 35. And gracst thy poore sire with his bridall daie.] The amended play and the edition of 1600 read "grac'd" instead of "gracst."

Page 144, line 17. Not.] The edition of 1619 reads "nor." The amended play agrees with our text.

Page 144, line 23. To daie.] The amended play reads "this day" in both the early folios. Why have modern editors returned to the reading of the original play?

Page 144, line 26. Sore spent.] The amended play reads, "forspent." This battle, says Carte, "decided the fate of the house of Lancaster, over-

turning in one day an usurpation strengthened by sixty-two years continuance, and established Edward on the throne of England." See Ritson's long note in Malone's "Shakespeare," by Boswell, xviii, 424.

Page 144, line 30. Needes must I rest my selfe.] The edition of 1600 reads "yeeld" instead of "rest." The amended play reads:—

"And, spite of spite, needs must I rest awhile."

Page 145, line 24. Ile kill my horse because I will not flie.] So Drayton, mentioning the same circumstance:—

"Resolv'd to win, or bid the world adieu;

Which spoke, the earl his sprightly courser slew."

Page 145, line 30. Thou setter vp and puller downe of kings.] It may be a question, from the way in which this line is placed, whether this alludes to the Deity or to Warwick; but in the amended play it clearly refers to the former, and I think the language more suitable to that interpretation.

Page 146, line 31. And so haue at thee.] This same expression has previously occurred at p. 29.

Page 147, line 6. Driue.] Perhaps "driuen."

Page 147, line 8. Ciuill iars.] The edition of 1600 reads, "cruell jars." See the notes of the commentators in Malone's "Shakespeare," by Boswell, xviii, 431.

Page 148, line 2. Ironious.] The edition of 1619 reads, "ironous."

Page 148, line 4. Poore boy thy father gaue thee lif too late.] The meaning of this does not appear very intelligible. In the amended play the position of the words *late* and *soon* are transposed, which renders the passage much clearer. The meaning may perhaps be, "Thy father begot thee at too late a period of his life, and therefore thou wert not old and strong enough to cope with him." This explanation, which belongs to Steevens, appears rather forced. See Malone's "Shakespeare" by Boswell, xviii. 437. "Too late" means "too recently," as may be seen from the following extract from "The Rape of Lucrece," ed. Dyce, p. 137:

"O, quoth Lucretius, I did give that life,

Which she too early and *too late* hath spill'd."

Page 148, line 15. For slaughter of my son.] The edition of 1600 reads, "for slaughter of her son."

Page 148, line 16. Take on with me.] To "take on" is a phrase still in use among the vulgar, and means to persist in lamentation. The phrase also occurs in "Pierce Penilesse," ed. Collier, p. 36. "Some will *take on* like a mad man, if they see a pigge come to the table."

Page 148, line 19. Was ever son so rude.] The variation in the amended play, as Malone says, is worth remarking:—

"Was ever son so *ru'd* a father's death."

Page 148, line 30. Murdered.] The edition of 1600 reads, “murdered.”

Page 149, line 4. No hope is left for vs.] The edition of 1619 reads, “No *help* is left for us,” which is scarcely an improvement; yet Mr. Knight adopts the latter reading, without noticing the other.

Page 149, line 9. Comes.] The edition of 1600 reads, “come.”

Page 149, line 11. Stand not to expostulate make hast.] These words form a part of the queen’s previous speech, at p. 71, in the “First Part of the Contention.”

Page 149, line 14. With an arrow in his necke.] This is omitted in the amended play. According to Steevens, Beaumont and Fletcher have ridiculed this in “The Knight of the Burning Pestle,” where they have introduced Ralph, the grocer’s prentice, with *a forked arrow through his head*. Compare Holinshed, p. 664. “The lord Clifford, either for heat or paine, putting off his gorget suddenlie, with an arrow (as some saie) without a head, was striken into the throte, and immedately rendered his spirit.”

Page 149, line 15. Heere burnes my candell out.] Compare “1 Henry VI.,” act ii. sc. 5.

“Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer.”

Page 149, line 23. And whither flies.] Probably “fly.” The line preceding this, which is not in the early editions of the amended play, has been restored by modern editors, as necessary to the sense of what follows.

Page 150, line 6. No strength to hold our flight.] The edition of 1619 reads, “no strength to hold *out* flight,” which agrees with the amended play. Dr. Johnson proposes to read “fight” for “flight,” but there appears to be no necessity for the emendation.

Page 150, line 14. Keepes.] Probably “keep.” In this combat, which lasted fourteen hours, and in the actions of the two following days, 36,776 persons are said to have been killed; the greater part of whom were Lancastrians. Thus Southey describes the result of this dreadful conflict. Lines like these will soften the monotony of our notes:—

“Witness Aire’s unhappy water,  
Where the ruthless Clifford fell,  
And where Wharfe ran red with slaughter  
On the day of Towcester’s field,  
Gathering in its guilty flood  
The carnage and the ill-spilt blood  
That fourty thousand lives could yield.

Cressy was to this but sport,  
 Poictiers but a pageant vain,  
 And the work of Agincourt  
 Only like a tournament."

Page 150, line 31. And stabd our princelie father Duke of Yorke.] The word "father" is omitted in the edition of 1600.

Page 151, line 2. Bring forth that fatall scrichowle to our house.] See p. 185, line 3, and the note thereon. The screech owl is the tawny owl. See Pennant's "Zoology," i., 208. Grose tells us that a screech owl flapping his wings against the windows of a sick person's chamber, or screeching at them, portends that some one of the family shall shortly die. In Rowlands' "More Knaves Yet," 1612, this superstition is thus pleasantly ridiculed :—

" Wise Gosling did but hear the Scrich Owl cry,  
 And told his wife, and straight a pig did die."

The superstition is at least as old as the fifth century; and Butler banters the ancient Romans for their believing it :—

" The Roman senate, when within  
 The city walls an owl was seen,  
 Did cause their clergy with lustrations,  
 Our Synod calls humiliations,  
 The round-fac'd prodigy to avert,  
 From doing town or country hurt."

Page 151, line 10. And tis his policie that in the time of death.] The word "that" is omitted in the edition of 1600.

Page 152, line 18. Him.] The edition of 1619 reads, "himselfe."

Page 152, line 21. For Glosters Dukedom is too ominous.] So Hall says:—" It seemeth to many men that the name and title of Gloucester hath bene unfortunate and unluckie to diverse, whiche for their honor have bene erected by creation of princes to that stile and dignitie; as Hugh Spencer, Thomas of Woodstocke, son to Kyng Edward the thirde, and this duke Humphrey; whiche three persons by miserable death finished their daies; and after them King Richard the iii., also duke of Gloucester, in civil warre was slaine and confounded; so that this name of Gloucester is taken for an unhappy and unfortunate stile, as the proverbe speaketh of Sejanus horse, whose ryder was ever unhorsed, and whose possessor was ever brought to miserie." Perhaps, however, Richard wished for the senior title, and merely uses this as an excuse for asking for the other's dukedom.

Page 152, line 25. Enter two keepers.] In the folio, they are called Sinklo and Humphrey. Sinklo is introduced in a similar manner in the Induction to the "Taming of the Shrew," sc. 1., and in "2 Henry IV.,"

act v. sc. 5. He was also one of the players in the "Seven Deadlie Sinns," which was produced before 1589. See Malone's "Shakespeare," by Boswell, iii. 348. Sinklo is also introduced in the Induction to Marston's "Malcontent," 1604, but this does not disprove the presumed fact that he was then dead. See Introduction. Malone supposes Humphrey meant Humphrey Jeffes, but he is probably mistaken, as Jeffes and his brother belonged to Henslowe's company. Mr. Collier, however, thinks that Humphrey Jeffes may have joined the Lord Chamberlain's players afterwards, or had belonged to that body originally.

Page 152, line 30. From Scotland am I stolne.] "And on that parte that marched upon Scotlande, he laied watches and espialles, that no persone should go out of the realme to kyng Henry and his company, which then laye soiornynge in Scotlande; but whatsoever ieperdy or peryll might bee construed or demed to have insued by the meanes of kyng Henry, all suche doubtes were now shortly resolved and determined, and all feare of his doynges were clerely put under and extinct; for he hymselfe, whether he were past all feare, or was not well stablished in his perfite mynde, or could not long kepe hymself secrete, in a disguised apparell boldely entered into Englannde. He was no soner entered, but he was knownen and taken of one Cantlowe, and brought towarde the kyng, whom the erle of Warwicke met on the waie, by the kynges commaundement, and brought hym through London to the towre, and there he was laied in sure holde."—*Hall*.

Page 153, line 1. Sues.] Probably "sue," for the amended play reads:—

"No humble suitors press to speak for right."

Page 153, line 3. Heere is.] The edition of 1619 reads, "heere's," which agrees with the amended play.

Page 153, line 23. Talkest.] The edition of 1619 reads, "talkes."

Page 153, line 25. Why so I am in mind.] Perhaps an allusion to the old song, beginning—

" My mind to me a kingdom is."

The music to this is in the Public Library, Cambridge.

Page 154, line 7. This ladies husband heere sir Richard Grey.] So also the amended play reads, "Richard," but his name was John, as appears from all the chronicles. The subsequent statement that he lost his life in the cause of the house of York is altogether a mistake: but it is rectified in "Richard III." act. i. sc. 3:

"In all which time you, and your husband Grey,  
Were factious for the house of Lancaster."

Sir John Grey, according to Malone, fell in the second battle of St. Albans,

which was fought on Shrove-Tuesday, 1461, fighting on the side of King Henry ; and so far is it from being true that his lands were seized on by Queen Margaret, that they were in fact seized by Edward, after his great victory at Towton, on March 29, 1461. The present scene is laid in the spring of 1464, for Edward married Elizabeth on the first of May in that year.

Page 154, line 16. *I, is the wind in that doore.*] In the two editions of 1595 and 1600, the two next lines form part of this speech, which it is necessary to note particularly, for I have made a slight blunder in the reprint here, by placing "Clarence" as a prefix, instead of letting it form part of the speech. The edition of 1619 gives it as a separate speech, and the next speech, beginning, "He knows the game," is given to Gloster in that edition. These variations and others are unnoticed by Mr. Knight, who professes to have collated the editions of 1595 and 1619. "Ile help you, sir, saies she, if you please; yea, quoth Tarlton, *is the wind in that doore?* Come on, then."—*Tarlton's Jests*, 4to. Lond. 1611.

Page 155, line 1. *And.*] The edition of 1619 reads, "if."

Page 155, line 2. *Wer not pittie.*] The edition of 1619 reads "wer't" for "wer."

Page 155, line 26. *Owes.*] Probably "owe."

Page 155, line 27. *Commands.*] Probably "command."

Page 156, line 4. *Agrees not with the sadness of my sute.*] "Sadness" here means *seriousness*. See "Romeo and Juliet," act i. sc. 1. See the nice example of the word in this sense in Douce's "Illustrations," ii. 28. A line somewhat similar to this occurs in "2 Henry VI." act i. sc. 1, ed. Collier, p. 113.

Page 156, line 23. *I know I am too bad to be your Queene.*] So in Warner's "Albion's England," as quoted by Steevens—

"His plea was love, my suit was land: I plie him, he plies me;  
Too bace to be his queen, too good his concubine to be."

Hall says, "—whiche demaund she so wysely and with so covert speeche aunswered and repugned, affyrmynge that as she was for his honour far unable to be his spouse and bedfellowe, so for her awne poor honestie she was to good to be either his concubine, or sovereigne lady; that where he was a littel before heated with the dart of Cupido, he was nowe," &c. See Malone's "Shakespeare," by Boswell, xviii. 460. Perhaps Heywood remembered these lines when he wrote—

"A concubine to one so great as Edward,  
Is far too great to be the wife of Shore."

*King Edward IV.*, act v. sc. 4, ed. Field, p. 87.

Page 156, line 29. *Thou art a widow and thou hast some children.*]

This memorable expression is said to have been addressed by Edward to his mother, who was particularly annoyed at this connexion. Among other arguments against her son's wedlock was, that the fact of Elizabeth being a widow ought to prevent her marriage with a king, since the sovereignty would be dishonoured by such bigamy. The sentiment as expressed in our text is far preferable to Heywood's coarseness.

Page 157, line 16. Let vs.] The editions of 1600 and 1619 read, "lets."

Page 157, line 26. Lookt.] The editions of 1600 and 1619 read, "looke."

Page 158, line 1. Why loue did scorne me in my mothers wombe.] This line occurs in "Wily Beguilde," 4to. Lond. 1606—

" For love did scorne me in my mothers wombe."

The amended play reads—

" Why, love forswore me in my mothers wombe."

Page 158, line 4, Plaste.] That is, plac'd.

Page 158, line 11. That that.] The edition of 1619 reads, "that which."

Page 158, line 16. Put.] The edition of 1619 reads " pull," which is no doubt the right reading.

Page 159, line 17. Queen.] This speech is much augmented in the amended play. Among the rest the following lines—

" Look therefore, Lewis, that by this league and marriage

Thou draw not on thee danger and dishonour ; "

which I quote in order to correct the modern editors, who read—

" Look therefore, Lewis, that by this league and marriage

Thou draw not on *thy* danger and dishonour."

It must be admitted, however, that this latter reading is supported by the old copies.

Page 159, line 28. Henry the fift.] The word " the " is erroneously omitted in Steevens's reprint, which leads Mr. Knight to think it was not in the original. Such, however, is not the fact, as the present reading is found in the editions of 1595, 1600, and 1619. This merely shows, as I have said before, the difficulty of obtaining faultless reprints; and Mr. Knight has frequently been obliged, in all probability, to be contented with Steevens.

Page 159, line 30. Henries.] The edition of 1619 reads, " Henry is."

Page 160, line 6. Bewray.] That is, discover or disclose; not exactly synonymous with *betray*, which is often used to *discover for bad or treacherous purposes*, a sense in which *bewray*, according to Douce, is never found. See the very apposite quotation given in Douce's " Illustra-

tious," ii. 26. In Rider's "Dictionarie," 1640, we have "bewray, or disclose," explained by the Latin "prodo." See the instances of this word in "King Lear," act. ii. sc. 1, act. iii. sc. 6, "3 Henry VI." act. i. sc. 1, "Coriolanus," act. v. sc. 3, "Titus Andronicus," act. v. sc. 1. The amended play reads, "and *not* bewray," so that probably this word was accidentally omitted, as it appears necessary to the sense.

Page 161, line 4. Or your denial.] The edition of 1619 omits the word "your," and the second folio reads, "deny," instead of "denial."

Page 161, line 24. Frets as this.] We should read "frets *at* his," as in the edition of 1619.

Page 161, line 29. Mine such as fils my hart full of ioie.] The edition of 1619 reads,

"Mine is such as fills my heart with joy."

Page 161, line 30. Mine full of sorrow and harts discontent.] "Also the fourthe yere of Kynge Edwarde, the Erle of Warwyke was sent into Fraunce for a maryage for the Kynge, for one fayre ladye, suster-doughtere to the Kynge of Fraunce, whiche was concludede by the Erle of Warwyke. And whiles the seyde Erle of Warwyke was in Fraunce, the Kynge was wedded to Elisabethe Gray, wedow, the qwiche Sere Ihon Gray that was hyre housbonde was slayne at Yorke felde in Kynge Herry partye; and the same Elisabeth was doughtere to the Lorde Ryvers; and the weddyng was prevely in a secrete place, the fyrist day of Maye the yere above seide." — *Warkworth's Chronicle*, p. 3. Ritson says Edward's marriage took place in 1463, but I should rather give credence to Warkworth's date, May 1, 1464, which is rather corroborated than otherwise by the birth of the Princess Elizabeth in February, 1465, to whom Warwick stood sponsor. Historians are divided in opinion relative to the real causes of Warwick's displeasure, but, as our dramatist has followed the later chronicles, it is not necessary to discuss the subject here.

Page 162, line 9. My father came vntimelie to his death.] The edition of 1619 reads, "to an untimely death." Our author describes his death as happening at Ferrybridge, but Shakespeare, in the amended play, rejected that description of the death of the Earl of Salisbury, yet he retains the present passage; which, however, is scarcely sufficient to warrant Malone's conclusion. See Malone's "Shakespeare," by Boswell, xviii. 475.

Page 162, line 10. To thy neece.] We should probably read, "to *my* neece," as in the amended play. See Holinshed, p. 668, as quoted in Malone's "Shakespeare" by Boswell, xviii. 475.

Page 162, line 18. I doe.] The edition of 1619 reads, "I'll."

Page 162, line 34. And I am readie to put armour on.] It was once no unusual thing, says Steevens, for queens themselves to appear in armour

at the head of their forces. The suit which Elizabeth wore, when she rode through the lines at Tilbury to encourage the troops on the approach of the Spanish Armada, may be still seen in the Tower.

Page 163, line 4. Thears thy reward, begone.] The edition of 1619 reads here, "*Exit Mes.*"

Page 163, line 10. Wedlockes.] The edition of 1619 reads "wedlocke," which agrees with the amended play. There appears to be an historical error, as it was one of the younger daughters of Warwick, and not the eldest, that the prince married. There is, however, no absolute inconsistency, as at this time Warwick's eldest daughter was unmarried.

Page 163, line 11. Withall.] The edition of 1619 reads, "with all."

Page 163, line 11. Withall my hart, that match I like full wel.] In point of fact, Queen Margaret persevered fifteen days before she would consent to the alliance with Warwick; to which, at last, by the advice of the counsellors of her father, King René, she agreed, and the marriage was promised in presence of the King of France and the Duke of Guienne, brother to Louis XI. See Strickland's "Lives of the Queens," iii., 338, and Warkworth's "Chronicle," p. 9. This last authority says: "And whenne the seide Duke of Clarence and the Erle of Warwyke were in Fraunce, there apperede a blasynge sterre in the weste, and the flame therof lyke a spere hede, the whiche dyverse of the kynges house sawe it, whereof thei were fulle sore adrede. And thanne in Fraunce whenne the seide lordes where, thei toke there counselle qwhat was beste for to do; and thei conde fynde no remedy but to sende to Quene Margaret, and to make a maryage betwex Prynce Edwarde, Kynge Herry sonne, and an other of the seid Erle of Warwikys daughters, whiche was concluded, and in Fraunce worschippfully wedded." The original of the Duke of Guiennne's oath to assist Queen Margaret, approving also of the marriage of Anne of Warwick, is to be found in MS. Cotton. Vespas. F. iii., fol. 32. It is signed by himself, and dated July 30th, 1470.

Page 164, line 2. Theile.] The edition of 1619 reads, "they will."

Page 164, line 5. And I am your king.] The edition of 1619 reads, "and I am both your king."

Page 164, line 7. Because our king.] The edition of 1600 reads, "because you are our king."

Page 164, line 8. Proueth.] Perhaps we should rather read "proue," in regard to the grammatical strictness of Gloster's remark.

Page 164, line 12. Twere a pittie.] The word "a" is omitted in the edition of 1619.

Page 164, line 19. My Lord then this is my opinion.] The edition of 1619 reads, "mine opinion."

Page 164, line 30. Let England be true within it selfe.] Borde, talking of the English, says: “Thei fare sumptuousli, God is served in their churches devoutly, but treason and deceyt among them is used craftili, the mare pitie, for *yf they were true within themselves*, thei nede not to feare, although al nacions wer set against them.” — *The Fyrst Boke of the Introduction of Knowledge*, 1542. It is observable, says Malone, that the first of these lines occurs in the old play of “King John,” 1591, from which Shakespeare borrowed it, and inserted it, with a slight change, in his own play with the same title. See Malone’s “Shakespeare,” by Boswell, xviii., 482. The amended play reads:—

“Why, knows not Montague, that of itself  
England is safe, if true within itself.”

Page 164, line 34. To haue the daughter and heire.] It must be remembered, says Dr. Johnson, that till the Restoration, the heiresses of great estates were in the wardship of the king, who in their minority gave them up to plunder, and afterwards matched them with his favourites (Malone’s “Shakespeare,” by Boswell, xviii., 483).

Page 165, line 11. You.] The edition of 1619 reads “ye.”

Page 165, line 16. Queen.] It ought to be observed, that in the stage-directions and prefixes of this scene in the amended play, we have invariably Lady Grey, as if intentionally to show that she was not yet a sovereign, properly so speaking. Edward, in fact, puts the question on this very subject hypothetically. Modern editors, without any authority, make Lady Grey enter “as queen.”

Page 165, line 19. That I was not ignoble in my birth.] The edition of 1619 reads, “from my birth.” Elizabeth’s father was Sir Richard Widville, Knight, afterwards Earl of Rivers; her mother, Jaqueline, Duchess Dowager of Bedford, who was daughter to Peter of Luxemburgh, Earl of St. Paul, and widow of John Duke of Bedford, brother to King Henry V. See the “Archæologia,” vol. xxix., where will be found other particulars, in a paper I communicated to the Society of Antiquaries.

Page 165, line 29. Your highnesse speciall pardon.] The word “speciall” is omitted in the edition of 1619, but it is found in the amended play.

Page 166, line 20. Theare.] The edition of 1619 reads, “they are.”

Page 166, line 23. All you that loue me and Warwike follow me.] Perhaps this speech may more appropriately be given to Edward. A similar line to this occurs in “The Battle of Alcazar,” 1594, quoted by Malone:—

“Myself will lead the way,  
And make a passage with my conquering sword,

Knee-deep in blood of these accursed Moors;  
*And they that love my honour, follow me.*"

And also in "Richard III.," act iii., sc. 4:—

"The rest that love me, rise, and follow me."

Page 167, line 3. You of all the rest are neerest allied.] Mr. Knight, in quoting this line, reads "near" for "neerest," an important mistake, as far as concerns metre. The edition of 1619 reads:—

"You *aboue* all the rest are *neere* allied."

Page 167, line 15. Comes.] Probably "come."

Page 168, line 3. This is his tent.] This was most likely a part of the earlier drama, on which I suppose the present play to be founded. Shakespeare would hardly have introduced so very simple a construction. The audience are required to suppose that the assailing party had travelled from their own quarters in order to arrive at Edward's tent, whereas they merely cross the boards to Edward's encampment. In the amended play, Shakespeare shows his superior judgment by changing the place, and interposing a dialogue between the watchmen who guard the king's tent. Robert Greene relied on the imagination of his auditors in the "Pinner of Wakefield" exactly in the same way. See Collier's "Shakespeare," v., 227.

Page 168, line 18. Knowes.] Probably "know."

Page 168, line 31. All hithertoo goes well.] This same expression has just been used by Warwick. See p. 167.

Page 168, line 32. To France.] The edition of 1619 reads, "into France."

Page 169, line 7. Enter Gloster.] This and the next scene are transposed in the amended play.

Page 169, line 26. Frowne.] The edition of 1600 reads "frownes," but this is probably an error, as the two lines seem intended to rhyme. The amended play agrees with our text.

Page 170, line 4. You.] The edition of 1619 reads "ye."

Page 170, line 16. As prisoner vnto Yorke.] The edition of 1600 reads, "as *prison* unto York." This variation is noticed in Collier's "Shakespeare," v., 306; but perhaps that gentleman's opinion of the low value of the edition of 1600 is hardly borne out on a careful examination. Several of the variations between the editions of 1595 and 1600 are, as Mr. Collier observes, mere "errors of the press;" but the latter edition contains several important readings. Thus at p. 135, last line, the reading of the edition of 1600 is most valuable, being the only one that supplies a correct metre.

Page 171, line 16. A wise stout captain & soone perswaded.] This person was Thomas Clifford. "And also he came for to clayme the Duchery of

Yorke, the whiche was his inherytaunce of ryght, and so passed forthe to the cité of Yorke, where Thomas Clyfford lete hym inne, and ther he was examynede aynenne ; and he seyde to the mayre and aldermenne and to alle the comons of the cité, in likewyse as he was afore in Holdernes at his landyng ; that was to sey, that he nevere wulde clayme no title, ne take uppone honde to be Kynge of Englonde, nor wulde have do afore that tyme, but be excitynge and sturing of the Erle of Warwyke ; and therto afore alle peple, he cryed ‘ A ! Kynge Henry ! A ! Kynge and Prynce Edwarde ! ’ and wered ane estriche feder, Prynce Edwardes lyvery. And after this he was sufferd to passee the cité, and so helde his wey southwarde, and no man lettyd hym ne hurtyde hym.”—*Warkworth's Chronicle*, p. 14.

Page 172, line 3. Vntil.] Mr. Knight reads “ till.”

Page 172, line 15. Fie, stand you vpon tearmes?] The word “ fie ” is omitted in the edition of 1619.

Page 172, line 19. Speaketh like himselfe.] The edition of 1600 reads “ speakes,” and that of 1619 omits the word “ like.” The whole of this speech is arranged as metre in the edition of 1600.

Page 172, line 34. Exeunt Omnes.] This is omitted in the edition of 1600.

Page 173, line 20. Shalt proue this Countries blisse.] So Holinshed and Hall—“ whom when the king had a good while beheld, he said to such princes as were with him : Lo, surelie this is he, to whom both we and our adversaries, leaving the possession of all things, shall hereafter give roome and place.” Henry VII., perhaps to show his gratitude to Henry VI. for this early presage in his favour, solicited Pope Julius to canonize him as a saint ; but this was not accomplished, and Henry is not in the Romish calendar, although two books of his “ Miracula ” may be still seen in the MS. Harl., 423.

Page 173, line 26. Enter one with a letter to Warwike.] This corresponds to act iv., sc. 8, of the amended play, though not so divided in Mr. Knight’s edition.

Page 173, line 30. Doe.] Perhaps “ doth.”

Page 173, line 31. And manie giddie people follow him.] The edition of 1619 reads :—

“ And many giddy headed people follow him.”

Page 174, line 22. Let vs.] The edition of 1600 reads “ lets.”

Page 175, line 9. Spotfull.] The amended play reads, “ sportfull,” which seems to be preferable to the word in our text.

Page 175, line 31. Whilst.] The edition of 1600 reads “ while.”

Page 176, line 4. And al erie.] This is omitted in the edition of 1619 ; but Mr. Knight has restored it from our text, without omitting the prefix

*Oxf.* in the next line, which ought not to be retained, and is accordingly left out in the reprint of 1600. It may be as well to observe that the direction *Exi* in the next line is properly altered to *Exeunt* in the edition of 1600.

Page 176, line 14. *And my sword hold.*] The edition of 1619 reads, “if my sword hold.”

Page 176, line 23. *Et tu Brute, wilt thou stab Cæsar too?*] The prefix to this line is omitted in the edition of 1600, and the whole speech is omitted in the amended play. The Latin words occur in “Julius Cæsar,” act iii., sc. 1., probably borrowed from this play. The very same line occurs in Nicholson’s poem before quoted, which was published under the following title: “Acolastvs His Afterwitte. By S. N. *Semel insaniuimus omnes.* At London imprinted for Iohn Baylie, and are to be sold at his shop, neere the little North-doore of Paules Church. 1600.”

Page 177, line 22. *Darest.*] The edition of 1619 reads “dar’st,” which agrees with the amended play.

Page 177, line 34. *Ramping.*] The edition of 1619 reads “rampant.” The amended play agrees with our text.

Page 178, line 7. *My walkes.*] The edition of 1619 reads, “and walkes.” The amended play agrees with our text.

Page 178, line 16. *Mightst.*] The edition of 1600 reads “mighest.”

Page 178, line 20. *Hath.*] Probably “have.”

Page 178, line 25. *Spoke.*] The edition of 1600 reads “saide.”

Page 178, line 26. *Which sounded like a clamor in a vault.*] The amended play reads:—

“ Which sounded like a cannon in a vault.”

Some of the editors return to the old reading.

Page 178, line 33. *Bids you all farewell to meet in Heauen.*] So in “Richard III.,” act iii., sc. 3:—

“ Farewell, until we meet again in Heaven.”

Page 179, line 4. *Awarn’d.*] The edition of 1619 reads “forewarn’d.”

Page 179, line 25. *Countie.*] The edition of 1619 reads “country.”

Page 180, line 13. *Battels.*] The edition of 1600 reads “battaile.”

Page 180, line 29. *Wondered.*] The edition of 1600 reads “wondred,” which is adopted by Mr. Knight from the amended play, I suppose, as that edition does not appear to have been accessible to him.

Page 181, line 4. *Yer.*] The edition of 1600 reads “ere.” The word “yer,” that is, *before*, is merely the older word, and occurs in Chaucer. “That gathered sundry assemblies in diuers places, where *yer* a leaud songe was fully ended, some mist their kniues, some their purses, soome onethinge, soome another.”—*Kind-Hart’s Dreame*, 1592. Mr. Rimbault,

who has recently edited this rare volume for the Percy Society, misprints it *eyer*. So also the editors of Shakespeare's Poems, including Mr. Dyce, have made an unnecessary alteration in "The Passionate Pilgrim":—

"What though her frowning brows be bent,  
Her cloudy looks will calm *yer* night,  
And then too late she will repent,  
That thus dissembled her delight."

This is so printed in the edition of 1599, among the "Sonnets to Sundry Notes of Musicke," but the word *yer* has been changed to *ere*.

Page 181, line 15. Then the chambers be discharged.] We have had this stage-direction previously at p. 47. It may be as well to observe that *chambers* are short pieces of ordnance or cannon, which stood on their breeching, without any carriage, used chiefly for rejoicings or theatrical cannonades. See "2 Henry IV.," act ii., sc. 4; and "King Henry VIII.," act i., sc. 4.

Page 182, line 1. Whilst.] The edition of 1600 reads "whilest."

Page 182, line 8. Sorts.] Probably "sort."

Page 182, line 19. The litnes of this railer heere.] In the edition of 1619, the stage-direction "Stabs him," is inserted after this line. The edition of 1600 reads "lightnes," and that of 1619 reads, "thou likenesse of this railer here."

Page 183, line 5. That I maie name.] The edition of 1619 reads, "I may not name," which does not seem to be an improvement, although it is adopted by Mr. Knight.

Page 183, line 26. He nere put backe.] The edition of 1619 reads, "hee'l nere put backe."

Page 183, line 30. Whithers.] The edition of 1619 reads, "whether is."

Page 183, line 31. And as I gesse.] The edition of 1600 omits the word "and."

Page 183, line 35. Let vs towards.] The edition of 1619 reads, "lets toward."

Page 184, line 9. What scene of Death hath Rosius now to act.] It would, perhaps, be scarcely allowable to conjecture that this is an allusion to Rosius, the tyrannical philosopher. See "Vossius de Scient. Mat.," c. 68, § 27. Nicholson adopts this line in "Acolastus His Afterwitte," 1600:—

"What bloody scene hath crueltie to act?"

There also appears to be an allusion to this speech in the following passage, quoted by Steevens from the same work:—

"Through thee each murthering Roscius is appointed,  
To act strange scenes of death on God's anointed."

It would, perhaps, be going out of the way to conjecture that Burbage played this part, and was called " Roscius Richard " on that account.—See Collier's " Memoirs of Alleyn," p. 13.

Page 184, line 22. *Enuious.*] Mr. Knight follows the edition of 1619 in reading "enviest," but our reading is clearly preferable.

Page 185, line 1. *Widowes for their husbands, children for their fathers.*] Instead of this line, we have in the first folio:—

" Men for their sons, wives for their husbands,  
Orphans, for their parents timeless death."

But the second folio reads:—

" Men for their sons, wives for their husbands' fate,  
And orphans, for their parents timeless death."

Page 185, line 3. *The owle shrikst at thy birth, an euill signe.*] "If an owl," says Bourne, "which is reckoned a most abominable and unlucky bird, send forth its hoarse and dismal voice, it is an omen of the approach of some terrible thing; that some dire calamity and some great misfortune is at hand." See Brand's "Popular Antiquities," ed. Ellis, iii., 108. So Chaucer:—

" The jilous swan, ayenst hys deth that singeth,  
The owle eke, that of deth the bode bringeth."

Page 185, line 4. *The night Crow cride, aboding lucklesse tune.*] "If a crow fly but over the house, and croak thrice, how do they fear, they, or some one else in the family, shall die." — Ramesey's "Elminthologia," 1668, p. 271. The word "aboding" would have been divided in a modern edition, or perhaps we should read, "time" for "tune." So in the second part of Marston's "Antonio and Mellida":—

" Now croaks the toad, and night crowes screech aloud,  
Fluttering 'bout casements of departing soules."

Page 185, line 5. *Dogs howld.*] A superstition was formerly common that the howling of dogs was an omen of approaching calamity. Ross, as quoted by Brand, says, "that dogs by their howling portend death and calamities, is plaine by historie and experience."

Page 185, line 6. *The Raven rookt her on the Chimnies top.*] To *rook*, or rather to *ruck*, is a north country word, signifying to *squat down*, or *lodge* on any thing. Carr gives the word in the sense of "to tumble, to be restless," but adds that in that sense it is now obsolete in Craven. Grose explains it as above. So in Golding's "Ovid," 1567:—

" The furies made the bridegrome's bed, and on the house did *rucke*  
A cursed owle, the messenger of ill successe and lucke."

Page 185, line 10. *An vndigest created lumpe.*] Grey adduces the "rudis, indigestaque moles" of Ovid, in which he is followed by Douce.

The amended play reads, “indigested,” which is judiciously restored by Mr. Collier, Malone and other editors reading “indigest.” When Mr. Knight adopted Malone’s emendation, he did not perhaps recollect Clifford’s address in “2 Henry VI.,” act v. sc. 1.

“Hence, heap of wrath, foul *indigested lump*,  
As crooked in thy manners as thy shape.”

It ought, however, to be remarked, that the conjunction “and,” omitted by Mr. Knight, is also omitted in the second folio, which does not appear to be any where noticed.

Page 185, line 12. Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast borne.] This is confirmed by Ross of Warwick, Hist. Reg. Angl., ed. 1745, p. 214: — “Et in brevi dominum suum regem Edwardum Quintum, actu regem, sed non coronatum, cum fratre suo Ricardo, a Westmonasterio, sub promissione securitatis suscepto, incarceravit, ita quod ex post paucissimis notum fuit qua marturizati sunt. Thronum regium tunc ascendit occisorum, quorum protector in minori aetate fuisse ipse, tyrannus rex Ricardus, qui natu est apud Fodringlay, in comitatu Northamptoniæ, biennio matris utero tentus, exiens cum dentibus et capillis ad humeros.”

Page 185, line 19. He dies.] This account of Henry’s murder is not in all probability very far from the truth. “And the same nyghte that kynge Edwarde came to Londone, Kynge Herry, beyng inwarde in presone in the Toure of Londone, was putt to dethe the xxj. day of Maii, on a tywesday nyght, betwyx xi. and xii. of the cloke, beyng thenne at the Toure the Duke of Gloucetre, brother to Kynge Edwarde, and many other; and one the morwe he was chestyde and brought to Paulys, and his face was opyne, that every manne myghte see hym; and in hys lynghe he bledde one the pamphent ther; and afterward at the Blake Fryres was broughte, and ther he bledde new and fresche; and from thens he was caryed to Chyrchesey abbey in a bote, and buryed there in oure Lady chapelle.” — *Warkworth’s Chronicle*, p. 21. The references to this event are collected in the introduction to that work. “Obitus Regis Henrici Sexti, qui obiit *inter* vicesimum primum diem Maii et vicesimum secundum diem Maii.” — M.S. Bib. Reg. 2 B. xv., fol. 1.; M.S. Harl. 2887, fol. 2. Habington remarks that “the death of King Henry was acted in the darke, so that it cannot be affirmed who was the executioner, only it is probable it was a resolution of the state; the care of the king’s safety and the publicke quiet, in some sort making it, however cruell, yet necessary;” and he adds, “at what time his body lay in Saint Paul’s, and after in Blackefryers, a large quantity of blood issued from his nose, a most miraculous way of speaking the barbarisme of his murther, and giving tyrants to understand that the dead dare in their language tell the truth, and call even

their actions to account." The Continuator of the *Chronicles of Croyland*, a contemporary historian of the highest authority, agrees with the above. The popular historical tradition of Henry's murder, like that of his son, has been a matter of great dispute among modern writers, on the grounds of Fleetwood's assertion, "that on the news of the utter ruin of his party, the death of his son, and the capture of Queen Margaret, he took it in such ire, despite, and indignation, that of pure displeasure and melancholy he died." See the first *Camden* publication, edited by J. Bruce, Esq. That the death of Henry was predetermined by King Edward, even when uncertain of the battle of Barnet, may be gathered from his letter to Clarence, "to keep King Henry out of sanctuary."—See Miss Strickland's "Lives of the Queens," iii., 350. This clever authoress does not seem to be aware that the "Leland Chronicle" is merely an abridgment of Warkworth.

Page 185, line 26. If anie sparke of life remaine in thee.] This line is omitted in the edition of 1619. Steevens quotes the following line from Golding's *Ovid*, 1587 :

" If any sparke of nature do within thy hart remaine."

Page 185, line 28. Downe, downe to hell, and saie I sent thee thither.] A somewhat similar passage occurs in Greene's "Alphonsus," 1599—

" Go, pack thou hence unto the Stygian lake,  
And make report unto thy traitorous sire,  
How well thou hast enjoy'd the diadem,  
Which he by treason set upon thy head;  
And if he ask thee who did send thee down,  
Alphonsus say, who now must wear thy crown."

I scarcely, however, think with Mr. Collier that there is a "striking coincidence" between the two passages. Still less do I consider it a substantial evidence in favour of Greene's title to the authorship of our play. If we proceeded on this very unsafe and uncertain principle, as Malone did in the case of Marlowe, we should prove the two plays now reprinted to have been the work of twenty different writers.

Page 185, line 32. That I came into the wôrld.] The word "that" is omitted in the edition of 1619.

Page 185, line 35. The women wept and the midwife cride.] This line is as follows in the edition of 1619—

" The women weeping, and the midwife crying."

Page 186, line 7. I haue no brothers.] The edition of 1600 reads, "I have no brother," which agrees with the amended play.

Page 186, line 13. For I will buz abroad such prophesies.] Immediately after this line, in the edition of 1619, is the following—

" Vnder pretence of outward seeming ill."

Page 186, line 16. Henry and his sonne are gone.] Instead of this and the next line, we have the following in the edition of 1619—

“ King Henry, and the priuce his sonne are gone,  
And Clarence thou art next must follow them,  
So by one and one dispatching all the rest.”

Page 186, line 24. Once more we sit in Englands royll throne.] The word “royall” is omitted in the edition of 1619, but is found in the amended play.

Page 187, line 11. And.] The edition of 1619 reads, “if.”

Page 187, line 16. Clarence and Gloster.] Instead of this and the next line, the edition of 1619 reads,

“ Brothers of Clarence and of Gloster,  
Pray loue my louely queene,  
And kisse your princely nephew, both.”

Page 187, line 27. Hauing my countries peace, and brothers loues.] The edition of 1619 omits this line, but it is found in the amended play.

Page 187, line 32. And hither haue they sent it.] Unless there be some omission in this speech, as Douce observes, it must either be regarded as improperly elliptical, or as ungrammatical. *It* refers to the sum of money borrowed by Margaret’s father, which is mentioned by the French historians to have been fifty thousand crowns. The author of the play followed Holinshed. See Douce’s “Illustrations,” ii. 31.

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## O B S E R V A T I O N S

ON THE

TEXT OF THE SECOND AND THIRD PARTS OF HENRY VI.

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In the preceding notes I have taken the opportunity of introducing a few remarks on the two latest editions of the amended play; and, as an appropriate supplement, I here add a few other observations that could not conveniently be introduced among the critical illustrations of the older dramas. I would be permitted to add that I do so with diffidence, and a doubt whether I can add any thing of value to the results of the critics. There are, however, a few passages that seem to require slight alterations,

and to these I shall "address myself." To commence in order; in act i., sc. 2, of the Second Part, York says:—

"The Peers agreed, and Henry was well pleas'd  
To change two Dukedomes for a Duke's fair daughter.  
I cannot blame them all, what is't to them?  
'Tis *thine* they give away, and not their own."

Should we not read:—

"Tis *mine* they give away, and not their own."

Again, in act i., sc. 3, the Duchess of Gloucester says:—

"Though in this place most master wear no breeches,  
She shall not strike Dame Eleanor unreveng'd."

So the first folio and modern editors. The second folio reads "wears." The passage does not appear very intelligible as it now stands. Perhaps we may read:—

"Though in this place most *masters* wear no breeches."

By which she means to insinuate that all the men present were governed by their wives. In act ii., sc. 3, when Peter is surprised at his victory, he exclaims: "O God! have I overcome mine *enemy* in this presense?" This is the reading of the second folio; but modern editors follow the edition of 1623, and read "enemies," although Peter only overcomes one enemy. In act iii., sc. 2, when Suffolk affirms:—

"Tis not the land I care for, wer't thou *thence*;  
A wilderness is populous enough,  
So Suffolk had thy heavenly company."

The second folio reads "hence," which appears worth noticing. In act iv., sc. 3, we have:—

"These cheeks are pale *for* watching for your good."

The second folio reads, "with watching," which seems preferable. In the same act, most editors have made an alteration in the following passage:—

"Say. Long sitting, to determine poor men's causes,  
Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.

"Cade. Ye shall have a hempen caudle, then, and the help of a hatchet."

The word "caudle" is misprinted "candle" in the old copies. Mr. Collier reads, "with the help of hatchet," which he says is the reading of *all* the early editions. The second folio, however, reads, "help of a hatchet," which seems preferable. The old reading is intelligible, though Farmer proposed to read, "the *pap* of a hatchet," which appears to be more ingenious than correct. At p. 203 of Mr. Collier's edition and p. 95 of Mr. Knight's should we not read, "make me betake me to my heels," accord-

ing to the second folio? In act iv., sc. 9, the Messenger, speaking of the Duke of York, says:—

“His *arms* are only to remove from thee

The duke of Somerset, whom he terms a traitor.”

The second folio reads “armies,” a variation not noticed by the editors, though apparently more congenial to the context. A few lines further on, King Henry compares his state

“Like to a ship, that, having scap’d a tempest,

Is straightway *calm* and boarded with a pirate.”

So Mr. Collier and the first folio. Mr. Knight properly reads “calm’d;” but it ought to be noticed that the edition of 1632 has “claimd,” so possibly we might adopt this latter reading as one of more authority than conjecture. In act v., sc. 1, York indignantly exclaims:—

“False king! why hast thou broken faith with me,

Knowing how hardly I can brooke abuse?

King did I call thee? no, thou art *not* king.”

The second folio reads, “thou art *no* king,” which gives the line a greater power. When Henry says:—

“For shame! in duty bend thy knee to me,

That bows unto the grave with *mickle* age.”

Is not the “*milky* age” of the second folio worth a passing notice?

In the Third Part, collation has not yet been perfected. The line in act i. sc. 1:—

“Rather than have made that savage duke thine heir,”

seems better in the second folio, where the word “have” is omitted. Again are we indebted to the second folio:—

“For *on* thy shoulder do I build my seat.”

The first folio reads, “in.” Other instances of a similar nature have already been mentioned in the notes.

It is well known that the second folio contains numerous variations from the first, and those variations, excepting cases of omission, are for the most part *corrections* of the older text. It would be an important addition to our knowledge on these subjects, could we ascertain the name of the editor, and the means he employed. It does not seem at all likely that the corrections are the result of conjectural emendation, for occasionally we find words inserted for which undoubtedly there must have been authority; neither is it probable that he used other manuscripts, for the variations are scarcely extensive enough to warrant that supposition; but, as it was printed only eight or nine years after the edition of 1623, the editor might have used the same copies that were employed by his predecessors, or his corrections might have been made from memory, as he had heard and seen the plays

performed. This we can easily believe, if Allot were the editor; and, whoever he was, he deserves better treatment at the hands of the editors than he has lately received. The latest editors of Shakespeare, indeed, constantly correct the text of the first folio by means of the second; and Mr. Collier very frequently gives us the readings of the latter edition as conjectural emendations. See v., 284, 321, and the examples mentioned in the notes. Any one who will collate the two first folios, will easily see the use of the second one. If I may be permitted for once to imitate Malone's arithmetic, the reader may not be displeased to know that in the three parts of *Henry VI.* alone, Mr. Knight admits eighty-five corrections from the second folio, and Mr. Collier adopts eighty-seven. Perhaps after this, notwithstanding its blunders, the opinion of Steevens concerning this volume will be admitted to be nearly right. It will, perhaps, be thought strange if I were to assert that even Mr. Collier and Mr. Knight have not collated the first folio with very great accuracy. Yet I may say with Master Shallow, "it will be found so." Else how can we account for such an oversight as this?

"Away, captains, let's get us from the walls,  
For Talbot means no goodness by his looks.  
*Good bye*, my lord! we came but to tell you  
That we are here."

1 *Henry VI.*, act iii., sc. 2.

So the first folio. The second reads, "we came, *sir*," an addition not at all necessary. But Messrs. Collier and Knight read:

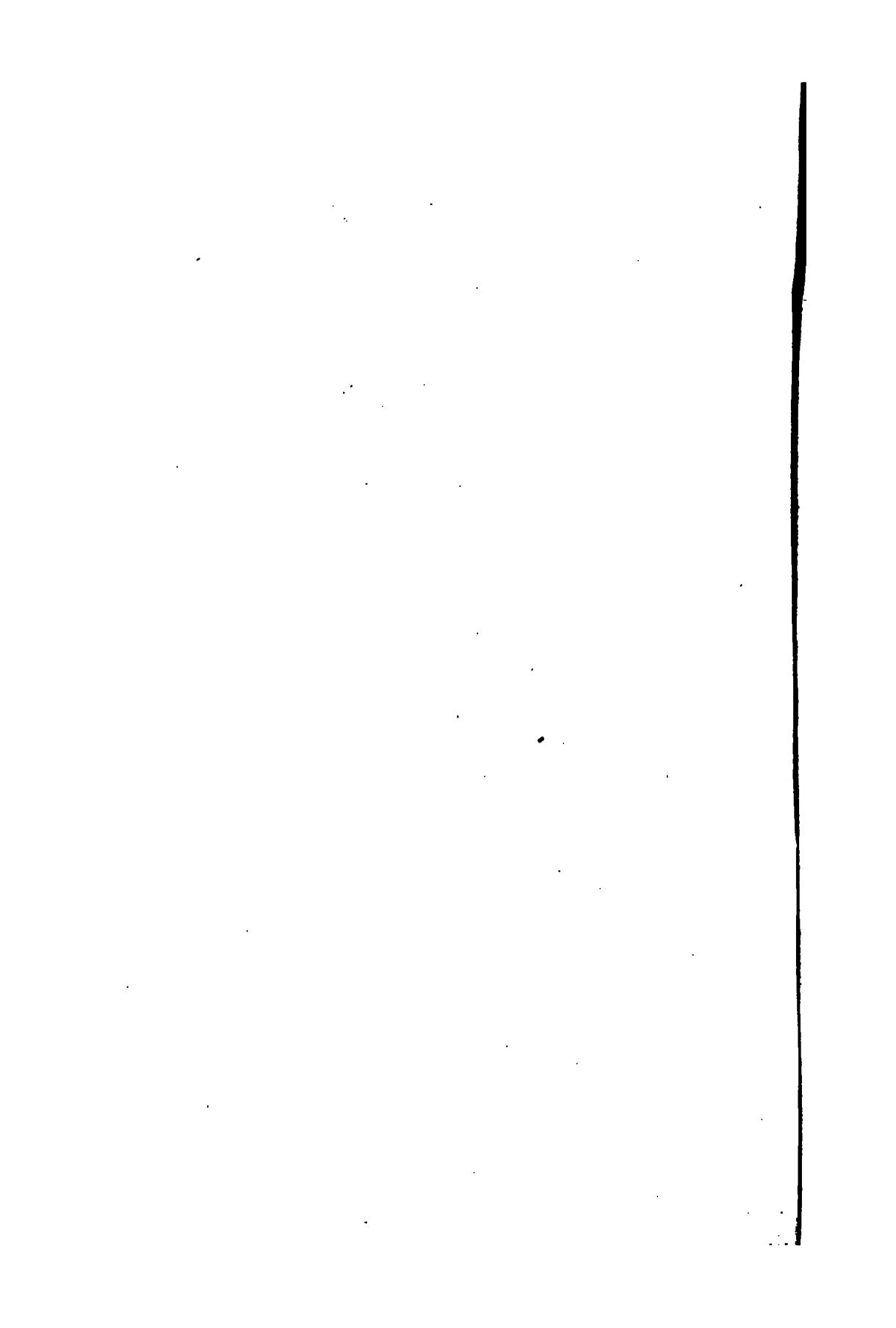
"*God be wi'* you, my lord! we came but to tell you  
That we are here."

THE END.

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